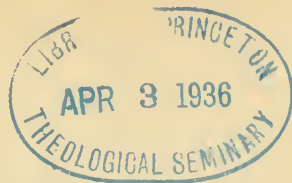


# AMERICAN CATHOLIC HYMNAL



AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS, LATIN CHANTS AND SACRED SONGS

FOR

CHURCH, SCHOOL AND HOME

INCLUDING

GREGORIAN MASSES, VESPER PSALMS, LITANIES,  
MOTETS FOR BENEDICTION OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT, Etc.

ACCORDING TO THE MOTU PROPRIO OF  
HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X

WRITTEN, ARRANGED AND COMPILED ESPECIALLY FOR  
THE CATHOLIC YOUTH OF THE UNITED STATES

BY

THE MARIST BROTHERS



P. J. KENEDY & SONS

PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE

44 BARCLAY STREET NEW YORK

**Permissu Superiorum :**

BRO. STRATONIQUE,

*Superior General,*

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JAMES H. MCGEAN,

*Chairman*

*Diocesan Church Music Commission,*

*July 29, 1913*

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✠ JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY, D. D.,

*Archbishop of New York.*



To You,  
Boy Choristers,  
Dear Unto God,

Who in His Sanctuary early trod,  
Whose angel voices sing and soar,  
And lead our hearts to love Him more and more.

\* \* \* \*

To You, who chant the praise of Jesus King,  
Whose reign on earth your innocence will bring,  
Who sing of Mary's power and love,  
Till spirits long to see her throned above.

\* \* \* \*

To You, of Jesus' Heart the chosen band,  
Surpliced adorers, scattered o'er the land,  
These Hymns we dedicate, and pray  
They lure full many to your heavenly way.

\* \* \* \*

# PREFACE

We read in the Life of the Venerable M. B. Champagnat, founder of the Marist Brothers: "Father Champagnat, whose mind was continually occupied with the interests of Religion, considered that it would be contributing largely to the glory of God, to public edification and to the solemnity of the services of the Church, to teach Sacred Music to the school children, and by this means, to prepare singers for the parishes. . . . He proposed, moreover, to attract the children to the school, and attach them to it by the pure and innocent pleasure which singing affords, to keep them happy and cheerful, to make them relish the charms of virtue, to teach them, in a pleasant and attractive manner, the truths of Religion."

Since their foundation (1817), the Brothers have endeavored to realize this desire of their Venerable Superior with the constant experience that the training of children in sacred song is ever productive of these happy results. The better to attain their end, they have published, in different countries, Manuals and Hymnals adapted to Juvenile Choirs.

The "AMERICAN CATHOLIC HYMNAL" is a new endeavor toward the same ideal, an effort to unfold the meaning of the Liturgical Seasons and Feasts of the Ecclesiastical Year, thus giving to the children, as well as to the faithful at large, an insight into the sublimity of Catholic Worship and thereby increasing in their hearts, love for God and His Holy Church. Its appearance seems timely, coming at a moment when so much is done and well done everywhere to respond to the instructions of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, on Church Music.

This COLLECTION is as varied in character as in source; we have attempted to meet the needs of trained choirs, of congregations singing in unison, of children in school, and of the family at home. But all these Melodies have been either selected or written with a view to promote the reverent and devotional singing prescribed by the "*Motu proprio*" (Nov. 22, 1903). According to this "*Motu proprio*," the following are the general guiding principles of the Church: "Sacred Music should possess in the highest degree the qualities proper to the Liturgy or, more precisely, sanctity and purity of form, from which its other character of universality spontaneously springs. It must be holy and must therefore exclude all profanity, not only from itself, but also from the manner in which it is presented by those who execute it. It must be true art, for otherwise it cannot exercise on the minds of the hearers that influence which the Church meditates when she welcomes into her Liturgy the Art of Music. But it must also be universal in the sense that, while every nation is permitted to admit into its ecclesiastical compositions those special forms which may be said to constitute its native music, still these forms must be subordinated in such a manner to the general characteristics of sacred music, that no one of any nation may receive an impression other than good on hearing them."

—*Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. x, page 649.

## THE HYMNS IN THIS COLLECTION FORM TWO GENERAL CLASSES:

- 1—*Hymns to be sung at the Services and Devotions of Holy Church.*
- 2—*Hymns for the Schoolroom, for Sodality and Sundayschool classes, etc.*

While some of the *Airs* of the latter category are of a somewhat bright and florid character, it has been borne in mind that the devotional should never give way to the sentimental nor cheerfulness to levity. In every number we have sought to adapt a serious, dignified musical expression, suitable to the sentiments embodied in the words, remembering that the first requisite of a hymn is that "the sentiments contained in the text be given true expression, and be not obscured by obtrusive external forms."

### THE GENERAL FEATURES OF THESE MELODIES MAY BE SUMMED UP THUS:

(a) They are in easy style, tuneful and most appropriate for unison singing and congregational rendering.

(b) They are remarkable for their religious, prayerful tone, in perfect harmony with the words expressed. Although many new and original hymns are in this collection, old favorite *airs* of recognized worth are also included.

(c) Many of the hymns are wholly new, both in music and in verse. Special care has been taken to use words easily understood and retained by young children; for the hymns of the Church are the inheritance of "Little Ones"; and what heart, though bowed down by grief and sin, is not touched by sacred words attuned to sweet music coming forth from their innocent lips? And these hymns will be sung in the home. What a power has sacred song always wielded in the Christian home! Jesus is there listening. Did He not sing hymns with His Apostles and train their rough voices to sweet and refined harmony? Did not Mary chant her sublime "Magnificat" in the precincts of Elizabeth's home? High models for these little voices; and the truth of faith and lessons of piety sung by them will have a new light for the minds and a new charm for the hearts of listening parents and friends.

(d) The Gregorian Numbers are according to the Vatican Edition and in modern notation. The Series of Motets for the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament and for special occasions, though varied to suit all tastes will, in general, be found broad and churchly. Some are perfect models of Church Music, i. e., Palestrina's "Bone Jesu"—Perosi's "Tota pulchra es," etc.

In returning thanks for help, the Compilers recognize how wide and deep are their obligations. Whilst we pay a due tribute of admiration to the memory of such well known authors of our popular hymns, as: Fr. Caswall, Fr. Faber, Card. Manning, Dr. Neale, Rev. M. Russell, S. J., etc., we must also render thanks to the Rev. Editors of the *Ave Maria*, the *Messenger of the S. Heart*, the *Rosary Magazine*, the *Sentinel of the B. Sacrament* for use of poems and translations. To the Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt. D., we are under great obligation for his assistance in placing his valuable book "Eucharistica" at our disposal. Though the language of the Church is the consecrated one for the Liturgical rendering of St. Thomas' memorable stanzas to the Most Blessed Sacrament, Father Henry's almost literal translations will be found very helpful in the classroom to familiarize the children with these great truths and keep alive their devotion.

We desire to express our gratitude also to the Reverend Sister of the Visitation whose valuable contributions will be found in the Hymnal under the pseudonym, M. S. Pine.

## VII.

The Hymns for Holy Communion (Before and After) are *another feature* of the American Catholic Hymnal. Many of these verses which appear here for the first time, are from the talented pen of the late Miss Isabel Williams, of Boston, who now reaps the fruit of her poetic soul-stirring prayers.

Acknowledgment is here made of courtesy of Mr. B. Herder (St. Louis) for leave to use the words of some Hymns from "Psallite," and of Messrs. J. Fisher and Bro. (N. Y.) in granting the use of Nos. 60 and 231.

With respect to the music, we beg, in the first place, to express our gratitude to Mr. Carl Hauser to whom we owe, besides several Congregational hymns, a vast amount of technical assistance for the arrangement of the musical score, and to Rev. J. B. Young, S. J., who so zealously assisted us in editing and arranging this notable work.

We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness also to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. A. Brann, D. D., Rev. W. H. Walsh, S. J., Rev. P. J. Wade, O. C. C., to the Sisters of Notre Dame, Mr. I. Müller, Mr. R. de Dion, Mr. E. Hurley and to Mr. J. Heynen for special hymns bearing their names.

Some Melodies by living French Composers have been made use of, for which we would have asked permission, had we known where to address the Authors.

To them and to others to whom consciously or unconsciously we may be indebted, we render the tribute of our thanks.

If this work helps, even a little, to promote the singing of holy hymns in the School and, by means of the School, in the Church and the Home Circle, then shall our dearest hopes be realized.

THE MARIST BROTHERS,  
St. Ann's Hermitage,  
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Feast of the Assumption of the B. V. M.  
August 15, 1913.

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- EVER, FOREVER, I WILL SING TO MARY (*The Marist's Hymn*).

# HYMNS.

## 1.

## Each Morn And Eve, O King Of Heaven!

(Introductory Hymn.)

I. WILLIAMS.

B. M. J.

*Andante.* (♩ = 63) *mf* *cresc.*

1. Each morn and eve, O King of Heav'n, To Thee our voices glad we raise;  
2. To His own likeness are we made, His bounteous gifts to us are giv'n;

To Thee, sole Au-thor of all good, We give our hearts in hymns of praise.  
Then let our grate-ful eyes be raised To Him, our God, who reigns in Heav'n.

*REFRAIN.* *f* *p*

When twi-light falls, when day re-turs, May all the earth Thy prais-es sing;

*mf cresc.* *p* *rall.*

When twi-light falls, when day re-turs, May all the earth Thy praises sing.

3.

The restful darkness of the night,  
The sunshine gilding sea and land,  
Our daily bread to nourish life,  
Are blessings from His loving hand.

4.

From His great love, my heart He made  
To love Him through eternity;  
Oh! mortal, couldst thou wish for more;  
Couldst ask a sweeter destiny?



**PART FIRST.**

---

ADVENT.

*Advent* is that period of the Liturgical Year, during which the Church requires the faithful to prepare for the celebration of the feast of Christmas, the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ.

During that Season, Our Lord knocks at the door of all men's hearts, at one time so forcibly that they must needs notice Him; at another, so softly that it requires attention to know that Jesus is asking *admission*. He comes to ask them if they have "*room for Him*," for He wishes to be born in their house. The house indeed is His, for He built it and preserves it; yet He complains that His own refused to receive Him; at least the greater number did.

The expressions of the Liturgy which the Church makes use of to ask for this loving and invisible coming, are these which she employs when begging for the coming of Jesus in Flesh, for the *two Visits* are for the same object.

In vain would the Son of God have come to visit and save mankind, unless He came again for each one of us, and at every moment of our lives, bringing to us and cherishing within us that supernatural life, of which He and His Holy Spirit are the sole principle.

(From "*The Liturgical Year*" by Abbot Guéranger, O. S. B.)

*See the Classified Index of Hymns for this Season.*

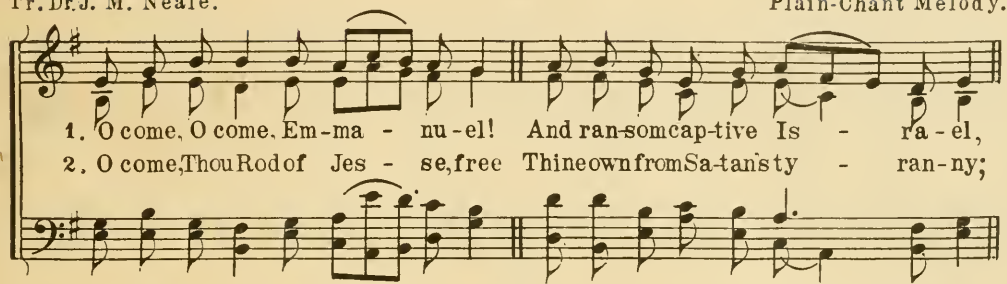
# O Come, O Come, Emmanuel!

2.

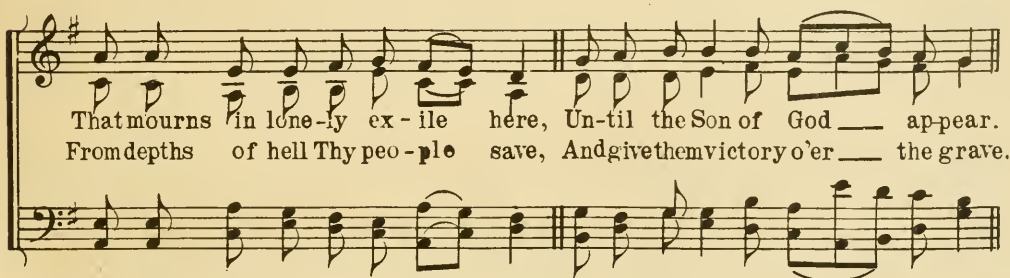
(First Tune.)

Tr. Dr. J. M. Neale.

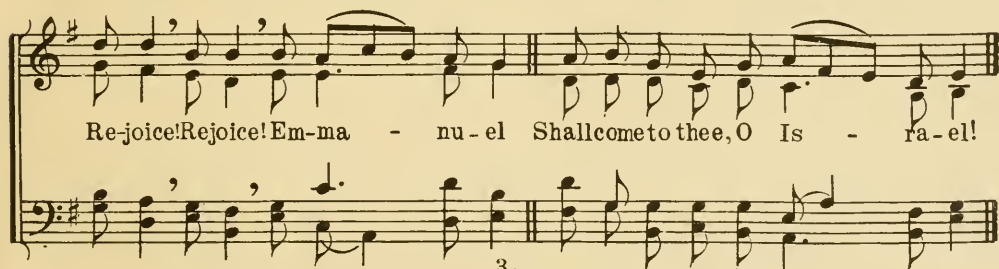
Plain-Chant Melody.



1. O come, O come, Em-ma - nu-el! And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra-el,  
2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa-tan's ty - ran-ny;



That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here, Un-til the Son of God — appear.  
From depths of hell Thy peo-ple save, And give them victory o'er — the grave.



Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-ma - nu-el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra-el!

3.

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! etc.

4.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! etc.

5.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! etc.

## 3.

## O Come, O Come, Emmanuel.

Tr. Dr. NEALE.

(Second Tune.)

CARL HAUSER.

*Soli. Andante.* (♩ = 60.)

*mf*  
1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - ell And  
2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine

ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el That mourns in lone - ly  
own from Sa - tan's tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy

*cresc*  
ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
peo - ple save, And give them vic - tory o'er the grave.

*CHORUS.*  
Re - joice! re-joyce! O Is - ra - el. To thee shall come Em - man - u - el. Re -

*mf rall*  
joice! re-joyce! O Is - ra - el, To thee shall come Em - man - u - el.

3.  
O come, Thou Day-spring come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

4.  
O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.

5.  
O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,  
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law  
In cloud, in majesty, and awe.

# Sing, Oh! Sing With Exultation.

4.

Grazioso. (♩ = 92)

CHORUS.

A. LIMAGNE.

*mf*

Sing, oh! sing with ex - ult - a - tion, Haste we to our Fa - ther's home;

*poco rall. End.*

Peace, re - demp - tion, joy, sal - va - tion, Now from heav'n to earth are come.

*Soli. mf*

1. See, He comes! Whom ev - 'ry na - tion, Taught of God de - sired to see;  
2. See, He comes! Whom kings and sa - ges, Proph - ets, pa - tri - archs of old,

*cresc. D. U. Chorus.*

Filled with hope and ex - pec - ta - tion, That He would their Sav - iour be.  
Dis - tant climes and count - less a - ges, Wait - ed ea - ger to be - hold.

3.

See, the Lamb of God appearing,  
God of God, from Heaven above!  
See the heavenly Bridegroom cheering  
His dear Bride with words of love.

*Final Chorus.*

Glory to th' Eternal Father,  
Glory to th' Incarnate Son,  
Glory to the Holy Spirit,  
Glory to the Three in One!



## 5.

## Hark! An Awful Voice Is Sounding.

Rev. E. CASWALL.

(Vox Clara Ecce Intonat.)

B. M. J.

Andantino. (♩ = 60)

*mf Soli.*

1. Hark! an aw - ful voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh!" it seems to  
 2. Start-led at the sol - emn warn-ing, Let the earth-bound soul a -

*poco rall.*

say; "Cast a - way the dream of darkness, O ye chil-dren of the day!"  
 rise; Christ her Sun, all sloth dis - pell - ing, Shines up - on the morn-ing skies.

## CHORUS.

*f cresc.*

Lo! the Lamb, so long ex - pect - ed, Comes with par - don down from

*mf rall.*

heav'n; Let us haste, with tears of sor-row, One and all to be for-given.

3.

So, when next He comes with glory,  
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
 May He then, as our Defender,  
 On the clouds of heav'n appear.

4.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,  
 To the Father and the Son,  
 With the co-eternal Spirit,  
 While eternal ages run.

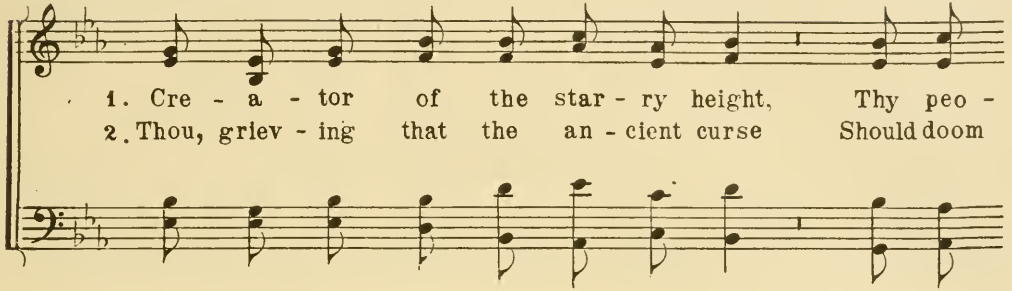
# Creator Of The Starry Height.

( Creator Alme siderum. )

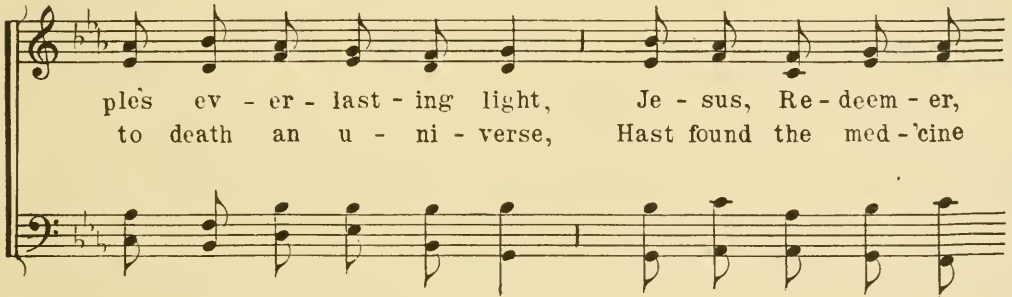
6.

Tr. Dr. J. M. NEALE.

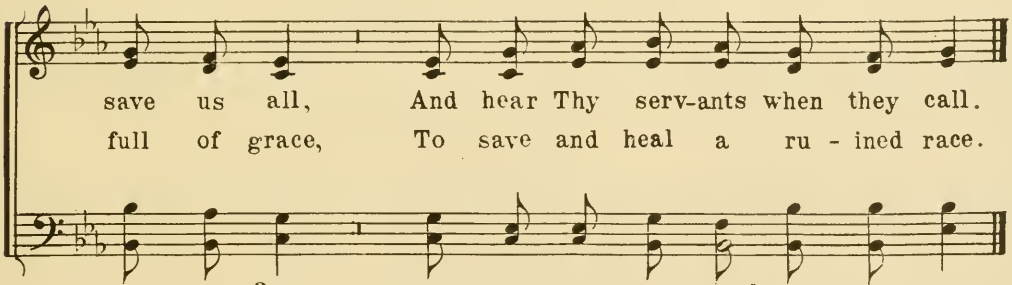
Gregorian.



1. Cre - a - tor of the star - ry height, Thy peo -  
2. Thou, griev - ing that the an - cient curse Should doom



ples ev - er - last - ing light, Je - sus, Re - deem - er,  
to death an u - ni - verse, Hast found the med - cine



save us all, And hear Thy serv - ants when they call.  
full of grace, To save and heal a ru - ined race.

3. Thou cam'st the Bridegroom of the Bride, At Whose dread Name, majestic now,  
As drew the world to ev'ning tide; All knees must bend, all hearts must bow,  
Proceeding from a Virgin shrine, And things celestial Thee shall own,  
The spotless Victim all divine. And things terrestrial, Lord, alone.

5. O Thou Whose coming is with dread To Him who comes the world to free,  
To judge the living and the dead, To God the Son, all glory be;  
Preserve us while we dwell below, To God the Father as is meet,  
From ev'ry insult of the foe. To God the blessed Paraclete.

7.

## Come, Thou Redeemer Of The Earth.

(Invocation.)

B.M.J.

\*\*\*

Largo. (♩ = 56)

1. Come, Thou Re - deem - er of the earth, Come

ORGAN.

tes - ti - fy Thy vir - gin Birth: All lands ad - mire, all

times ap - plaud; Such is the birth that fits a God.

*poco rall.*

2.

Begotten of no human will,  
But of the Spirit, mystic still,  
The Word of God, in flesh arrayed,  
The promised fruit to man displayed.

4.

O equal to the Father, Thou!  
Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now!  
The weakness of our mortal state,  
With deathless might invigorate.

3.

The Virgin's womb that burden gained  
With Virgin honor all unstained:  
The banners there of virtue glow:  
God in His Temple dwells below.

5.

Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,  
And darkness breathe a newer light,  
Where endless faith shall shine serene,  
And twilight never intervene.



**PART SECOND.**

---

CHRISTMASTIDE.

The Mystery of the Divine Infancy is celebrated and kept in view during the whole forty days of Christmastide.

But our Mother the Church, does not only offer to the Infant God the tribute of her profound Adoration, the Mystery of the Emmanuel, that is, of *God with us*, is to her a source of singular joy. Look at her sublime *Canticles* for this holy Season, and you will find the two sentiments admirably blended: her deep *reverence* for her God, and her *glad joy* at His Birth. Joy! did not the very Angels come down and urge her to it? She therefore studies to imitate the blithe Shepherds, who ran for joy to Bethlehem, and the glad Magi, who were well-nigh out of themselves with delight, when, on quitting Jerusalem, the Star again appeared and led them to the *Cave where the Child was*. Joy at Christmas is a Christian instinct which originated those many *Carols*, which, like so many other beautiful traditions of the Ages of Faith, are unfortunately dying amongst us; but which Rome still encourages, gladly welcoming each year those rude musicians, the *Pifferari*, who come down the Apennines, and make the streets of the Eternal City re-echo with their shrill melodies.

(From "*The Liturgical Year*" by Abbot Guéranger, O. S. B.)

*See the Classified Index of Hymns for this Season.*

# See, Amid The Winter's Snow.

(Hail, Thou ever-blessed Morn.)

8.

Rev. E. CASWALL.

M. H.

Moderato (♩ = 82)

*mf*

1. See, a - mid the win-ter's snow, Born for us on - earth be-low  
2. Lo, with - in a - manger lies - He who built the - star-ry skies;

See, the ten - der Lamb ap-pears, Pro-mised from e - ter - nal years!  
He, who throned in - heights sub-lime, Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!

*f*

Hail, thou ev - er - bles-sed morn, Hail Re-demp-tion's hap-py dawn!

*rall.*

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem - Christ is born in - Beth - le - hem!

3.  
Sacred Infant all divine,  
What a tender love was Thine;  
Thus to come from highest bliss,  
Down to such a world as this!

Hail, & c.

4.  
Teach, O teach us, holy Child,  
By thy face so meek and mild,  
Teach us to resemble Thee,  
In Thy sweet humility!

Hail, & c.

5.  
Virgin Mother, Mary blest,  
By the joys that fill thy breast,  
Pray for us, that we may prove  
Worthy of the Saviour's love.

Hail, & c.  
23.

## 9.

## Angels We Have Heard On High.

(Gloria in Excelsis Deo.)

BISHOP CHADWICK.

Ad. from French Melody.

Allegro (♩ = 90)

*mf* An-gels we have heard on high, Sweet-ly sing-ing o'er our plains:  
Shepherd's, why this ju-bi-lee? Why your rap-turous strain prolong?

And the moun-tains in re-ly Ech-o back their joy-ous strains:  
Say, what may the ti-dings be; Which in-spired your heav'n-ly song?

Refrain. DUO S. A.

*p* "Gló - - - ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o!"  
Organ

Chorus. *Legato.*

S. "Gló - - - ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o!"  
A. T. B.

3.  
Come to Bethlehem, and see  
Him, Whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, adore on bended knee,  
Christ the Lord, the new born King.  
Glória, etc.

4.  
See, within a manger laid,  
Jesus, Lord of heav'n and earth!  
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,  
To acclaim the Saviour's Birth!  
Glória, etc.

# What Lovely Infant Can This Be?

10.

\*\*\*

OLD PROSE MELODY.

Allegretto. (♩ = 104)

1. What love - ly In - fant can — this be, That  
2. Who is that La - dy kneel - ing by, And

in the lit - tle crib I see? So sweet - ly on the  
gaz - ing on so ten - der - ly? Oh! that is Ma - ry

straw It lies, It must have come from Par - a - dise.  
ev - er blest, How full of joy — her ho - ly breast.

3.

What man is that who seems to smile,  
And looks so blissful all the while?  
'Tis holy Joseph, good and true,  
The Infant makes him happy too.

5.

What makes the crib so bright and clear?  
What voices sing so sweetly here?  
Ah! see behind the window-pane  
The little angels looking in.

4.

Who are those people kneeling down,  
With crooked sticks and hands so brown?  
The shepherds from the mountain top,  
The little angels woke them up.

6.

Hail! holy cave! though dark thou be,  
The world is lighted up from thee;  
Hail, Holy Babe! Creation stands,  
And moves upon Thy little hands.

## 11.

## With Hearts Truly Grateful.

7

\*\*\*

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

(Adeste Fideles.)

SEMICHORUS.

1. With hearts tru - ly grate - ful, Come, — all ye  
2. — God to God e - qual, Light of light e -

faith - ful, To Je - sus, to Je - sus in Beth - le - hem; —  
ter - nal; — Car - ried in Vir - gin's ev - er spot - less womb; —

CHORUS.

See Christ your Sav - iour, Heaven's great - est fa - vor, Let's hasten to a - dore Him, Let's  
He all pre - ce - ded, Be - got - ten, not cre - at - ed,

hasten to a - dore Him, Let's hasten to a - dore Him, Our God — and King.

3.

*S.* Angels now praise Him,  
*C.* Loud their voices raising;  
*C.* The heavenly mansions with joy now ring:  
To Him Who's most holy  
*C.* Be honor, praise and glory;  
Let's hasten, etc.

4.

*S-C.* To Jesus, this day born,  
*S-C.* Grateful homage return;  
'Tis He, who all heavenly gifts does bring;  
*C.* Word increated,  
*C.* To our flesh united;  
Let's hasten, etc.

5.

*S-C.* We joyfully singing,  
*S-C.* Grateful tributes bringing,  
Praise Him, and bless Him in heavenly hymns.  
*C.* Angels implore Him,  
*C.* Seraphs fall before Him;  
Let's hasten, etc.



# God, An Infant Born To-Day.

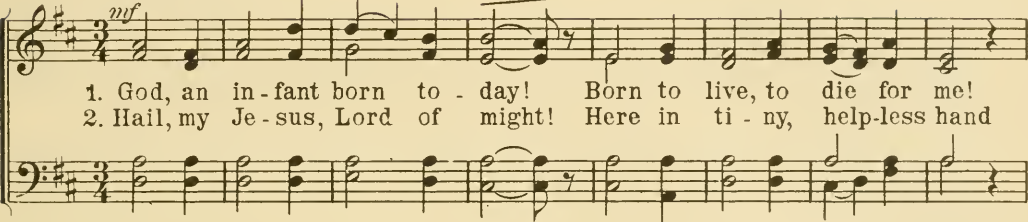
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Rev. FR. EDMUND H. of M.  
Sentinel of the Bl. S.

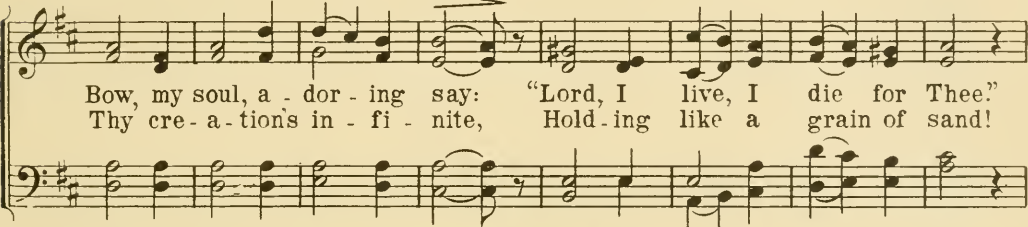
M. H.

Andante. (♩ = 96)

*mf*



1. God, an in-fant born to-day! Born to live, to die for me!  
2. Hail, my Je-sus, Lord of might! Here in ti-ny, help-less hand



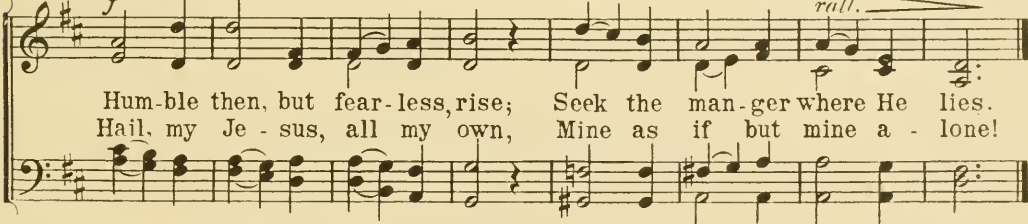
Bow, my soul, a-dor-ing say: "Lord, I live, I die for Thee."  
Thy cre-a-tion's in-fi-nite, Hold-ing like a grain of sand!

*p* *mf*



Hum-ble then, but fear-less, rise; Seek the man-ger where He lies,  
Hail, my Je-sus, all my own, Mine as if but mine a-lone!

*f* *rall.*



Hum-ble then, but fear-less, rise; Seek the man-ger where He lies.  
Hail, my Je-sus, all my own, Mine as if but mine a-lone!

3.

Hail, my Lady, full of grace!  
Maiden-mother, hail to thee!  
Poring o'er the radiant face,  
Thine a voiceless ecstasy.  
Yet, sweet Mother, let me dare } *(bis.)*  
Join the homage of thy prayer. }

4.

Joseph, hail— of gentlest power!  
Shadow of the Father thou;  
Thine to shield in danger's hour  
Whom thy presence comforts now.  
Mary trusts to thee her Child; } *(bis.)*  
He, His Mother undefiled. }

5.

Jesus. Mary, Joseph, hail!  
Saddest year its Christmas brings;  
Comes the faith that cannot fail,  
Come the shepherds and the kings,  
Gold and myrrh and incense sweet } *(bis.)*  
Come to worship at your feet! }

## 13.

## Bethlehem! Of Noblest Cities.

(O sola magnarum urbium.)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

GERMAN MELODY.

Moderato.

1. Beth-le - hem! of noblest ci-ties None can once with thee com-pare;  
2. Fair - er than the sun at morn-ing Was the star that told His birth,

Thou a - lone the Lord from Heaven Didst for us In - car-nate bear.  
To the land their God an-nouncing His beneath a form of earth.

3.

By its lambent beauty guided,  
See, the Eastern kings appear;  
See them bend, their gifts to offer -  
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

4.

Solemn things of mystic meaning!  
Incense doth the God disclose;  
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;  
Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.

5.

Holy Jesus! in Thy brightness  
To the Gentile world display'd!  
With the Father, and the Spirit,  
Praise eterne to Thee be paid.



# O Cruel Herod! Why Thus Fear.

(Crudelis Herodes Deum.)

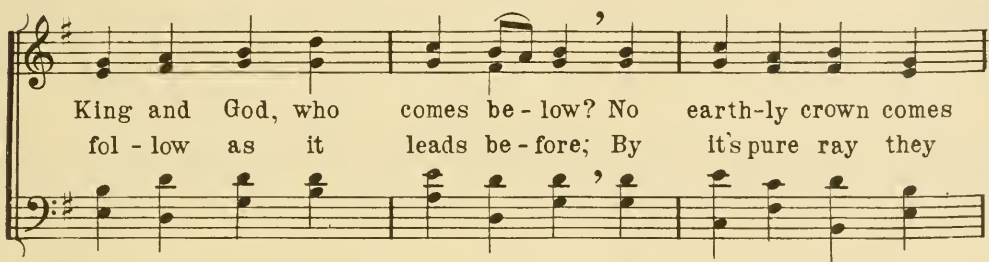
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r. Rev. E. CASWALL.

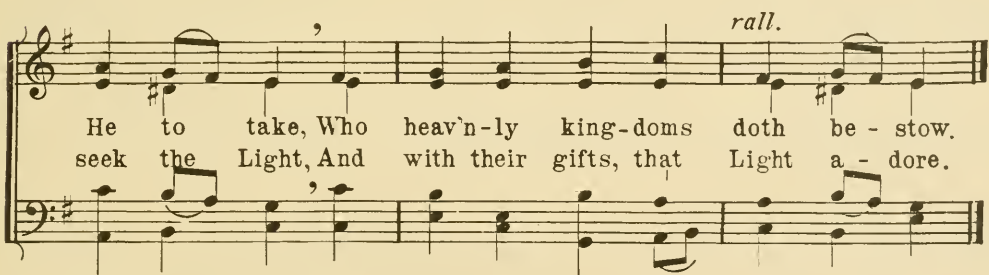
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1. O cru - el He - roð! why thus fear Thy  
2. The wis - er Ma - gi see the star, And



King and God, who comes be - low? No earth - ly crown comes  
fol - low as it leads be - fore; By it's pure ray they



He to take, Who heav'n - ly king - doms doth be - stow.  
seek the Light, And with their gifts, that Light a - dore.

3.

Behold at length the heavenly Lamb  
Baptized in Jordan's sacred flood;  
There consecrating by His touch  
Water to cleanse us in His blood.

4.

But Cana saw her glorious Lord  
Begin His miracles divine;  
When water, reddening at His word,  
Flow'd forth obedient in wine.

5.

To Thee, O Jesus, who Thyself.  
Hast to the Gentile world display'd,  
Praise, with the Father evermore,  
And with the Holy Ghost, be paid.

Rev. E. CASWALL.

M.H.

Andante. (♩ = 72.)

*mf*

1. O Je-sus, Thou the beau-ty art Of an-gel worlds a - bove; Thy  
2. Ce - les-tial sweet-ness un - al-loyed, Who eat Thee hun - ger still; Who

Name is mu - sic to the heart, In - flam - ing it with love.  
drink of Thee still feel a void, Which naught but Thou can fill.

REFRAIN.

*mf**cresc.*

O Je-sus, Thou the beauty art, Of angel worlds a - bove; Thy Name is mu - sic

to the heart, In - flam - ing it with love, In - flam - ing it with love.

3.

O dearest Jesus! hear the sighs  
Which unto Thee I send!  
To Thee, mine inmost spirit cries,  
My being's hope and end!

4.

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light  
Illumine the soul's abyss;  
And scatter darkness, scatter night  
And fill the world with bliss.

5.

O Jesus! spotless virgin flower,  
Adored on bended knee,  
To Thee be praise and joy and power  
Through all eternity.

# Jesus, The Only Thought Of Thee.

(Jesu, Dulcis Memoria.)

16.

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

A. C. H.

Moderato Religioso. (♩ = 64.)

*mf*

1. Je - sus, the on - ly thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But  
2. Je - sus, our hope, when we re - pent, Sweet source of all our grace; Sole

*cresc.*

sweet-er far it is to see, And on Thy beau-ty feast. No  
com-fort in our ban-ish-ment, Oh, what when face to face. Je-

sound, no har-mo - ny so gay, Can art of mu-sic frame: No  
sus, that Name ins-pires my mind With springs of life and light; More

*p* *rall.*

words, nor e - ven thought can say, The sweets of Thy blest Name.  
than I ask in Thee I find, And lan - guish with de - light.

3.  
No art or eloquence of man  
Can tell the joys of love;  
Only the saints can understand  
Who they in Jesus prove.  
Jesus, our only joy be Thou  
As Thou our prize wilt be,  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now  
And through eternity.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

Moderato.

CARL HAUSER.

*mf*  
1. O Jes-us, Jes-us! dear-est Lord! For-give me if I say For  
2. O won-der-ful! that Thou shouldst let So vile a heart as mine, Love

ve-ry love Thy Sa-cred Name A thou-sand times a day. I  
Thee with such a love as this And make so free with Thine. The

love Thee so, I know not how My trans-ports to con-trol; Thy  
craft of this wide world of ours Poor wis-dom seems to me; Ah!

*rall.*  
love is like a burn-ing fire With-in my ve-ry soul.  
dear-est Je-sus, I have grown Child-ish with love of Thee.

3.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,  
O heaven begun on earth!  
Jesus, my Love! my Treasure! who  
Can tell what Thou art worth?  
For Thou to me art all in all,  
My honor and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
My soul's eternal health.

4.

O Jesus, Jesus! sweetest Lord!  
What art Thou not to me?  
Each hour brings joy before unknown,  
Each day new liberty!  
Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart,  
Burn fiercely night and day,  
Till all the dross of earthly loves  
Is burned and burned away.

**PART THIRD.**

---

LENT and PASSIONTIDE.

The Church made this Season a time of recollection and penance, in preparation for the greatest of her feasts.

On Ash Wednesday, she calls Lent a "Christian Warfare." Yes, in order that we may have the newness of life, which will make us worthy to sing once more our "Alleluia," we must be fellow-combatants with our Jesus and conquer our three enemies, the devil, the flesh and the world. - Therefore, we must have on our armor, and watch unceasingly. - And whereas it is of the utmost importance that our hearts be spirited and brave, the Church gives us a "*War-Song*" of heaven's own making, which can fire even cowards with hope of victory and confidence in God's help: it is the Ninetieth Psalm *Qui habitat?*

She there tells us to rely on the protection wherewith our heavenly Father covers us, as "*with a shield*;" to hope *under* the shelter of *His wings*; to have confidence in Him for that He will deliver us *from the snare of the hunter* who has robbed us of the liberty of the children of God to rely upon the succor of the *Holy Angels*, etc.

Let us get well into us the sentiments wherewith the Church would have us be inspired. . . Our LENT will give us a clearer view of Him who is our light; and if we could acknowledge Him as our God when we saw Him as the Babe of Bethlehem, our soul's eye will not fail to recognize Him in the divine Penitent of the Desert, or in the bleeding Victim of Calvary.

(From "*The Liturgical Year*" by Abbot Guéranger, O.S.B.)

*See the Classified Index of Hymns for the Season.*



# Thou Loving Maker Of Mankind.

18.

(Audi, benigne Conditor)

Rev. E. CASWALL.

Gregorian Mel. Harm. by C. Hauser.

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 96.)

1. Thou lov - ing Mak - er of man - kind, Be - fore Thy  
2. Great Judge of hearts, Thou dost dis - cern Our ills and

throne we pray and weep; Oh, strength - en us with  
all our weak - ness know; A - gain to Thee with

grace di - vine, Du - ly this sa - cred time to keep.  
tears we turn, A - gain to us, Thy mer - cy show.

3.  
Much have we sinned; but we confess  
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore;  
Oh, for the praise of Thy great Name,  
Our fainting souls to health restore.

4.  
And grant us, while by fasts we strive  
This mortal body to control,  
To fast from all the food of sin,  
And so to purify the soul.

5.  
Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest;  
Sole Unity, to Thee we cry;  
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below  
To reap immortal fruit on high.

## It Is A Joy Of Heav'nly Birth.

B. M.

Allegretto. (♩=99.)

*mf*

1. It is a joy of heav'n - ly birth, More bright than  
2. When his deep shame and si - lent tears Ef - face the

all the joys of earth, When on the sin - ner's  
stain, the guilt of years; And that dark soul in

tremb - ling head The kind - ly dew's of heav'n are shed.  
mer - cy's glow Shines whit - er than the driv - en snow.

3.

When earth's discordant passions cease,  
He feels at last the threefold peace;  
Peace with the world, its wrongs forgiven,  
Peace with himself, and peace with Heaven.

4.

Contrition, peace, and light divine!  
O Jesus! how shall these be mine,  
Unless Thou Who alone canst give  
Wilt say the word and bid me live?



# Now Are The Days Of Humblest Prayer.

# 20.

Rev. FR. FABER.

I. MÜLLER.

Lento. (♩=63.)

*mf*

1. Now are the days of hum-blest prayer, When consciences to God lie bare,  
2. Oh, hap-py time of bless-ed tears, Of sur-er hopes, of chast-ning fears,

*espressivo.* *poco rall.*

And mer-cy most de- lights to spare, And mer-cy most de- lights to spare.  
Un-do-ing all our e-vil years, Un-do-ing all our e-vil years.

CHORUS. *mf*

Oh, heark-en when we cry, Chas - tise us with Thy fear;

*rall.*

Yet, Fath-er! in the mul-ti-tude of Thy com - pas - sions, hear!

3.

Full long in sin's dark ways we went,  
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,  
And grace is plentiful in Lent.

4.

The feast of penance! Oh so bright,  
With true conversion's heavenly light,  
Like sunrise after stormy night!

Holy Family Hymns. (1860)

B.M. J.

Andante. (♩ = 60.)

*mf*

1. Je - sus, ev - er lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou didst live and die for  
2. When the last dread hour ap - proach - ing, Fills my guilt - y soul with

*cresc.*

me; Liv - ing, I will live to love Thee, Dy - ing, I will die for  
fear, All my sins rise up be - fore me, All my vir - tues dis - ap -

*mf* *p rall.*

Thee. By Thy life and death of sor - row, Help me in my ag - o - ny.  
pear. Turn not Thou in an - ger from me; Ma - ry, Jo - seph, then be near.

3.

Kindest Jesus, Thou wert standing  
By Thy foster-father's bed,  
While Thy Mother, softly praying,  
Held her dying Joseph's head.  
By that death, so calm and holy,  
Soothe me in that hour of dread.

4.

Jesus, when in cruel anguish  
Dying on the shameful Tree,  
All abandoned by Thy Father,  
Thou didst hang in agony;  
By these three long hours of sorrow,  
Thou didst purchase hope for me.

5.

When the priest, with Holy Unction,  
Prays for mercy and for grace,  
May the tears of deep compunction,  
All my guilty stains efface!  
Let me find in Thee a refuge,  
In Thy Heart a resting-place.

6.

Oh, by all that Thou didst suffer,  
Grant me mercy in that day;  
Help me, Mary, my sweet Mother;  
Holy Joseph, near me stay.  
Let me die my lips repeating  
"Jesus, mercy; Mary, pray!"

\* This Hymn is suitable for meetings of the "Bona Mors" Confraternity.

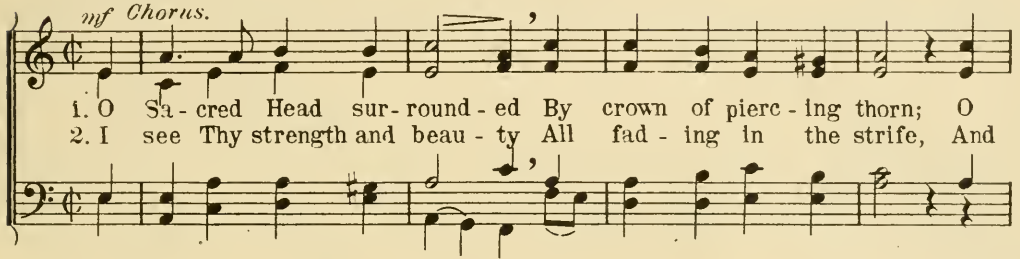
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O Sacred Head Surrounded By Crown Of Piercing Thorn!

(Salve Caput Cruentatum.)

Andantino affetuoso.

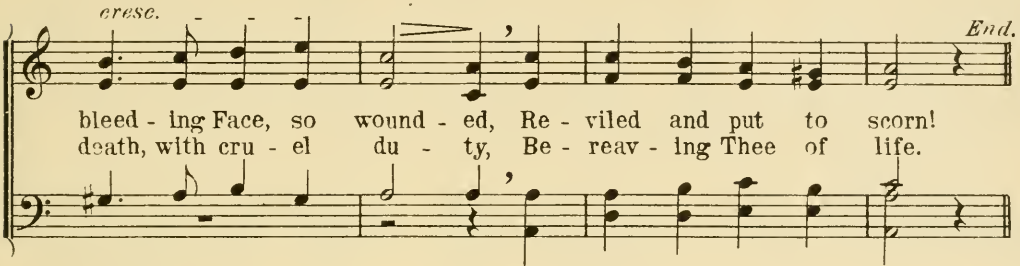
M.H.

*mf* Chorus.



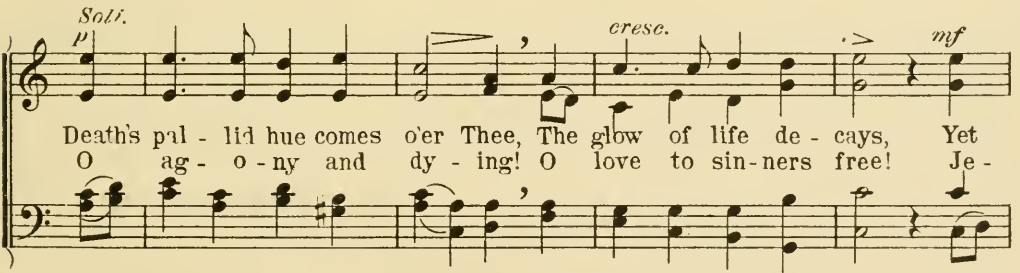
1. O Sa - cred Head sur - round - ed By crown of pier - ing thorn; O  
2. I see Thy strength and beau - ty All fad - ing in the strife, And

*cresc.*



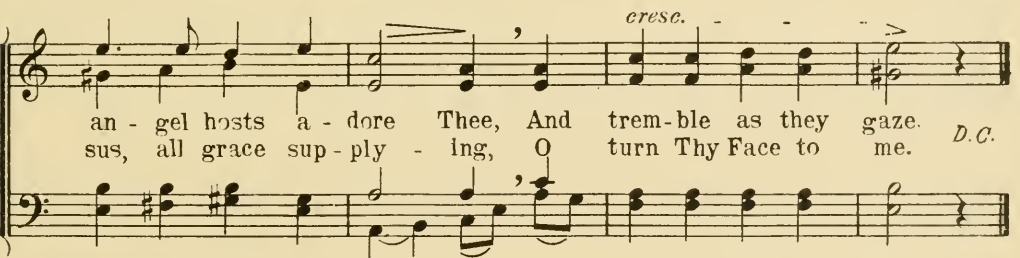
bleed - ing Face, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!  
death, with cru - el du - ty, Be - reav - ing Thee of life. *End.*

*Soli.* *p*



Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays, Yet  
O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free! Je -

*cresc.*



an - gel hosts a - dore Thee, And trem - ble as they gaze. *D.C.*  
sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn Thy Face to me.

3.  
*Chorus.* { In this, Thy bitter passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me,  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
O turn Thy Face to me.  
*Soli.* { Beneath Thy Cross abiding,  
Forever would I rest,  
In Thy loved Face confiding,  
And with that vision blest. *Chorus:* In this, etc.

\*\*\*

Poco Lento. (♩ = 58.)  
*mf Soli.*

B.M.J.

1. O Je - sus, o - pen wide Thy Heart, And let me rest there -  
2. O veil of aw - ful mys - ter - y! O Tem - ple all sub -

in; For wear - y is my strick - en soul Of sor - row and of sin.  
lime! Thou san - ctu - a - ry, ho - lier far Than that of old - en time.

## CHORUS.

O Je - sus, Je - sus! Vic - tim blest, What else but love di -  
vine Could Thee con - strain to o - pen thus That Sa - cred Heart of  
Thine? That Sa - cred Heart, that Sa - cred Heart of Thine?

3.  
O Font of endless life and joy!  
O Spring of waters clear!  
O Flame celestial, cleansing all  
Who unto Thee draw near.

4.  
Beneath this emblem of pure love,  
'Twas love Himself that died,  
And offered up Himself for us,  
A Victim crucified.

5.  
Blest Heart of Christ, in Thy dear Wound,  
The hidden depth we see,  
Of what we else could never know -  
His boundless charity.

6.  
Oh, who of His redeemed, will Him  
Their mutual love refuse?  
Who would not rather in that Heart  
Their home eternal choose?



# Faithful Cross.

(Crux Fidelis.)

24.

M. H.

Moderato. (♩ = 76.)

*mf SOLI.*

1. Faith-ful cross, O Tree all beau-teous Tree all peer-less and di-vine!  
2. Lof-ty Tree, bend down thy branch-es, To em-brace thy sa-cred load;

Not a grove on earth can show us Such a flow'r and leaf as thine.  
Oh, re-lax the na-tive ten-sion Of that all too rig-id wood.

*mf CHORUS.*

*cresc.*

Sweet the nails and sweet the wood— La-den with so sweet a Load.  
Gent-ly, gent-ly bear the mem-bers Of thy dy-ing King and God.

*rall.*

Sweet the nails and sweet the wood— La-den with so sweet a Load.  
Gent-ly, gent-ly bear the mem-bers Of thy dy-ing King and God.

3.

*Soli.* { Tree, which solely wast found worthy  
Th' world's great Victim to sustain;  
Harbor from the raging tempest  
Ark, that saved the world again!

*Chorus.* { Tree, with sacred Blood anointed } (*bis.*)  
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Andantino. (♩ = 112.)

*mf* SOLI.

1. O - ver - whelmed in depths of sor - row, On the tree of pain and scorn,  
2. See the nails, how cruel - ly pierc - ing Hands and feet so ten - der rend;

Hang - eth bleed - ing the Re - deem - er, And with rack - ing an - guish torn.  
Down His face and down His bod - y See His Sa - cred Blood de - scend.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, who has caused Thy Pas - sion, Who has nailed Thee to the cross?

Oh, 'twas I, who sinned, and grieved Thee, I, who nailed Thee to the Cross.

3.  
Hearken! with what cry in dying  
Jesus' spirit takes its flight!  
How it pierced the heart of Mary,  
How it wrapt her soul in night.

4.  
See the sun its light withdrawing  
And the heavens growing pale;  
Bursting rocks, the tombs that open,  
All their Maker's death bewail.



# Soul Of Jesus, Guest For Me.

26.

S. M. PINE.

B. M. J.

Espressivo. (♩ = 44.)

*mf*

1. Soul of Je-sus, Guest for me In the Vir-gin's breast for  
2. Soul of Je-sus, weighed for me 'Neath the yew-tree's shade for

*cresc.* *p*

me,— God's— Be - got - ten Son!— God's Be - got - ten  
me,— Weighed with sins of mine;— Weighed with sins of

Son! All the man-ger shines o'er Thee,— All of Heav'n in-clines o'er  
mine; Not a soul to wake with Thee,— No brave heart to take with

*mf* *p*

Thee,— O Thou glo-rious One!— O Thou glo-rious One!  
Thee,— Thorns and Cross di - vine!— Thorns and Cross di - vine.

3.  
Soul of Jesus, clad for me  
In thy glory, glad for me  
At the Father's side; (*bis.*)  
Down from Heaven, O come to me,  
From Thy Altar-home to me,  
Make my soul Thy bride. (*bis.*)

4.  
Soul of Jesus, stay in me,  
Soul of Jesus, pray in me,  
Thro' the creeping hours, (*bis.*)  
Not a minute stray from Thee,  
All is sin away from Thee,  
Stay till shut of flowers. (*bis.*)

5.  
Soul of Jesus, light for me  
All the slumbering night for me,  
That my heart may still (*bis.*)  
Watch to breathe its love for Thee,  
Kept above all else for Thee,  
Drowned in Thy sweet Will! (*bis.*)

## Oh, Come And Mourn.

(Amor meus crucifixus est.)

CARL HAUSER.

Andante Doloroso (♩ = 66)

1. Oh, come and mourn with me — a — while! See, Ma — ry  
2. Have we no tears to shed for — Him, While sold — iers

calls us to — her — side; Oh, come and let us  
scoff and Jews de — ride? Ah! look how pa — tient —

mourn with her; — Je — sus, our Love, is cru — ci —  
ly He — hangs; — Je — sus, our Love, is cru — ci —

fied! Je — sus, our Love, is cru — ci — fied!  
fied! Je — sus, our Love, is cru — ci — fied!

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed; Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!  
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied; Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
His failing Eyes are blind with Blood, His Pilate and His Judas were;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified! (*bis*) Jesus, our Love, is crucified! (*bis*)

5.

O Love of God! O Sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with Love;  
For He, our Love, is crucified.

# At The Cross Her Station Keeping.

(Stabat Mater dolorosa.)

28.

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

1. At the Cross her sta-tion keep-ing, Stood the mourn-ful  
2. Through her heart, His sor-row shar-ing, All His bit-ter

Moth-er weep-ing, Close to Je-sus to the last.  
an-guish bear-ing, Now at length the sword had passed.

3.

Oh! how sad and sore distressed  
Was that Mother highly blessed  
Of that sole-begotten One!

4.

Oh! that silent, ceaseless mourning!  
Oh! those dim eyes never turning  
From that wond'rous, suffering Son!

5.

For His people's sins, the All-Holy  
There she saw, a Victim lowly,  
Bleed in torments-bleed and die;

6.

Saw the Lord's Anointed taken;  
Saw her Child in death forsaken;  
Heard His last expiring cry.

7.

Those Five Wounds of Jesus smitten,  
Mother, in my heart be written,  
Deeply as in thine they be;

8.

Thou, my Saviour's cross who bearest,  
Thou, thy Son's rebuke who sharest,  
Let me share them both with thee.

9.

In the passion of my Maker  
Be my sinful soul partaker,  
Weep till death, and weep with thee.

10.

Mine with thee be that sad station,  
There to watch the great salvation  
Wrought upon the atoning Tree.

11.

Virgin thou of virgins fairest,  
May the bitter woe thou sharest  
Make on me impression deep.

12.

Thus Christ dying may I carry,  
With Him in His passion tarry,  
And His wounds in memory keep.

13.

May His wounds transfix me wholly,  
May His cross and life-blood holy  
Ebriate my heart and mind.

14.

Thus inflamed with pure affection  
In the Virgin's Son protection  
May I at the Judgment find. Amen.

# 29. Christians, Who Of Jesus' Sorrows.

\*\*\* Andante. (♩ = 60)

(First Tune.)

Traditional Melody.

*SOLI.*

1. Christ-ians, who of Je - sus' sor - rows, Come the dole - ful tale to  
 2. In a lone - ly gar - den pray - ing, Con - flicts rude op - press His

hear; See what streams of blood flow for us! Blend, ah! blend at least a tear!  
 soul; Fear and hope, His soul as - sail - ing, Strive by turns His will to rule.

*TUTTI.* *cresc.*

Lo! for sins our own de - vot - ed, Bleeds the Vic - tim from on  
 Now doth fear com - mand im - pe - rious. Now strong ef - ferts love com -

*rall.*

high, By His suff - rings an - i - mat - ed, For Him live and for Him die.  
 bines; Love at length pre - vails vic - to - rious, He to death Him - self re - signs.

*SOLI.* 3.  
 Doom'd to death new Isaac willing,  
 Loaded with the heavy Tree,  
 In His Heart our sins bewailing,  
 He ascends Mount Calvary.

*TUTTI.*  
 Lo! His Hands and Feet are pierc'd through,  
 On the bloody Cross He lies;  
 Streams of vital blood flow for you  
 Sinners! He's your sacrifice!

*SOLI.* 4.  
 Now behold the Man of Sorrows,  
 On the Cross exalted high;  
 Suffring, bleeding, dying for us,  
 Now behold salvation nigh.

*TUTTI.*  
 Satan our great foe lies vanquished  
 Mary's seed has bruised his head;  
 Our redemption is accomplished,  
 Jesus has our ransom paid.

*SOLI.* 5.  
 He expires in sad convulsions;  
 Nature comfortless bemoans;  
 Heav'n and earth and all creation  
 Trembling echo doleful groans.

*TUTTI.*  
 Ah! shall man a sight so woful,  
 View alone with tearless eye?  
 Grant, O Jesus! I may grateful,  
 With Thee mourn and with Thee die.



# Christians, Who Of Jesus' Sorrows

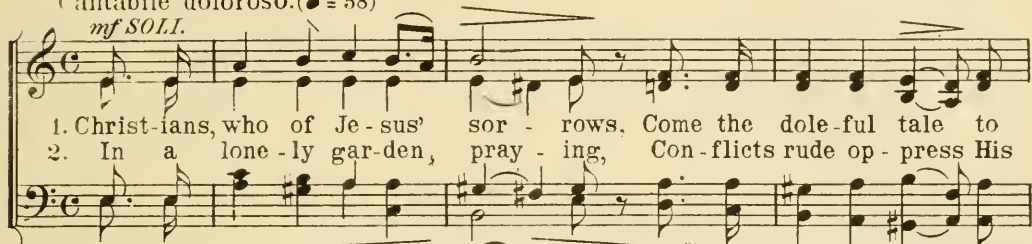
(Second Tune.)

30

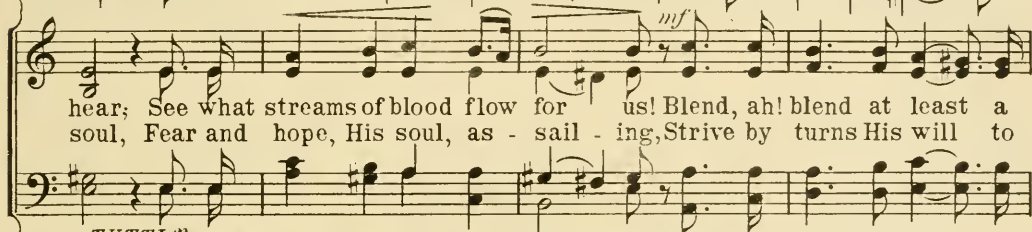
B. M. J

(Cantabile doloroso. (♩ = 58)

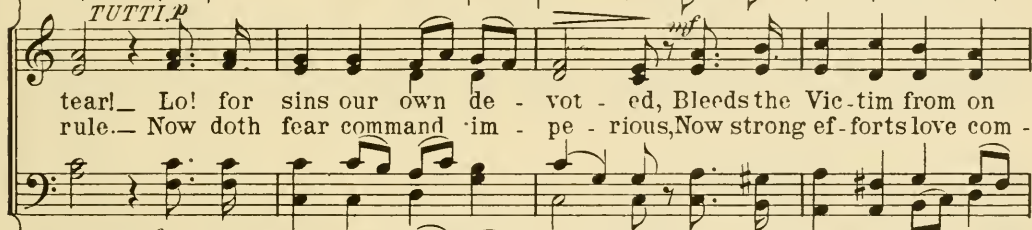
*mf SOLL.*



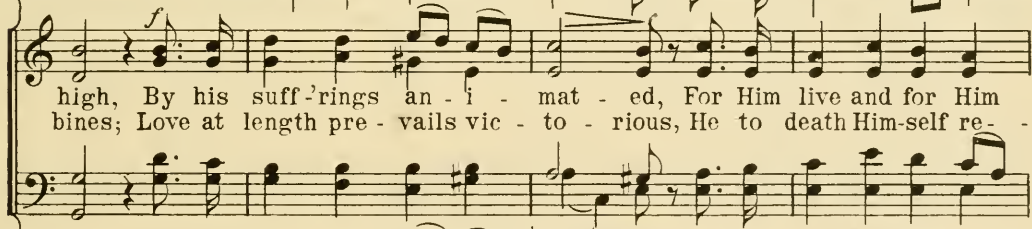
1. Christ-ians, who of Je-sus' sor - rows, Come the dole-ful tale to  
2. In a lone-ly gar-den, pray - ing, Con-flicts rude op - press His



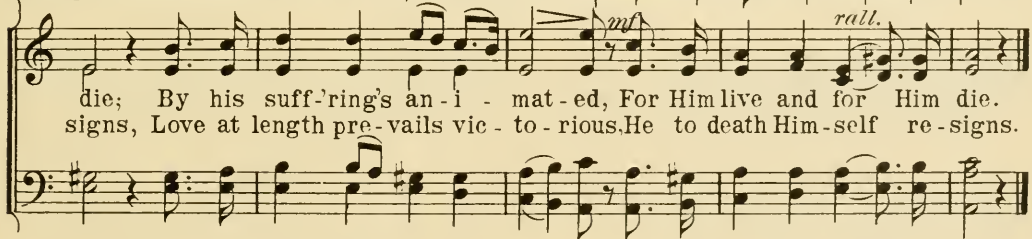
hear; See what streams of blood flow for us! Blend, ah! blend at least a  
soul, Fear and hope, His soul, as - sail - ing, Strive by turns His will to



*TUTTI*  
tear! Lo! for sins our own de - vot - ed, Bleeds the Vic-tim from on  
rule. Now doth fear command im - pe - rious, Now strong ef-forts love com -



high, By his suff-'rings an - i - mat - ed, For Him live and for Him  
bines; Love at length pre - vails vic - to - rious, He to death Him-self re -



die; By his suff-'ring's an - i - mat - ed, For Him live and for Him die.  
signs, Love at length pre - vails vic - to - rious. He to death Him-self re - signs.

3.

Doom'd to death new Isaac willing,  
Loaded with the heavy Tree,  
In His Heart our sins bewailing,  
He ascends Mount Calvary.  
Lo! His Hands and Feet are pierc'd thro',  
On the bloody Cross He lies;  
Streams of vital blood flow for you } (bis.)  
Sinners! He's your sacrifice!

4.

Now behold the Man of Sorrows,  
On the Cross exalted high;  
Suff'ring, bleeding, dying for us,  
Now behold salvation nigh.  
Satan our great foe lies vanquished;  
Mary's seed has bruise'd his head;  
Our redemption is accomplished, } (bis.)  
Jesus has our ransom paid.

# 31.

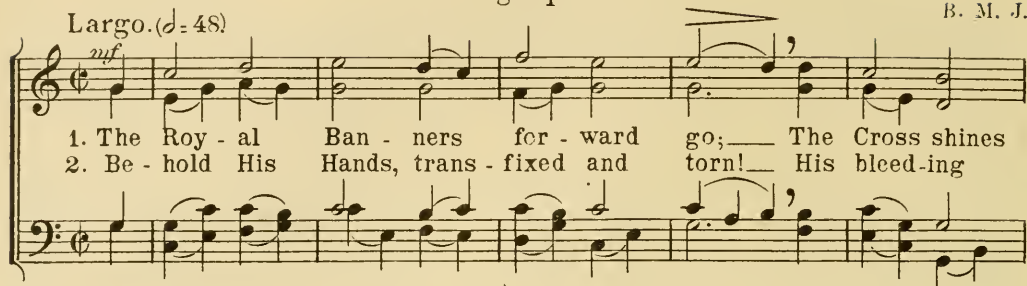
## The Royal Banners Forward Go.

From V. FORTUNATUS.

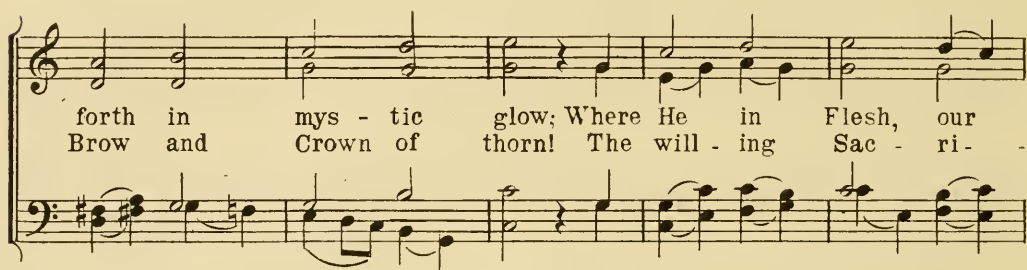
(Vexilla regis prodeunt)

B. M. J.

Largo. (♩ = 48)



1. The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go; — The Cross shines  
2. Be - hold His Hands, trans - fixed and torn! His bleed - ing



forth in mys - tic glow; Where He in Flesh, our  
Brow and Crown of thorn! The will - ing Sac - ri -



flesh who made, Our sen - tence bore, our ran - som paid.  
fice is slain, Re - demp - tion for man - kind to gain.

3.

There as He hangs, His sacred side  
By cruel spear is opened wide,  
And sheds forth Water mixed with Blood,  
A cleansing and a saving flood.

6.

Blest Tree, the balance where was weighed  
The Ransom for us sinners paid;  
To take the guilt of man away,  
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

4.

Fulfilled is now what David told  
In true prophetic song of old:  
"Among the nations, God," said he;  
"Is King:— He reigneth from the Tree.

7.

O Lord, on this Thy Passion Day,  
Thy Cross we hail, our only stay;  
In holy hearts fresh grace implant,  
And pardon to the sinner grant.

5.

O Tree of beauty! Tree of light!  
O Tree with royal purple dight!  
What glory can with thine compare,  
Elect such Holy Limbs to bear!

8.

Salvation's spring, blest Trinity,  
Be praise to Thee through earth and sky,  
Who through the Cross hast victory given,  
Grant us its prize— a place in Heaven.



# Sing, My Tongue, The Saviour's Glory.

(Pange Lingua Gloriosi.)

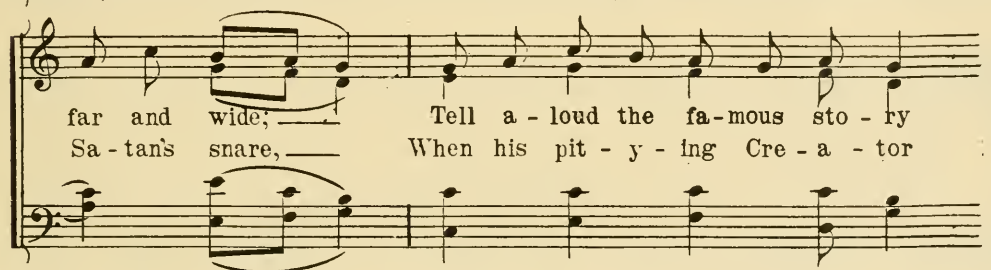
32.

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

Gregorian.



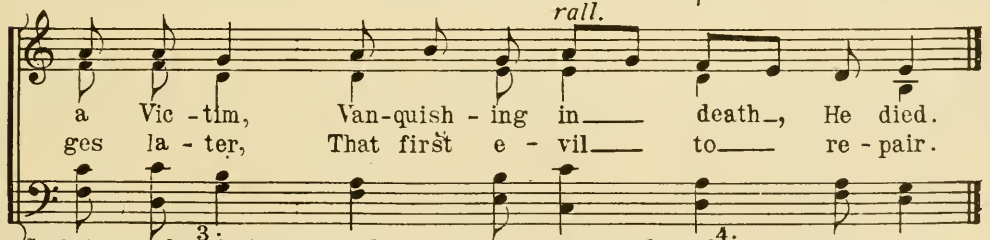
1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glo - ry; Tell his tri-umph  
2. Eat - ing of the tree for - bid - den, Man - had sunk in



far and wide; Tell a - loud the fa - mous sto - ry  
Sa - tan's snare, When his pit - y - ing Cre - a - tor



Of His Bod - y cru - ci - fied; How up - on the Cross  
Did this Sec - ond Tree pre - pare; Des - tined, ma - ny a -



a Vic - tim, Van - quish - ing in death, He died.  
ges la - ter, That first e - vil to re - pair.

Such the order God appointed  
When for sin He would atone;  
To the serpent thus opposing  
Schemes yet deeper than his own;  
Thence the remedy procuring  
Whence the fatal wound had come.

All within a lowly manger,  
Lo, a tender Babe He lies!  
See his gentle Virgin Mother  
Lull to sleep His infant cries!  
While the Limbs of God Incarnate  
Round with swathing bands she ties.

So, when at length the fullness  
Of the sacred time drew nigh,  
Then the Son who moulded all things  
Left His Father's throne on high;  
From a Virgin's womb appearing,  
Clothed in our mortality.

Honor, blessing everlasting,  
To th' immortal Deity!  
To the Father, Son and Spirit,  
Praise be paid co - equally!  
Glory through the earth and heaven  
To the Three-fold Unity!

## 33.

## All Glory, Laud, and Honor. (Palm Sunday.)

Rev. Dr. J. M. NEALE.

(Gloria, laus, et honor.)

Moderato. (♩ = 88)

B. M.

1. All glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, To Thee, Re-deem-er King! To  
2. The com-pa-nies of an-gels Are prais-ing Thee on high; And

whom the lips of chil-dren Made Sweet Ho-san-nas ring. Thou  
mor-tal men and all things Cre-a-ted make re-ply. The

art the King of Is-rael, Thou Da-vid's Roy-al Son, Who  
chil-dren of the He-breus With palms be-fore Thee went; Our

in the Lord's name com-est, The King and Bless-ed One.  
praise and pray'r and an-thems Be-fore Thee we pre-sent.

3.

To Thee, before Thy Passion,  
They raised their hymns of praise;  
To Thee, now throned in glory,  
Our melody we raise.  
Thou didst accept their praises:  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

4.

These palms shall signal for us  
Our vict'ry o'er the foe;  
That in the Conqueror's triumph  
This strain may ever flow:—  
All glory, laud, and honor,  
To Thee, Redeemer, King!  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

**PART FOURTH.**

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**EASTERTIDE.**

Of all the Seasons of all the Liturgical Year, Paschal Time is by far the richest in Mystery. . . Eternity in heaven is the true Pasch: hence, our Pasch, here on earth, is the *Feast of feasts*.

Easter, with its three admirable manifestations of divine love and power, the *Resurrection*, the *Ascension*, and the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, is the perfection of the work of our Redemption.

The holy Fathers bid us look on these fifty days of Eastertide as the image of our eternal happiness. . . They are days devoted exclusively to joy; every sort of sadness is forbidden; and the Church cannot speak to her divine Spouse without joining to her words the glorious cry of heaven; the "*Allelúia*" wherewith, as the holy Liturgy says, the streets and squares of the heavenly Jerusalem resound without ceasing. . . We have been forbidden the use of this joyous word during the past nine weeks; it behoved us *to die with Christ*; but now that we are resolved to die no more that death which kills the soul, and caused our Redeemer to die on the Cross we have a right to our "*Allelúia*."

Be of good heart, Christians! you must look forward to another Easter. Each year will give you a repetition of what you now enjoy. Easter will follow Easter, and bring you at last to that *Easter* in heaven, which is never to have an end, and of which these happy ones on earth are a mere foretaste.  
(From "*The Liturgical Year*" by Abbot Guéranger, O. S. B. )

*See the Classified Index of Hymns for this Season.*

# Christ, The Lord Is Risen To-day.

34.

Tr. M. LEESON.

(Victimae Paschali Laudes)

B. M. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 84)

*mf SOLI.*

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day; Christ-ians, haste your vows to pay;  
2. Christ, the Vic-tim un-de-filed, Man to God hath rec-on-ciled;

Of-fer ye your prais-es meet, At the Pas-chal Vic-tim's feet;  
When in strange and aw-ful strife, Met to-gether death and life.

*CHORUS.*

For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin-less in the sin-ner's stead;  
Christians, on this hap-py day, Haste with joy your vows to pay;

Christ, the Lord, is ris'n on high; Now He lives, no more to die!  
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n on high; Now He lives, no more to die!

3.

*SOLI.* { Christ, Who once for sinners bled,  
Now the first-born from the dead,  
Thron'd in endless might and pow'r,  
Lives and reigns for evermore.  
Hail! eternal hope on high!  
*CHORUS.* { Hail! Thou King of victory!  
Hail! Thou Prince of life ador'd!  
Help and save us, gracious Lord!



## All Hail, Dear Conqueror!

Rev. F. W. FABER.

(Tu Victor Rex.)

B. M. J.

Allegretto. (♩ = 44)

*mf*

1. All hail, dear Con - quer - or, all hail! — Oh, what a  
 2. The ev - er - last - ing God - head lay — Shroud - ed with -

vic - to - ry is Thine! How beau - ti - ful Thy strength ap -  
 in those Limbs di - vine, Nor left un - ten - ant - ed one

*cresc.* *p*

pears! Thy crim - son Wounds, how bright they shine! Thou cam - est  
 hour That sa - cred Hu - man Heart of Thine. They worshipped

*mf*

at the dawn of day, Armies of souls around Thee were, Blest spir - its  
 Thee, those ransomed souls, With the fresh strength of love set free; They worshipp'd

*rall.*

throng to wor - ship Thee, In Flesh now glo - ri - fied and fair.  
 joy - ous - ly, and thought Of Ma - ry, while they looked on Thee.

3.

They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul  
 Paused by the Body's wounded Side;  
 Bright flashed the cave, before them stood  
 The living Jesus glorified.  
 All hail, dear Conqueror, all hail!  
 Oh! what a victory is Thine!  
 How beautiful Thy strength appears!  
 Thy crimson Wounds. how bright they shine!



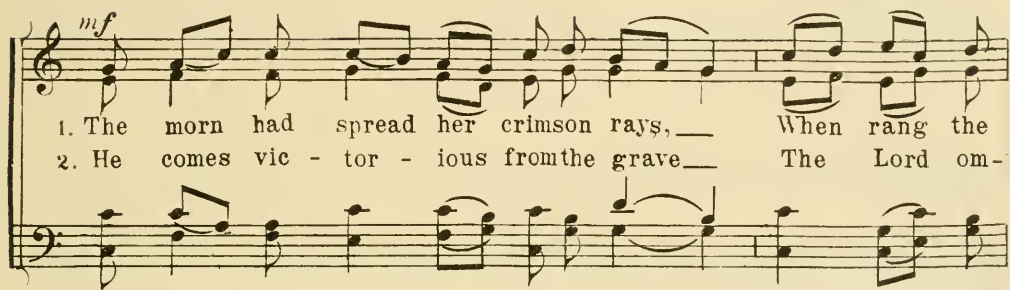
# The Morn Had Spread Her Crimson Lays. 36.

(Aurora Coelum Purpurat.)

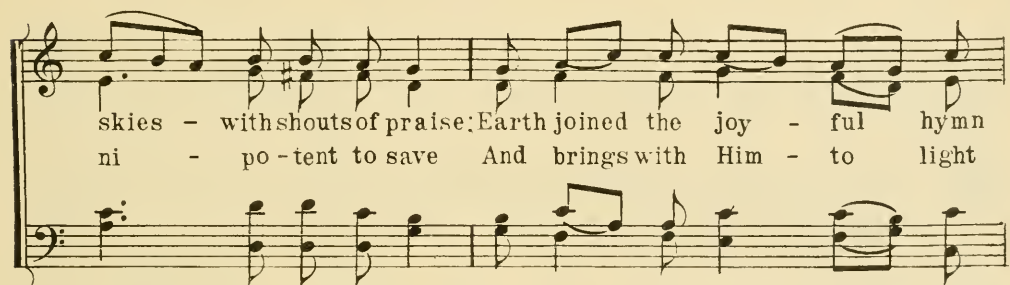
Tr. R. CAMPBELL.

GREGORIAN.

*mf*

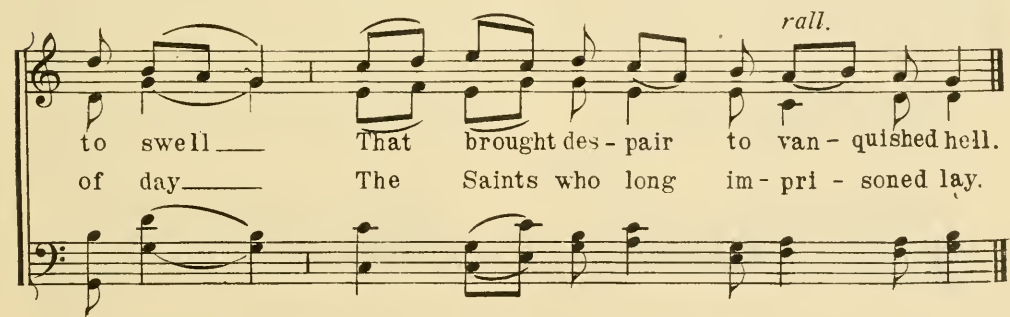


1. The morn had spread her crimson rays, — When rang the  
2. He comes vic - tor - ious from the grave — The Lord om -



skies - with shout of praise; Earth joined the joy - ful hymn  
ni - po - tent to save And brings with Him - to light

*rall.*



to swell — That brought des - pair to van - quished hell.  
of day — The Saints who long im - pri - soned lay.

3.

Let hymns of joy to grief succeed,  
We know that Christ is ris'n indeed;  
We hear his white-robe Angel's voice  
And in our risen Lord rejoice.

4.

With Christ we died, with Christ we rose,  
When at the font His Name we chose;  
Oh, let not sin our robes defile,  
And turn to grief the paschal smile.

Moderato.

CHORUS.

Al - le - lù - ia! Al - le - lù - ia! Al - le - lù - ia!

1. Ye sons and daughters of the Lord, The King of glo - ry, King a -

dored, This day Him - self from death re - stored. Al - le - lù - ia!

2.

All in the early morning grey  
Went holy women on their way  
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

Allelùia!

3.

Of spices pure a precious store  
In their pure hands those women bore,  
To anoint the sacred Body o'er.

Allelùia!

4.

Then straightway one in white they see,  
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but He  
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."

Allelùia!

5.

This told they Peter, told they John;  
Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,  
But Peter is by John outrun.

Allelùia!

6.

That self-same night, while out of fear  
The doors were shut, their Lord most dear  
To His Apostles did appear.

Allelùia!

7.

But Thomas, when of this he heard,  
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;  
Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

Allelùia!

8.

"Thomas, behold My side," said He;  
"My hands, My feet, My body see,  
And doubt not, but believe in Me."

Allelùia!

9.

When Thomas saw that wounded side,  
The truth no longer he denied;  
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

Allelùia!

10.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen  
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him!  
Eternal life awaiteth them.

Allelùia!

11.

Now let us praise the Lord most high,  
And strive His name to magnify  
On this great day, through earth and sky

Allelùia!

12.

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er,  
Whom men and Angel Hosts adore,  
To Him be glory evermore.

Allelùia!

# Now At The Lamb's High Royal Feast.

(Ad Regias Agni Dapes.)

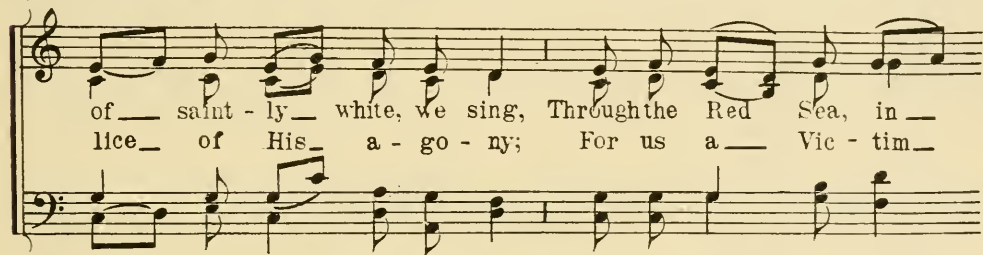
38.

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

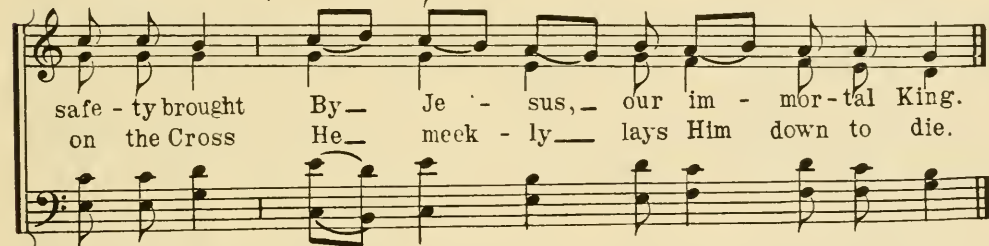
Gregorian.



1. Now at the Lamb's high roy - al feast, In robes  
2. O depth of love! for us He drains The cha -



of saint - ly white, we sing, Through the Red Sea, in  
lice of His a - go - ny; For us a Vic - tim -



safe - ty brought By Je - sus, our im - mor - tal King.  
on the Cross He meek - ly lays Him down to die.

3.

And as the avenging Angel pass'd  
Of old the blood-besprinkled door;  
As the cleft sea a passage gave,  
Then closed to whelm th' Egyptians o'er;

6.

Hail, victor Christ! hail, risen King!  
To Thee alone belongs the crown;  
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,  
And cast the Prince of darkness down.

4.

So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,  
Has brought us safe all perils through;  
While for unleaven'd bread He asks  
But heart sincere and purpose true.

7.

O Jesus! from the death of sin  
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be  
The everlasting Paschal joy  
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

5.

Hail, purest Victim Heav'n could find  
The powers of Hell to overthrow!  
Who didst the bonds of Death unbind;  
Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

8.

To God the Father, with the Son  
Who from the grave immortal rose,  
And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise,  
While age on endless ages flows.

# 39. Sing We Triumphant Hymns Of Praise.

(Hymnum Canamus Glorise.)

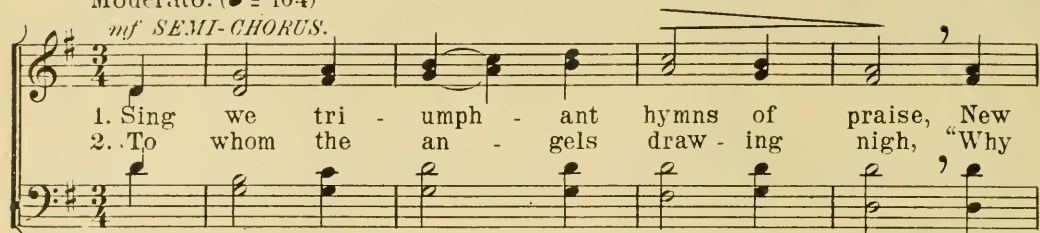
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Moderato. (♩ = 104)

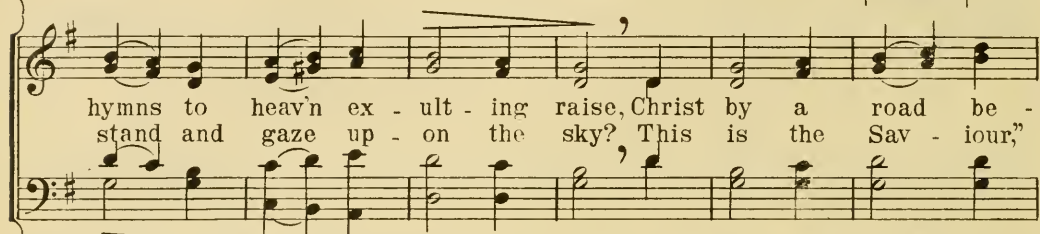
(ASCENSION)

M.H.

*mf* SEMI-CHORUS.



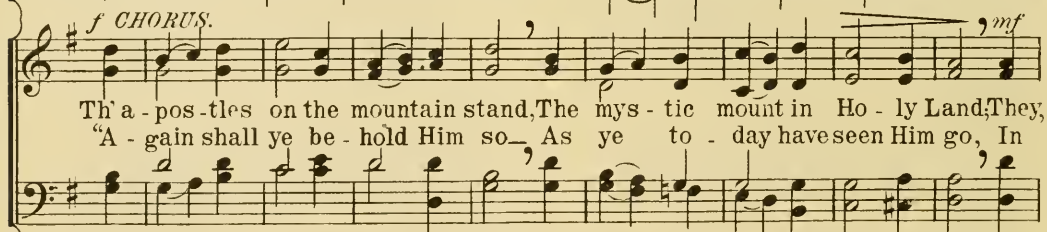
1. Sing we tri - umph - ant hymns of praise, New  
2. To whom the an - gels draw - ing nigh, "Why



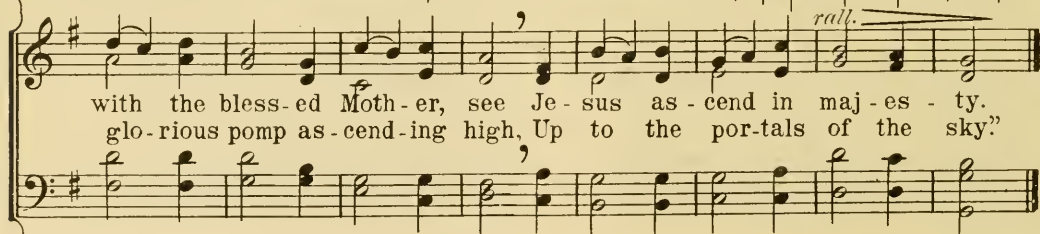
hymns to heav'n ex - ult - ing raise, Christ by a road be -  
stand and gaze up - on the sky? This is the Sav - iour,"



fore un - trod, As - cend - eth to the throne of God—  
thus they say, "This is His no - ble tri - umph day!"—



*f* CHORUS.  
Th'a - pos - tles on the mountain stand, The mys - tic mount in Ho - ly Land; They,  
"A - gain shall ye be - hold Him so— As ye to - day have seen Him go, In



with the bless - ed Moth - er, see Je - sus as - cend in maj - es - ty.  
glo - rious pomp as - cend - ing high, Up to the por - tals of the sky."

3.

"He hastes to mount His heav'nly throne,  
He takes His kingdom for His own;  
And thence again, when time shall end,  
To judge the nations shall descend."  
Jesus! in that tremendous day,  
Our sole Redemption, Thee we pray  
Vouchsafe to number us on high  
Amongst Thy saints' blest company.



# Hail Thou, Who Man's Redeemer Art.

40.

Rev. T. J. POTTER.

(Salutis Humanae Sator.)

(ASCENSION)

Rev. A. FLEURY S. J.

Larghetto. (♩. = 52)

1. Hail Thou, Who man's Re - deem - er  
2. What name - less mer - cy Thee o'er -

art, Je - sus, the joy of ev - 'ry heart; Great Mak - er  
came, To bear our load of sin and shame? For guilt - less,

of the world's wide frame, And pur - est love's de - light and flame.  
Thou Thy life didst give, That sin - ful, err - ing man might live.

3.

The realms of woe are forced by Thee,  
Its captives from their chains set free;  
And Thou, amid Thy ransom'd train,  
At God's Right Hand dost victor reign.

4.

Let mercy sweet with Thee prevail,  
To cure the wounds we now bewail;  
Oh, bless us with Thy holy sight,  
And fill us with eternal light.

5.

Our guide, our way to heavenly rest,  
Be Thou the aim of ev'ry breast;  
Be Thou the soother of our tears,  
Our sweet reward above the spheres.

Rev. E. CASWALL.

Old Melody.

Harm. by B. A. M.

Allegretto. (♩ = 80)

*mf*

1. O Je-sus Christ, re-mem-ber, When Thou shalt come a - gain Up -  
 2. Re-mem-ber then, O Sav-iour, I sup-ple - cate of Thee, That

*mf*

on the clouds of heav-en With all Thy shin - ing train; When  
 here I bowed be - fore Thee Up - on my bend - ed knee; That

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

ev-'ry eye shall see Thee In De-i - ty re - vealed, Who  
 here I owned Thy pres - ence, And did not Thee de - ny, And

*p* *rall.*

now up - on this al - tar, In si - lence art con - cealed.  
 glo - ri - fied Thy great - ness. Though hid from hu - man eye.

3.

Accept, divine Redeemer,  
 The homage of my praise;  
 Be Thou the light and honor,  
 And glory of my days;  
 Be Thou my consolation  
 When death is drawing nigh;  
 Be Thou my only Treasure  
 Through all eternity.



## Holy Spirit, Come And Guide Me.

Rev. W. P. TREACY.

B. M. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 84)

*mf*

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, come and guide me, For Thy Light I  
2. From my soul dis - pel all shad - ows, From my heart now

dai - ly pine; All a - round is dark and gloom - y, Let Thy  
ban - ish care; Teach me how to bear my cross - es, Give me

Rays up - on me shine; Let Thy Rays up - on me shine.  
sweet - ness in my prayer, Give me sweet - ness in my prayer.

3.

Speak to me of Heaven's beauties,  
Tell me of Thy Sinless Land;  
Lead me up that Holy Mountain  
Where but Purified may stand. (bis)

4.

Lead me o'er the paths of virtue,  
Keep me far from shame and sin;  
Give me peace in holy actions,  
Drive from me all strife and din. (bis)

5.

Show the vainness of false pleasures,  
Show how fleeting are man's days,  
Show that Thou alone canst give me  
Force to walk through stainless ways. (bis)

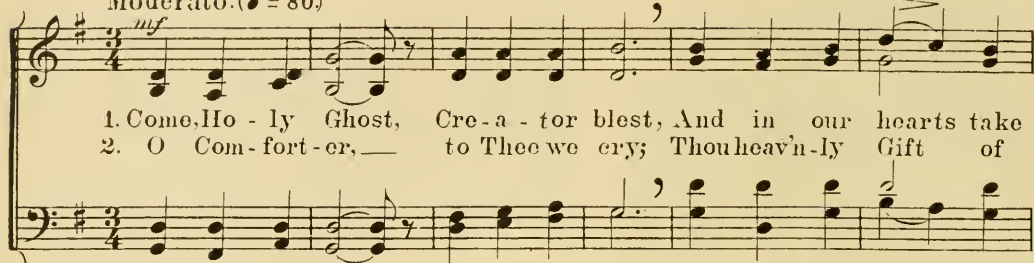
## Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest.

\*\*\*

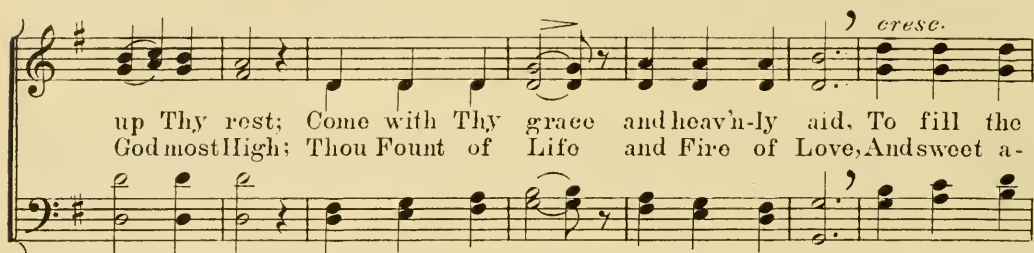
(Veni, Creator Spiritus.)

French Melody.

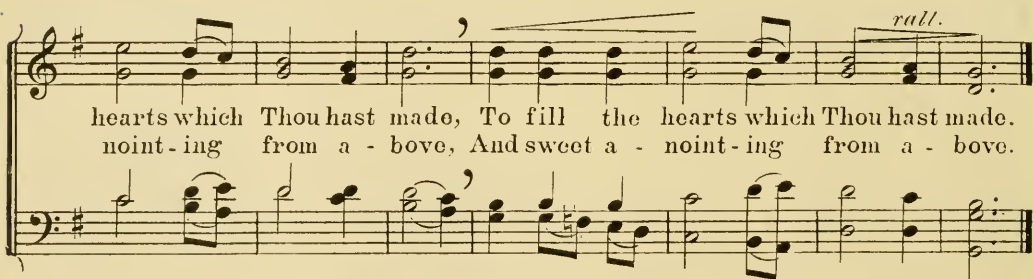
Moderato. (♩ = 80)



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, And in our hearts take  
2. O Com - fort - er, — to Thee we cry; Thou heav'n - ly Gift of



up Thy rest; Come with Thy grace and heav'n - ly aid, To fill the  
God most High; Thou Fount of Life and Fire of Love, And sweet a -



hearts which Thou hast made, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.  
noint - ing from a - bove, And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove.

3.

O Holy Ghost, through Thee alone,  
Know we the Father and the Son;  
Be this our never changing creed,  
That Thou dost from Them both proceed. (*bis*)

4.

Praised be the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit with Them One;  
And may the Son on us bestow  
The gifts that from the Spirit flow. (*bis*)

# Thy Kingdom Come.

44.

Rev. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

(Adveniat Regnum tuum.)

B. F. B.

*mf*

1. Thy King-dom come, O — King of earth and heav'n,  
2. Thee will I serve, for — he who serves Thee reigns,

Cre - a - tor, Sa-viour, Who our chains hast riv'n;  
Thee will I free-ly servewhile life re - mains,

Oh, that all hearts would Thy sweet yoke em - brace;  
Till, free no long - er, in Thy realm a - bove,

*f*

Reign in my heart for - ev - er, King of grace.  
Bound in the rap-tu-rous thral-dom of Thy love.

3.  
Thee as my King my soul at last shall hail,  
No more to swerve, no more to faint nor fail;—  
O Father, take Thy weary wand'rer home;  
O King of glory, may Thy Kingdom come.

## 45.

## When Men Blaspheming say:

B. M.

Mel. of Rev. MERCIER.  
Harm. by Carl Hauser.

Andante. (♩ = 50)

1. When men blaspheming say: "A-way with Je-sus Christ! We will not own His  
2. The faithless Jews, O Lord! In hate re-jected Thee; "A-way with Him! their

sway, Our free-dom sac-ri-fice!" O Christians, raise the loy-al cry and sing:  
word, "No king, save Cæ-sar, we!" Thy vas-sals, Christ, with joy-ous pride we sing:

"Thy Kingdom come! Be Thou, O Christ, our King! Thy Kingdom come! Be Thou, O Christ, our

King! We're Thine, dear Lord, Be Thou, our King! Thy Kingdom come! O Christ!— Thy

King-dom come! Be Thou our King! Thy King-dom come! O Christ!"—

3  
With purple robe in scorn  
They mock Thy regal right;  
Thy Head is crowned with thorn;  
Thy blessed Face they smite.  
We hail Thee King by right divine,  
and sing: (Chorus)

4.  
Thy royal title, see!  
Above Thy cruel crown;  
They scoff and jeer at Thee:—  
"O Israel's King, come down!"  
With faith sublime, Christ Crucified,  
we sing: (Chorus)

**PART FIFTH.**

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**THE TIME AFTER PENTECOST.**



The Sacred Liturgy is about to put before us an unbroken succession of varied episodes, of which some are brilliant with glory, and others exquisite in loveliness, but each one of them bringing its special tribute towards either the development of the dogmas of faith or the furtherance of the Christian life... It was but right that the solemnity which is intended to honor the mystery of *One God in Three Persons*, should immediately follow that of Pentecost, with which it has a mysterious connection.

Every homage paid to God by the Church's Liturgy has the Holy Trinity as its object. Time, as well as eternity, belongs to the Trinity. The Trinity is the scope of all Religion. Every day, every hour, belongs to It. The Feasts instituted in memory of the mysteries of our Redemption centre in It. The Feasts of the Blessed Virgin and the saints are so many means for leading us to the praise of the God who is One in essence, and Three in Persons. The *Sunday's Office*, in a very special way, gives us, each week, a most explicit expression of adoration and worship of this mystery, which is the foundation of all others and the source of all grace.

The hymn of Thy Seraphim, O Lord, has been heard here on earth: *Holy, Holy, Holy the Lord God of hosts!* (Is. VI. 3.) We are but mortals; we are not Prophets, as was Isaias; and yet we have a happiness which he had not; we can repeat *the song* of those blessed Spirits, with fulness of knowledge, and can say unto Thee, "*Holy is the Father, Holy is the Son, Holy is the Spirit!*"

From "*The Liturgical Year*," by Abbot Guéranger, O. S. B.

*See the Classified Index of hymns to The Most Holy Trinity, and God in General.*

# God The Father, Who Didst Make Me.

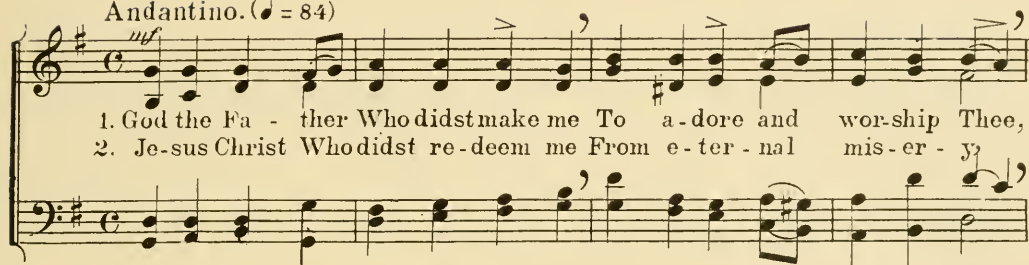
46.

M.H.

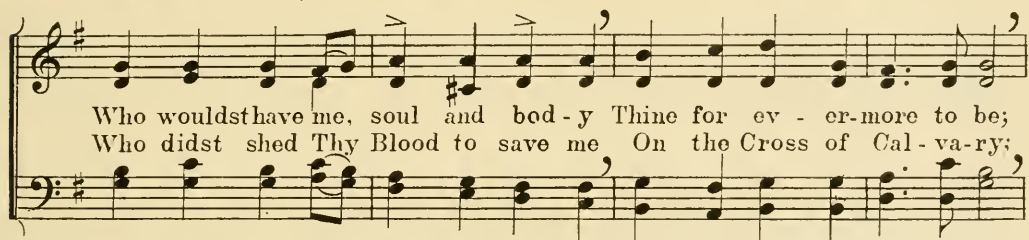
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Andantino. (♩ = 84)

*mf*

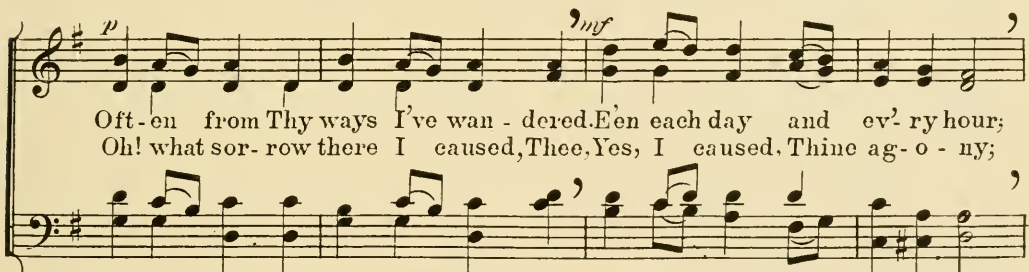


1. God the Fa - ther Who didst make me To a-dore and wor-ship Thee,  
2. Je-sus Christ Who didst re-deem me From e-ter-nal mis-er-y;



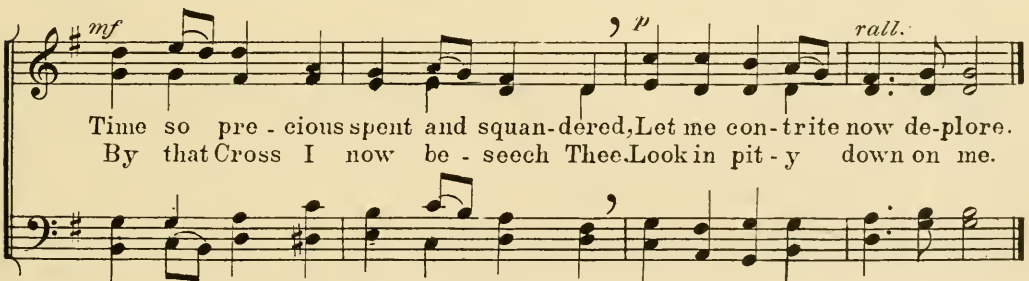
Who wouldst have me, soul and bod-y Thine for ev-er-more to be;  
Who didst shed Thy Blood to save me On the Cross of Cal-va-ry;

*p* *mf*



Oft-en from Thy ways I've wan-dered. E'en each day and ev'-ry hour;  
Oh! what sor-row there I caused, Thee, Yes, I caused. Thine ag-o-ny;

*mf* *p* *rall.*



Time so pre-cious spent and squan-dered, Let me con-trite now de-lore.  
By that Cross I now be-seech Thee. Look in pit-y down on me.

3.

Holy Ghost, Whose grace descended  
Sevenfold to strengthen me,  
By which grace my soul was cleansed  
From a dark iniquity,  
Many gifts of Thine I've slighted,  
Gifts bestowed so lovingly;  
But for love so unrequited,  
Faithful now at last I'll be.

4.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Ever Blessed Trinity,  
Oh! what love from me They merit,  
For such wondrous charity.  
Thou, O God, hast made and saved me,  
Thou alone my Lord shalt be;  
Take me then to serve and love Thee,  
Now, and in eternity.

## O Day Of Rest And Gladness!

(Sunday.)

M. H

\*\*\*

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

1. O day of rest and glad-ness! O day of joy and  
2. On thee, at the Cre - a - tion, The light first had its

light! O balm for care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most  
birth; On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of

bright! On thee, the high and low - ly, Be - fore the' - ter - nal  
earth; On thee, our Lord vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from

throne, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To God, the Three in One.  
heav'n: And thus on thee most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was giv'n.

3.

To-day on weary nations,  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls;  
Where Gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

4.

New graces ever gaining  
From this, our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises,  
To Thee, blest Three in One.

## Life Offers Me One Only Good, One Treasure.

I. WILLIAMS.

(First Tune.)

I. MÜLLER.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

1. Life of - fers me one on - ly good, one treas - ure,  
2. 'Tis God a - lone our deep - est wounds can heal,

My Sav - iour dear, my God whom I a - dore. 'Tis He a - lone can  
And be to us a ref - uge safe and sure, None oth - er can such

turn all grief to pleas - ure; 'Tis He Who holds my heart for ev - er - more.  
wondrous love re - veal, — To sanc - ti - fy the ho - ly soul and pure.

3.

What sorrow, then, need heart of mortal fear,  
Whose loving hope and trust are all in Thee?  
What grief need trouble us when Thou art near?  
For Thou our gentle Comforter wilt be.



## O God Of Loveliness!

\*\*\*

(Tuus sum ego)

M. H.

Comodo. (♩ = 76)

1. O God of love - li - ness, O Lord of heav'n a - bove, How  
2. Thou art blest Three in One, Yet un - di - vid - ed still: Thou

wor - thy to pos - sess My heart's de - vot - ed love! So sweet Thy Coun - te -  
art that One a - lone Whose love my heart can fill. The heavns, the earth be -

nance, So gra - cious to be - hold, That one, one on - ly glance To  
low, Were fash - ioned by Thy word, How a - mia - ble art Thou, My

me were bliss un - told; That one, one on - ly glance To me were bliss un - told.  
ev - er dear - est Lord! How a - mia - ble art Thou, My ev - er dear - est Lord!

3.

Were hearts as countless mine  
As sands upon the shore.  
All should in choir combine  
To love Thee evermore.  
And ev'ry heart should yearn  
With tenderest desire,  
And in my bosom burn  
With flames of holiest fire. } (bis)

4.

To think Thou art my God.  
O thought for ever blest!  
My heart has overflowed  
With joy within my breast.  
My soul so full of bliss  
Is plunged as in a sea,  
Deep in the sweet abyss } (bis)  
Of holy charity.

5.

No object here below  
Awakens my desire;  
No suffering nor woe  
Can grief or pain inspire.  
The world I could despise,  
Though it were all of gold;  
Thee only do I prize  
O Mine of wealth untold! } (bis)

6.

O Loveliness supreme,  
And Beauty infinite;  
O ever-flowing Stream,  
An Ocean of delight;  
O Life by which I live,  
My truest life above.  
To Thee alone I give } (bis)  
My undivided love.



# Just One Tiny Spark So Bright.

50.

I. WILLIAMS.

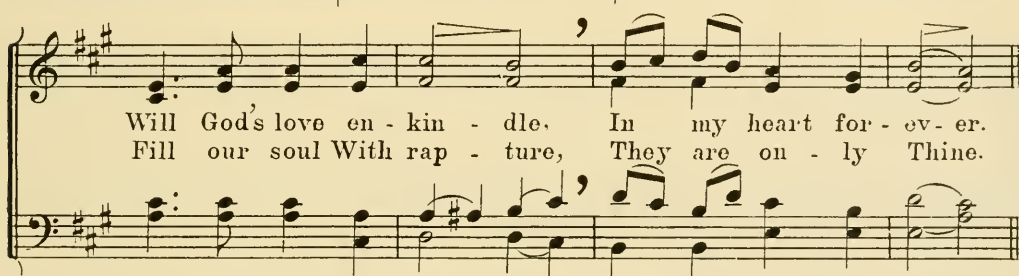
I. MÜLLER.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

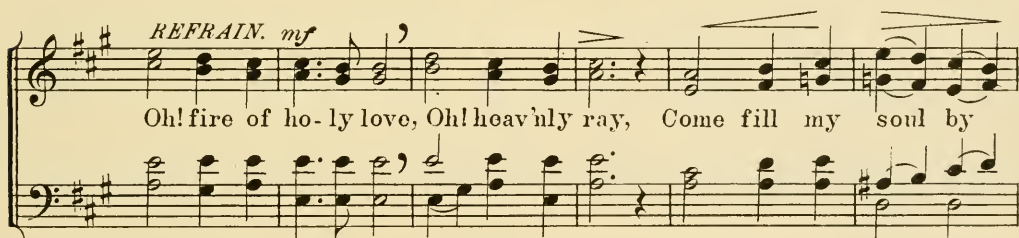
SEMICHORUS.



1. Just one ti - ny spark so bright, Of this won - drous fire,  
2. Ha - sten, all our hearts con - sume, Heav - en's flame di - vine,



Will God's love en - kin - dle, In my heart for - ev - er.  
Fill our soul With rap - ture, They are on - ly Thine.



Oh! fire of ho - ly love, Oh! heav'nly ray, Come fill my soul by



night and by day; Come fill my soul by night and by day.

3.

Peace and happiness are mine,  
When Thou art with me.  
Banished all life's sorrows,  
While I cling to Thee.

4.

Come, then, Master of my soul  
Dear Saviour and King,  
Unto my poor spirit,  
Peace and comfort bring.

## O Come, Loud Anthems Let Us Sing.

\*\*\*

Andante. (♩ = 80)

Adapted from J. HAYDN.

*mf* *SOLI.*

1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud  
2. In - to His pres - ence let us haste To

thanks to our Al - might - y King: For we our voie - es  
thank Him for His fa - vors past; To Him ad - dress, our

*cresc.*

high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.  
joy - ful songs, The praise that to His Name be - longs.

*CHORUS.* *mf* *f* *rall.*

Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame An e - qual hon - or to His Name?

3.

The depths of earth are in His Hand,  
Her secret wealth at His command;  
The strength of hills that reach the skies,  
Subjected to His empire lies.

4.

Oh, let us to His courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there;  
Down on our knees devoutly all,  
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

# O Gift Of Gifts! O Grace Of Faith!

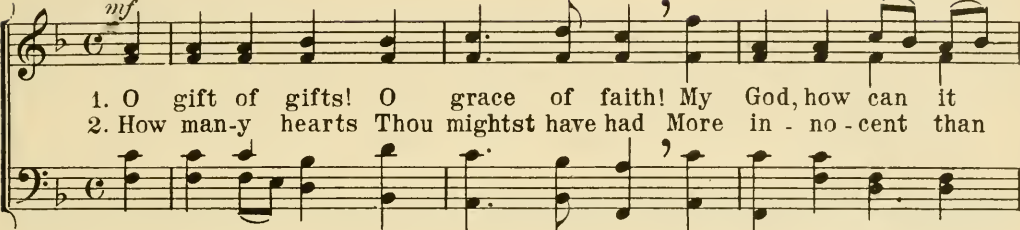
52.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

Moderato. (♩ = 96)

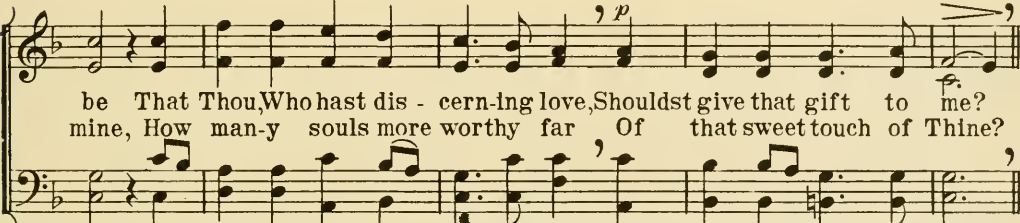
M. H.

*mf*



1. O gift of gifts! O grace of faith! My God, how can it  
2. How many hearts Thou mightst have had More in - no - cent than

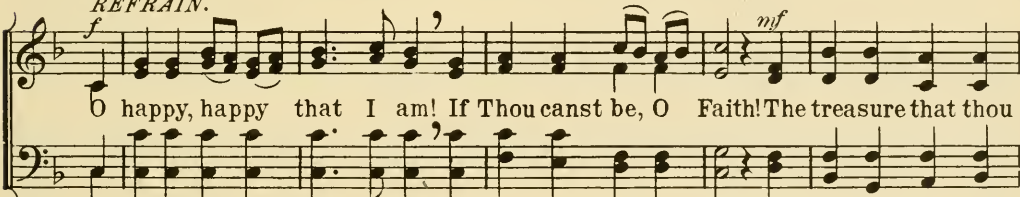
*p*



be That Thou, Who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me?  
mine, How many souls more worthy far Of that sweet touch of Thine?

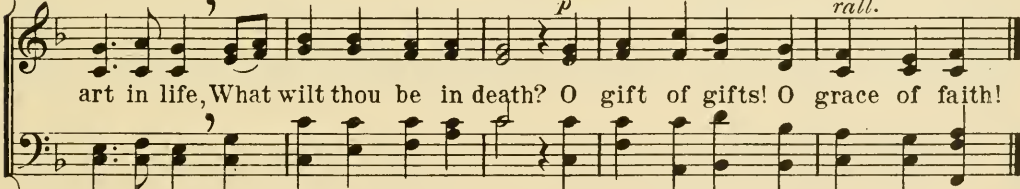
*REFRAIN.*

*f* *mf*



O happy, happy that I am! If Thou canst be, O Faith! The treasure that thou

*p* *rall.*



art in life, What wilt thou be in death? O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!

3.  
How can they live, how will they die,  
How bear the cross of grief,  
Who have not got the light of faith,  
The courage of belief?

4.  
The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross.  
Seem trifles less than light;—  
Earth looks so little and so low,  
When faith shines full and bright.

5.  
Thy choice, O God of Goodness! then  
I lovingly adore;  
Oh, give me grace to keep Thy grace,  
And grace to merit more.

## 53.

## Holy God, We Praise Thy Name!

Rev. C. WALWORTH.

(Sancte Deus, laudamus te.)

German Choral.

Moderato. (♩ = 96)

*mf*

1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name, Lord of all, we  
2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -

*mf*

bow be - fore Thee; All on earth Thy scepter claim,  
bore are rais - ing; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim

*f*

All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee, In - fi - nite Thy  
In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with

vast do - main. Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.  
sweet ae - cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord!

3.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,  
While in essence only One,  
Undivided God we claim Thee;  
And adoring bend the knee, *(bis)*  
While we own the mystery.

4.

Thou art King of glory, Christ!  
Son of God yet born of Mary.  
For us sinners sacrificed,  
And to death a tributary:  
First to break the bars of death, *(bis)*  
Thou hast opened heav'n to faith.



# What God Does, Is Done Aright.

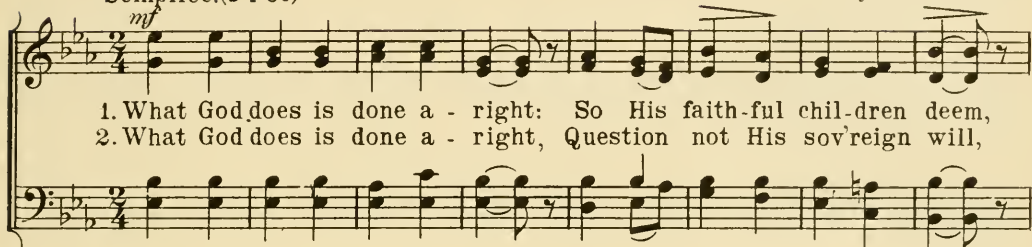
54.

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Semplice. (♩ = 80)

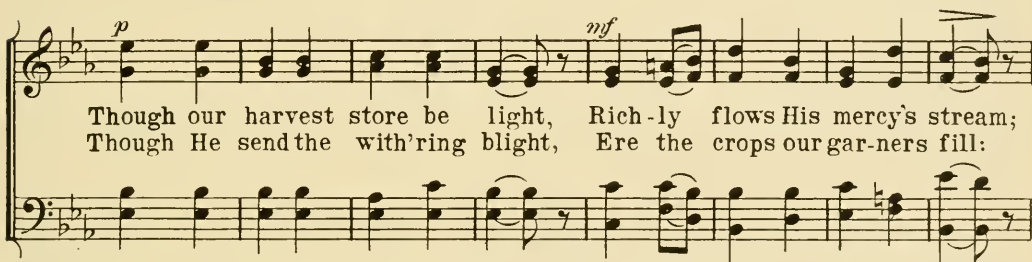
H. by R. DE DION.

*mf*



1. What God does is done a - right: So His faith-ful chil-dren deem,  
2. What God does is done a - right, Question not His sov'reign will,

*p* *mf*



Though our harvest store be light, Rich-ly flows His mercy's stream;  
Though He send the with'ring blight, Ere the crops our gar-ners fill:

*f* *dim.* *rall.*



He would draw our fal-t'ring love Up to change-less joys a - bove.  
Earth-ly goods He takes a - way, That our hope on Him may stay.

3.

What God does, is done aright,  
Though our dales and uplands mourn,  
We will praise His love and might,  
To the future hopeful turn;  
His eternal Word can give  
Strength whereby our souls can live.

4.

What God does, is done aright:  
E'en if here on earth below,  
We do find no Canaan bright,  
And nor milk nor honey flow;  
God, who doth the ravens feed,  
Shall supply our daily need;

5.

What God does, is done aright,  
This glad faith shall cheer our way,  
Till all faith be lost in sight  
In heav'n's never - ending day:  
For His promise standeth sure,  
And His mercies e'er endure.



# 55. I Believe In Thee, O Truth And Love Supreme.

I. WILLIAMS.

Maestoso. (♩ = 100)

Adapted from Rev. F. L.

REFRAIN.

*mf*

I be - lieve in Thee, I be - lieve in Thee, O

*cresc*

Truth and Love su - preme; O Truth and Love su - preme; Thou

*ff*

art our on - ly good, and Truth it - self Thou art. Most

*mf*

hum - bly I a - dore Thy sweet and ho - ly Name,

*ff Firma voce*

I be - lieve in Thee, I be - lieve in Thee.

*p con amore*

END.

*SOLI.*  
*mf*

1. In one God, I be - lieve, in God all pow - er -  
2. In Je - sus I be - lieve, the Fa - thers on - ly

ful,— Who reigns in heav'n and earth, Cre - a - tor, Lord and  
Son,— Of Vir - gin Moth - er born, Yet God e'er time be -

King; In His love do I trust, His love so boun - ti -  
gan; His death up - on the Cross, our souls' sal - va - tion

*cresc.* *cresc.*

ful, From which all light and bless - ings spring.  
won, Our Sav - iour, Mast - er, God made Man. *D. C.*

3.  
In God the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier blest,  
With Father and with Son, a holy Trinity.  
In Him do I believe; He guides to light and rest,  
And blessed, bright eternity. — *Refrain:* I believe in Thee, etc.

4.  
In one Faith and one Church, most firmly I believe,  
To us, her teachings sweet, faith, hope and love have given  
Through her, the Holy Ghost's wise counsel we receive,  
It is her hand which leads to heaven. — *Refrain:* I believe in Thee, etc.

## O! Holy Faith, O! Sacred Light.

Rev. W. TREACY.

I. MÜLLER.

*Larghetto.* (♩ = 54)

1. O! ho - ly Faith, O! sa - cred Light, For -  
 2. The deep I sail is fierce and dark, A

ev - er beam on me;— Oh. like a star, shine  
 wide un - bound - ed way,— I can - not steer my

*rall.*

on my night, And light me o'er life's sea.  
 wan - dering bark With - out thy sav - ing ray.

3.  
 The shore is far away, I know,  
 And rocks and shoals are nigh,  
 Among a thousand wrecks I go,  
 O! star, my starless sky.

4.  
 I sail, and sail, but know not where—  
 Before me, death and night;  
 O! holy Faith, now hear my prayer,  
 And show thy blessed light.

5.  
 Shine on the waves that 'round me roar,  
 Shine on the far-off strand,  
 Be thou my light-house by the shore,  
 My sunshine on the land.

# Glory Be To Jesus!

57.

Rev. E. CASWALL.

I. MÜLLER.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*mf*

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Who in bit - ter pains  
2. Blest through end - less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream,

*cresc.*

Poured for me the Life - Blood From His sa - cred Veins!  
Which from end - less tor - ment Doth the world re - deem.

Grace and life e - ter - nal In that Blood I find;  
There the faint - ing spir - it Drinks of life her fill;

*p rall.*

Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind!  
There, as in a foun - tain, Laves her - self at will.

3.

Oh the Blood of Christ! it  
Soothes the Father's ire;  
Opes the gates of heaven;  
Quells eternal fire.  
Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the Blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

4.

Oft as earth, exulting,  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Hell with terror trembles,  
Heav'n is filled with joy.  
Lift ye, then, your voices,  
Swell the mighty flood;  
Louder still, and louder  
Praise the precious Blood!

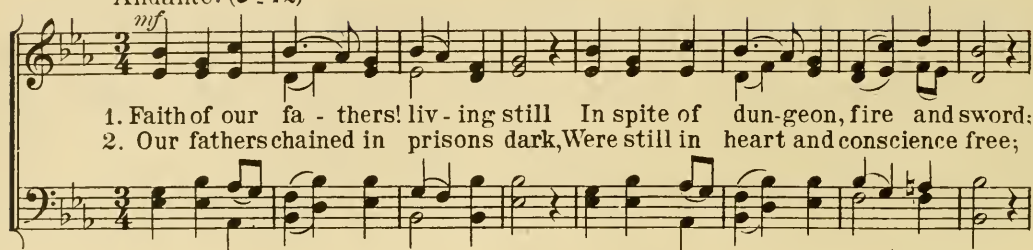
## Faith Of Our Fathers.

Rev. FR. FABER.

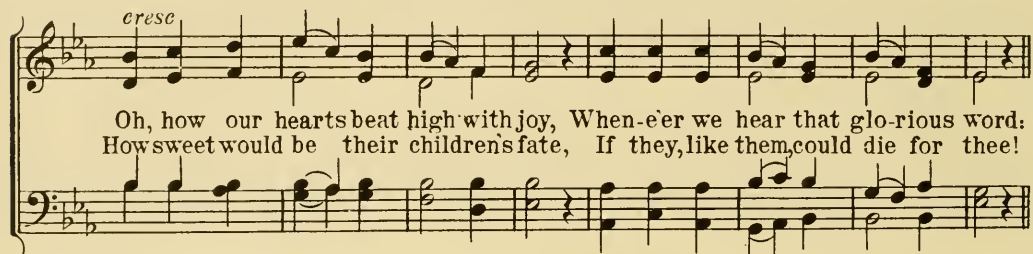
(Fidelis ad mortem.)

I. MÜLLER.

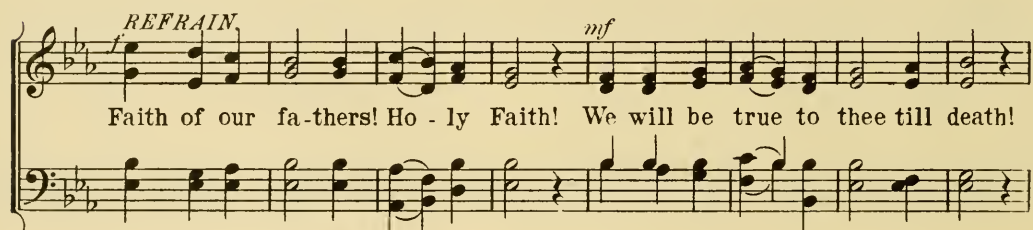
Andante. (♩ = 72)



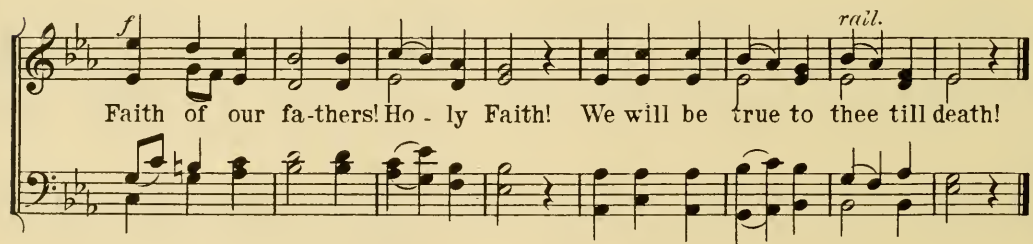
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;  
2. Our fathers chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;



Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:  
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!



Faith of our fa - thers! Ho - ly Faith! We will be true to thee till death!



Faith of our fa - thers! Ho - ly Faith! We will be true to thee till death!

3.

Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers  
Shall win our country back to thee;  
And through the truth that comes from God,  
Our land shall then indeed be free.

4.

Faith of our fathers! we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife;  
And preach thee too, as love knows how.  
By kindly words and virtuous life.

5.

Faith of our fathers! days of old  
Within our hearts speak gallantly;  
For ages thou hast stood by us,  
Dear Faith, and now we'll stand by thee.



# Blest Is The Faith, Divine And Strong.

59.

Rev. FR. FABER.

H. MONPOU.

Allegretto. (♩ = 76)

*mf*

1. Blest is the faith, di - vine and strong, Of thanks and  
2. Blest is the hope that holds to God, In doubt and

*mf*

praise an end-less foun - tain, Whose life is one per - pet - ual song,  
dark-ness still un - shak - en; And sings a - long the heav'n - ly road,

*mf* REFRAIN.

High up the Sav-iour's ho - ly moun - tain. } Oh! Si-on's songs are  
Sweet-est when most it seems for - sak - en. }

sweet to sing, With mel-o-dies of gladness laden; Hark! how the harps of angels

*f* ring! Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-Maiden! Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-Maid - en! *ff* *rall.*

3.  
Elest is the love, that cannot love  
Aught that earth gives of best and brightest;  
Whose raptures thrill, like saints above,  
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

4.  
Blest is the time that in the eye  
Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,  
And grows into eternity.  
Like noiseless trees, when men are sleeping.

Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt. D

H. G. GANSS.

Maestoso.

1. Long live the Pope! His prais-es sound A - gain and yet a -  
2. Be - leaguered by the foes of earth, Be - set by hosts of

gain: His rule is o - ver space and time; His throne the hearts of  
hell, He guards the loy - al flock of Christ, A watch - ful sen - ti -

men: All hail! the Sphepherd-King of Rome, The theme of lov - ing  
nel: And yet, a - mid the din and strife, The clash of mace and

song: Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro -  
sword, He bears a - lone the shep - herd staff, This cham - pion of the

*rit. > a tempo.*  
long. Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro - long.  
Lord. He bears a - lone the shepherd staff, This cham - pion of the Lord.  
*rit. > a tempo.*

3.  
His signet is the Fisherman's;  
No sceptre does he bear;  
In meek and lowly majesty  
He rules from Peter's Chair:  
And yet from ev'ry tribe and tongue,  
From ev'ry clime and zone,  
Three hundred million voices sing } twice.  
The glory of his throne.

4.  
Then raise the chant with heart and voice,  
In church and school and home:  
"Long live the Shepherd of the flock!  
Long live the Pope of Rome!"  
Almighty Father, bless his work,  
Protect him in his ways,  
Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes. } twice  
And grant him "length of days?"

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**PART SIXTH.**

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FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

A great solemnity has risen upon our earth; a Feast both to God and men; for it is *the Feast of Christ the Mediator*, who is present in the Sacred Host, that God may be given to man, and man to God. Divine union—yes, such is the dignity to which man is permitted to aspire; and, to this aspiration, God has responded, even here below, by *an invention which is all of heaven*. It is to-day that man celebrates this marvel of God's goodness.

The Office for the Feast of Corpus Christi, which was composed by St. Thomas of Aquin, is one of exceptional beauty... The magnificence of these *Hymns*, and *Psalms*, and *Antiphons*, and *Responsories*, all of which are teeming with genuine Catholic Spirit,—will furnish the Faithful with the best materials for contemplation, whereby to enlighten their minds and inflame their hearts, during the whole Octave. They will be eager to adore that beautiful King of glory, who is going to hold his court in the midst of His people, with no other veil between Himself and them, than the light cloud of the sacramental species... Let the Faithful prefer to take wherewith to give utterance to their sentiments, the formulas which the Church herself uses, when singing to her Spouse, in the Sacred Banquet of His love: not only will they there find *poetry*, *doctrine* and *gracefulness of diction*, but they will soon learn, by experience, that, like the divine food itself, those approved and sanctified formulas suit every soul; for these formulas of the Church adapt themselves to the several dispositions and degrees of spiritual advancement, and thus becomes to each one of her children, the fittest and warmest expression of every want and desire.

From "*The Liturgical Year*," by Abbot Guéranger, O. S. B.

*See the Classified Index of hymns for this feast, and hymns to the Blessed Sacrament.*



# When Our Saviour Wished To Prove.

61.

\*\*\*

Andante. (♩ = 70)

B. M. J.

*mf*

1. When our Saviour wished to prove All the full-ness of His love, He gave  
 2. When the dark and storm-y night Fills the soul with wild af-fright, From the

us, ere life was spent, The thrice Ho-ly Sac-ra-ment. It is  
 cloud-let where He hides Soon a ray of com-fort glides. Where the

here His burn-ing Heart Would to all its flames im-part; Thus He  
 tear of mis-ery falls, Where the voice of sor-row calls; Still He

*mf* *rall.* *mf*

speaks with love di-vine; "Give Me, oh give Me that heart of thine," Thus He  
 speaks with love di-vine; "Give Me, oh give Me that heart of thine."

*rall.*

speaks with love di-vine: "Give Me, oh give Me that heart of thine."

3.

Can the Saints' ecstatic flight,  
 Can the winged Seraphs' might,  
 To their Lord approach more near  
 Than do we poor sinners here?  
 God Himself we here receive,  
 Nobler gift He cannot give;  
 Yet He breathes with love divine:  
 "Give Me, oh give Me that heart of thine." *}twice.*



## I Adore Thee Humbly. (Adoro Te.)

From St. Thomas Aquinas.  
English Version by M. E. OLSEN.

SOLESMES MELODY.

Andante (♩ = 80)

*mf* Voices Unison

1. I a - dore Thee hum - bly, O Thou hid - den God; Who in these forms be -  
2. See - ing, touch - ing, tast - ing, fail in prov - ing Thee; But Thy word suf -

fore me tru - ly dost a - bide. All my light in dark - ness, contemplat - ing  
fi - ces giv - en sa - cred - ly. Know we noth - ing tru - er ev - er can be

Thee Lo! my heart lies pros - trate to Love's mys - ter - y.  
heard, Than the words of Je - sus, Who is Truth's own Word.

CHORUS (ad libitum)  
Hail! O Je - sus! Thou our true Shep - herd be,

*mf*  
In flame the faith u - nit - ing all who be - lieve in Thee.

## Adoro Te.\*

### 1.

I adore Thee humbly, O Thou hidden God,  
Who in these forms before me truly dost abide.  
All my light in darkness, contemplating Thee  
Lo! my heart lies prostrate to Love's mystery.

### CHORUS.

Hail! O Jesus! Thou our true Shepherd be.  
Inflame the faith uniting all who believe in Thee

### 2.

Seeing, touching, tasting, fail in proving Thee;  
But Thy word suffices, given sacredly.  
Know we nothing truer ever can be heard,  
Than the words of Jesus, Who is Truth's own Word.

### 3.

On the cross was hidden Thy divinity,  
But these veils hide likewise Thy humanity:  
I, in both believing, offer my belief,  
Praying for Thy pardon with the dying thief.

### 4.

Thy open wounds transfigured I may not behold,  
But confess, with Thomas: Thou art Lord and God!  
Grant my soul a burning faith; light it from above.  
Be Thou all my treasure! Be Thou all my love!

### 5.

O remembrance lasting of the Crucified!  
Living Bread sustaining those for whom He died!  
Make me a consuming fire, drawing life from Thee!  
Yield my soul Thy sweetness; let it taste and see.

### 6.

Like a loving pelican, feed me, Jesus, Lord.  
I am all unholy; wash me in Thy Blood,  
In that Life-blood flowing o'er the world in pain,  
Though a drop had cleansed it of its mighty stain.

### 7.

Jesus, Love, here present on the altar veiled,  
Oh, fulfil my longing when Thou art revealed—  
To behold the vision of Thy Holy Face  
And be rapt forever in its perfect peace!

---

\* ROSARY MAGAZINE, by courtesy of the Reverend Editor.

\*\*\*

B. M. J

Andante piú. (♩ = 80)

*mf*

1. Si-on lift Thy voice and sing, Praise thy Sav-iour and Thy King, Praise with  
2. See to-day be - fore us laid Liv - ing and life - giv-ing Bread: Theme for

*f*

hymns the Shep-herd true; Strive thy best to praise Him well;  
praise and joy pro - found! Th'same which at the sa - cred board

*f* *p* *rall.*

Yet doth He all praise ex - cel, None can ev - er reach His due.  
Was by our In - car - nate Lord Giv'n to His A - pos - tles round.

3.  
Let the praise be loud and high,  
Sweet and tranquil be the joy  
Felt to-day in ev'ry breast,  
On this festival divine  
Which records the origin  
Of the glorious Eucharist.

4.  
On this table of the King  
Our new paschal offering  
Brings to end the olden rite,  
Here, for empty shadows fled,  
Is reality instead,  
Here, instead of darkness, light.

5.  
His own act, at supper seated,  
Christ ordained to be repeated,  
In His memory divine.  
Wherefore now with adoration  
We, the Host of our salvation,  
Consecrate from bread and wine.

# Jesus! My Lord, My God, My All!

64.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

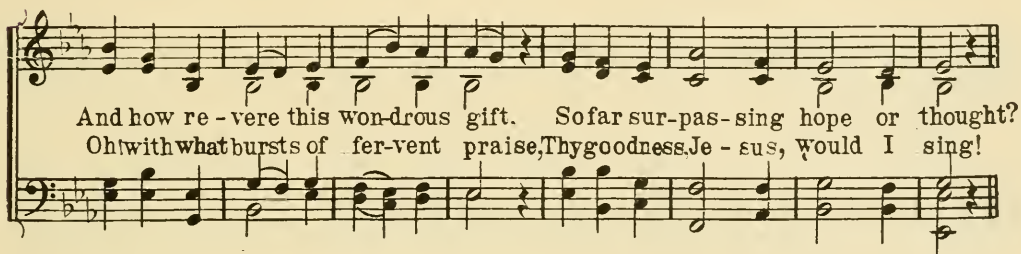
(First Tune.)

Traditional Melody.

*Moderato*

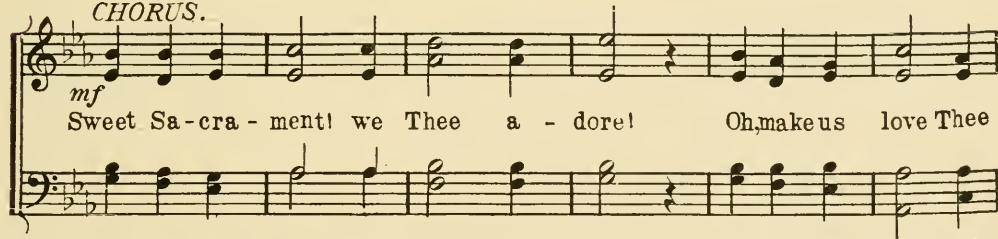


1. Je-sus! my Lord, my God, my All! How can I love Thee as I ought?  
2. Had I but Ma-ry's sin-less heart To love Thee with my dear-est King!



And how re-vere this won-drous gift. So far sur-pas-sing hope or thought?  
Oh! with what bursts of fer-vent praise, Thy goodness Je-sus, would I sing!

*CHORUS.*



*mf*  
Sweet Sa-cra-ment! we Thee a-dore! Oh, make us love Thee



*f* *rall.*  
more\_ and more! Oh! make us love Thee more and more!

3.  
Ah! see within a creature's hand  
The vast Creator deigns to be,  
Reposing, infant-like, as though  
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee!

5.  
Sound, sound His praises higher still,  
And come, ye angels, to our aid;  
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God  
Whose pow'r both men and angels made!

4.  
Thy Body, Soul and Godhead, all,  
O mystery of love divine!  
I cannot compass all I have,  
For all Thou hast and art are mine!

6.  
O earth! grow flow'rs beneath His Feet,  
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!  
He comes! He comes! O Heav'n on earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon His way!



# 65. Jesus! My Lord, My God, My All!

Rev FR. FABER.

(Second Tune.)

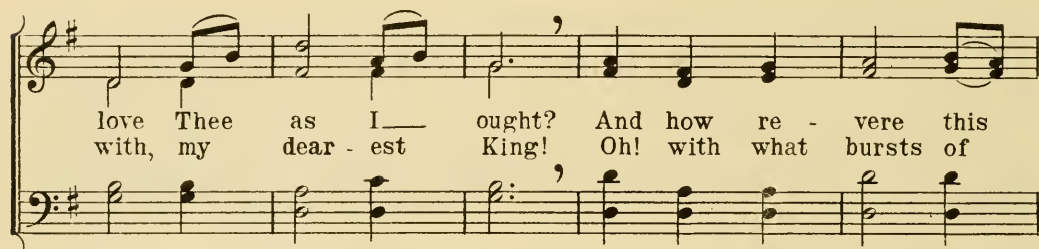
Ancient Melody:

Moderato. (♩ = 66)

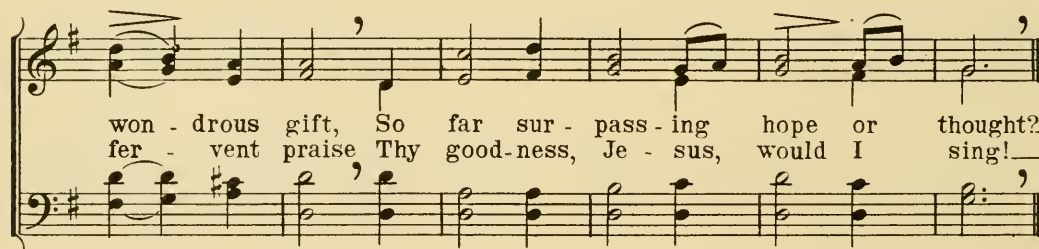
*mf* *SOLI.*



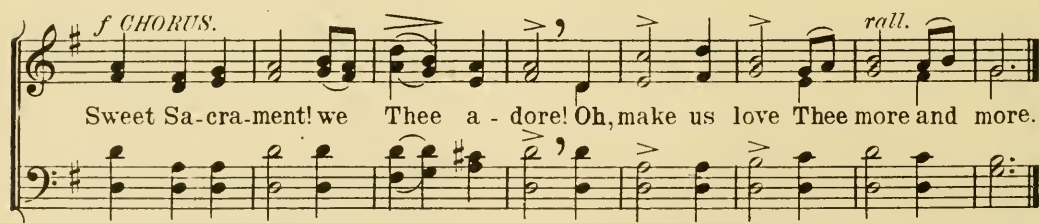
1. Je - sus! my Lord, my God, my All! How can I  
2. Had I but Ma - ry's sin - less heart To love Thee



love Thee as I ought? And how re - vere this  
with, my dear - est King! Oh! with what bursts of



won - drous gift, So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?  
fer - vent praise Thy good - ness, Je - sus, would I sing!



*f* CHORUS. Sweet Sa - cra - ment! we Thee a - dore! Oh, make us love Thee more and more. *rall.*

3.

Ah! see within a creature's hand  
The vast Creator deigns to be,  
Reposing, infant-like, as though  
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee!

4.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!  
O mystery of love divine!  
I cannot compass a! I have;  
For all Thou hast and art are mine!

5.

Sound, sound His praises higher still,  
And come, ye angels, to our aid;  
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God  
Whose pow'r both men and angels made!

6.

O earth! grow flow'rs beneath His Feet,  
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!  
He comes! He comes! O Heav'n on earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon His way!



# The Word Descending From Above.\*

(Verbum Supernum Prodiens.)

66.

Tr. H.T. HENRY, Litt.D.

Gregorian Melody

Religioso. (♩ = 60)

1. The Word, de - scend - ing from a - bove, Yet  
2. But ere the trai - tors hand hath led The

leav - ing not the Fa - ther's side, And go - ing to His  
en - vious Jews that plot His death, Him - self the Lord as

work of love, At length had - reached life's e - ven - tide.  
Liv - ing Bread Un - to the twelve de - liv - er - eth.

3.  
To them, beneath a twofold veil,  
He gave His Flesh and Precious Blood,  
Our twofold substance to regale,  
With that divine and typic food.

4.  
He was our fellow-man in birth;  
Our food, when at the board he sate;  
He died, the Ransom of the earth;  
He reigns, our guerdon wondrous great.

## O Salutaris Hostia.

1.  
O SAVING HOST, O VICTIM BLEST,  
WHO THROWEST WIDE THE GATES OF LIFE,  
BEHOLD, THE FOE ASSAILS OUR BREAST—  
GIVE STRENGTH AND SUCCOR IN THE STRIFE!

2.  
UNTO THE ONE AND TRINAL LORD,  
ETERNAL PRAISE AND GLORY GRAND,  
WHO, ENDLESS LIFE AS OUR REWARD,  
SHALL GIVE US IN THE FATHERLAND!

\*Can be sung in unison and organ; also 2, 3, or 4 Voices.

Moderato. (♩ = 76)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is Moderato, with a quarter note equal to 76 beats per minute. The first system includes dynamics *mf* and *cresc*. The lyrics are: 1. The Sav - iour is our ver - y food, Our ver - y 2. Yea, tru - ly, on that Flesh we feed, Which He re - drink is Christ the Lord: We drink in - deed His ceived in Ma - ry's womb; That pre - cious Blood we pre - cious Blood And eat the Flesh by all a - dored. drink in - deed That once was shed to lift our doom.

3.

Full surely at this sacred Board,  
The Word made Flesh to us is given,  
On Whom the worship of the Lord  
Doth rest; thro' Whom we enter heaven.

4.

That Bread so full of all delight,  
So full of every sweetness blest,  
Is Christ, the King of endless might,  
Erst carried in the Virgin's breast.

5.

Upon the richness of this Bread  
Of Angels, let us feed for aye,  
That this Viaticum may shed  
Continual sweetness 'round our way.

6.

Celestial Banquet that imparts  
Its glory to the ransomed soul,  
Thou resting-place of pilgrim hearts.  
Grant us to reach the heavenly goal.

7.

O God the Father, King of Heaven,  
Through Thy dear Son and Spirit grant,  
That they to whom this Food is given  
In Paradise Thy praise may chant.

# Here Let Me Kneel Before Thy Prison.

68.

I. WILLIAMS.

B. M. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 66)

*p* *SOLO.* *cresc.*

1. Lo! day and night up - on our al - tars dwelling, Thou, Lord, dost call us to  
 2. Soft o'er the earth the shades of night come stealing, Gently all na - ture is

come un - to Thee; Thou, mighty King, art Prison - er and Vic - tim, Held by the  
 sinking to rest; My heart, dear Lord, seeks too for peace and comfort, Safe in the

*p* *CHORUS.*

chains of Thy great love for me. } Je - sus, dear Lord, one fa - vor grant me, Here let me  
 shel - ter of Thy Sacred Breast }

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

rest for - ev - er - more; Here let me kneel be - fore Thy prison - And gaze up - on the

*cresc.* *rall.*

gold - en door; Here let me kneel be - fore Thy prison - And gaze up - on the golden door.

3.

Life's path is bleak, life's way is long and weary,  
 Sad are our souls, bowed with anguish and pain;  
 Thou, in Thy love, hast pity on our sorrow,  
 To Thee we come, and our trust is not vain.

4.

Jesus, before Thy Tabernacle kneeling,  
 Into my heart steals a peace seldom known;  
 Thy loving voice has whispered words of comfort,  
 Gone is my grief, all my sorrow is flown.

\* \* \*

Largo (♩ = 44)

*mf*

1. Come and a - dore\_ in His lone cell Your hid - den  
2. Come and a - dore\_ let Faith re - veal What hu - man

*mf*

Lord, and\_ feel the spell Of si - lent words that\_  
sense can - not un - seal, His mys - tic life\_ His\_

*f* *pp rall.*

com - fort tell; Come and a - dore! Come and a - dore!  
pres - ence real; Come and a - dore! Come and a - dore!

3.  
Come and adore the burning Heart  
Of Jesus, longing to impart  
The secret of love's sweetest art;  
Come and adore! (*bis*)

4.  
Come and adore your Saviour's Side,  
For weary souls all open wide;  
To him your hopes and fears confide;  
Come and adore! (*bis*)

5.  
Come and adore, do not despise  
The pleading look of those mild eyes,  
His love that weareth no disguise;  
Come and adore! (*bis*)



# Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus.

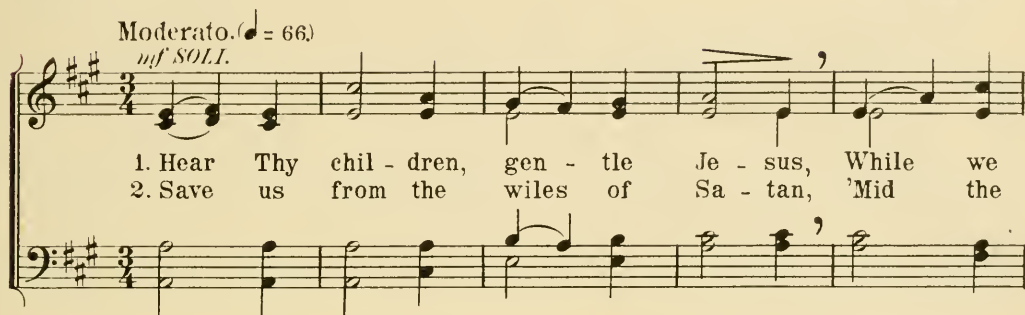
70.

Rev. F. STANFIELD.

(Jesu, audi nos.)

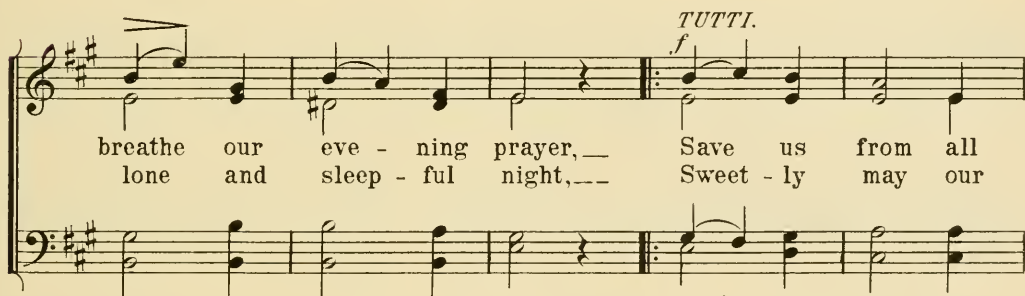
German Melody.

Moderato. (♩ = 66)  
*mf SOLI.*



1. Hear Thy chil - dren, gen - tle Je - sus, While we  
2. Save us from the wiles of Sa - tan, 'Mid the

*TUTTI.*  
*f*



breathe our eve - ning prayer, — Save us from all  
lone and sleep - ful night, --- Sweet - ly may our



harm and dan - ger, Take us 'neath Thy shelter - ing care.  
Guar - dian An - gels, Keep us 'neath their watch - ful sight.

3.

Gentle Jesus, look in pity,  
From Thy great white throne above,  
All the night Thy Heart is wakeful  
In Thy Sacrament of love.

4.

Shades of even fast are falling,  
Day is fading into gloom;  
When the shades of death fall round us,  
Lead Thine exiled children home.



## Hark! Hark! The Angels Singing.

\*\*\*

M. H.

Allegretto. (♩ = 88)

*mf*

1. Hark! hark! the an - gels sing - ing Through all the heav'n - ly coasts, 'Tis  
2. Then chil - dren, join your voic - es, And sing with one ac - cord "Thrice

*cresc.*

"Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Art Thou Lord God of Hosts!" The  
bless - ed He who com - eth In Thy name, might - y Lord! Ho -

*cresc.*

star - ry skies a - round us, The shin - ing earth be - low, The  
san - na in the high - est! To Da - vid's Son in - tone; Thus

*rall.*

great - ness of Thy glo - ry, In bright ef - ful - gence show.  
may we sing in glo - ry For - ev - er 'round His throne.

# Sweet Saviour! Bless Us Ere We Go.

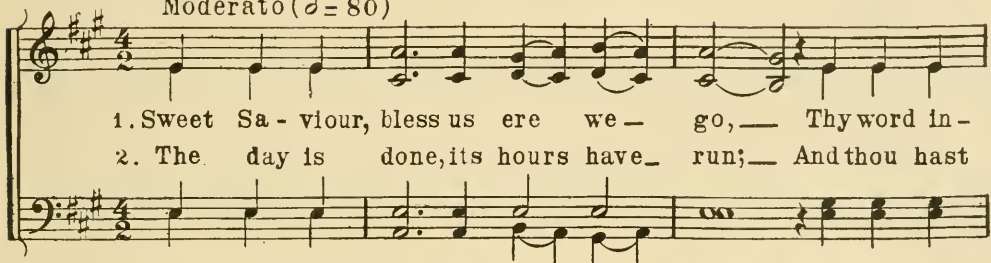
72.

Rev. FR. FABER.

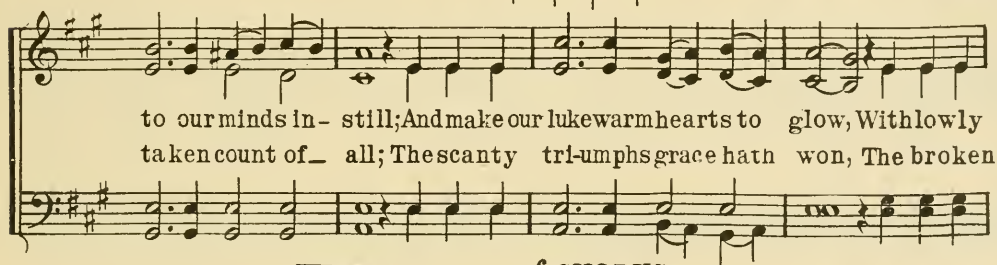
(First Tune.)

TRADITIONAL AIR

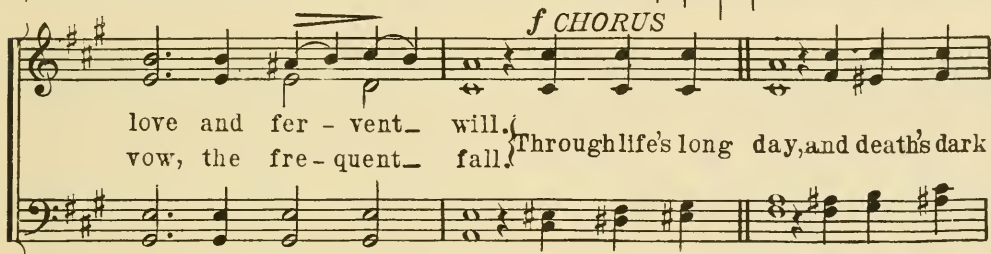
Moderato (♩ = 80)



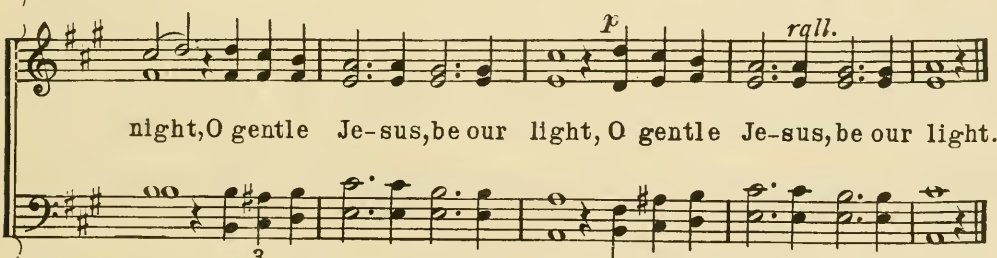
1. Sweet Sa - viour, bless us ere we - go, — Thy word in -  
2. The day is done, its hours have - run; — And thou hast



to our minds in - still; And make our lukewarm hearts to glow, With lowly  
taken count of - all; These scanty triumphs grace hath won, The broken



*f* CHORUS  
love and fer - vent - will, } Through life's long day, and death's dark  
vow, the fre - quent - fall. }



*f* *rall.*  
night, O gentle Je - sus, be our light, O gentle Je - sus, be our light.

3.  
Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us more than in past days  
With purity and inward peace. (Chorus)

4.  
Do more than pardon, give us joy,  
Sweet fear and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without delay,  
That only long to be like Thee. (Chorus)

5.  
Sweet Saviour, bless us, night is come;  
Mary and Joseph near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee. (Chorus)

## 73.

## Sweet Saviour! Bless Us Ere We Go.

(Second Tune)

Rev. F. W. FABER.

Arr. by Rev. P. J. WADE, O. C. C.

Andantino. (♩ = 60.)

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in -  
 2. The day is done, its hours have run, And Thou hast

to our minds in - still, And make our luke-warm hearts to  
 tak - en count of all; The scant - y tri - umphs grace hath

glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will,  
 won, The bro - ken vow, the fre - quent fall, Through life's long day and

death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus! be our light.

3.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways,  
 True absolution and release;  
 And bless us more than in past days  
 With purity and inward peace.  
 Through life's long day and death's dark night  
 O gentle Jesus! be our light.

4.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
 Sweet fear and sober liberty,  
 And loving hearts without alloy,  
 That only long to be like Thee.  
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus! be our light.

5.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast tolled,  
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared;  
 Let not our works with self be soiled,  
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.  
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus! be our light.

6.

For all we love—the poor, the sad,  
 The sinful—unto Thee we call;  
 Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;  
 Thou art our Jesus and our All.  
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus! be our light.

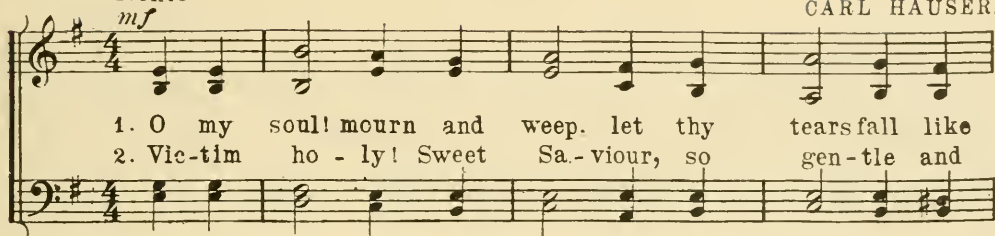
# O My Soul! Mourn And Weep.

74.

B.M. Lento

CARL HAUSER.

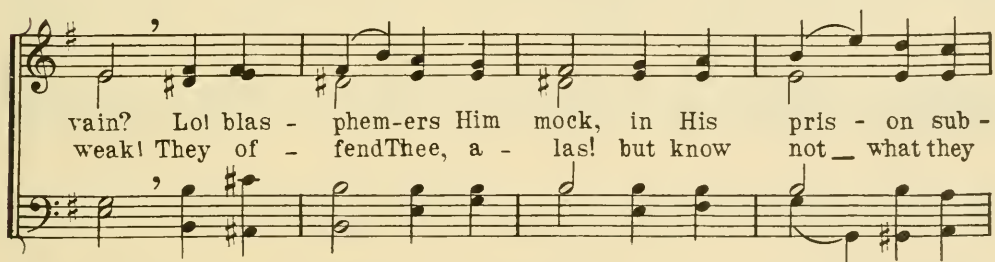
*mf*



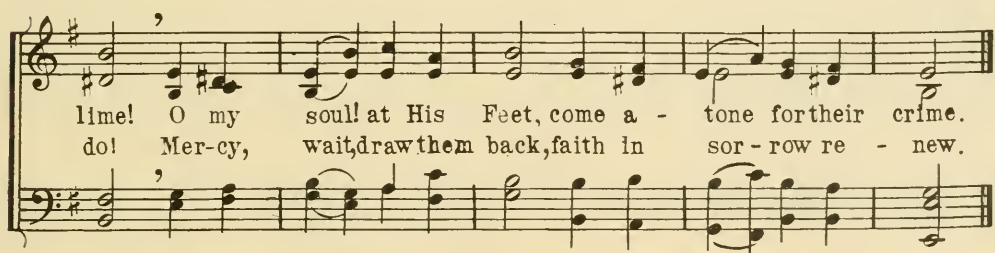
1. O my soul! mourn and weep. let thy tears fall like  
2. Vic-tim ho - ly! Sweet Sa - viour, so gen - tle and



rain; On His al - tar of love does the Friend plead in  
meek, Pi - ty, pi - ty, O Je - sus, men blind - ed and



vain? Lo! blas - phem-ers Him mock, in His pris - on sub -  
weak! They of - fend Thee, a - las! but know not - what they



lime! O my soul! at His Feet, come a - tone for their crime.  
do! Mer-cy, wait, draw them back, faith in sor - row re - new.

3.

Jesus waits loyal friends who His wrongs will repair,  
He is craving true hearts who His sorrow will share;  
O my soul! list the plaint of His Heart and take heed:  
"In the House of My Love, I am wounded and bleed."

4.

Grant, O Lord! by my tears, all my sins I efface;  
Jesus spare, I entreat send me streams of Thy grace;  
And while angels in awe, sing Thy mercies above,  
I will weep man's neglect of Thy Heart's sacred love.



## 75.

## Loving Shepherd Of Thy Sheep.

(Pastor Amans.)

J. E. LEESON.

Old Prose Melody.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep me, Lord, in  
2. Lov - ing Shep - herd, Thou didst give Thine own life that

safe - ty keep; Noth - ing can Thy pow'r with - stand, None can  
I might live; May I love Thee day by day, Glad - ly

pluck me from Thy Hand; None can pluck me from Thy Hand.  
Thy sweet Will o - bey, Glad - ly Thy sweet Will o - bey.

3.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;  
Suffer not my step to stray  
From the straight and narrow way. (bis.)

4.

Where Thou leadest may I go,  
Walking in Thy steps below,  
There before Thy Father's throne,  
Jesus, claim me for Thine own. (bis.)



# Sweet Sacrament! We Thee Adore!

76

Rev. FR. FABER.

(For 2 or 4 Voices.)

M. II.

Adagio. (♩ = 72)

*mf* CHORUS.

Sweet Sac - ra - ment! we Thee a - dore! Oh! make us love Thee

more and more! Sweet Sac - ra - ment we Thee a - dore! Oh! make us

love Thee more and more! Oh! make us - love Thee more and more!

1. Ring joy - ous - ly. ye sol - emn bells! And wave, oh! wave, ye cen - sers bright! 'Tis  
2. O earth! grow flow'rs be - neath His Feet! And thou, O sun, shine bright this day! He

Je - sus com - eth, Ma - ry's Son, And God of God, and Light of Light!  
comes! He comes! O Heav'n on earth! Our Je - sus comes up - on His way!

3.

He comes! He comes! the Lord of Hosts,  
Borne on His throne triumphantly!  
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord;  
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.

4.

Sound, sound His praises higher still,  
And come, ye angels, to our aid;  
'Tis God! 'Tis God! the very God  
Whose power both men and angels made!

## Behold God's Angels Kneeling.

(Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.)

Sentinel of the B. Sacrament.

B. M. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 88)

DUO.

1. Be - hold God's An - gels kneel - ing, Be - fore the al - tar bright, With  
2. The flick'ring glow of ta - pers Lights up the al - tar throne; Where -

fold - ed wings a - dor - ing Their King con - cealed from sight.\_  
on reigns veil - ed God - head, Where Love has made Its home.\_

*f* CHORUS. Harmony.  
Their ra - diant fac - es veil - ing, 'Fore Maj - es - ty Di - vine. Un -  
Their short life is con - sum - ing, For Him from Whom it came, Their

ceas - ing - ly they mur - mur: "All praise and glo - ry Thine"! -  
fie - ry tongue all spir - it, His bound - less love pro - claim.\_

REFRAIN.

San - - ctus San - - ctus San - - ctus

DUO.

3.

Fair blossoms of gay springtime  
Shed perfume in the air,  
Their tender heads inclining,  
Low bent in reverent prayer.\_

CHORUS.

Beneath the Eucharistic Sun  
Their beautiful petals blow;  
And lips their hymn in accent sweet  
Through which harmonious flow: Sanctus.

DUO.

4.

For thee, my happy soul, for thee,  
Ah! yes! for thee alone,  
Thy Lord awaits expectant  
On Eucharistic throne.\_

CHORUS.

True God, true Man, thy Jesus,  
For ever here remains;  
Adore Him and receive Him,  
And sing with loud acclaims: Sanctus.

# Sing, My Tongue, The Mystic Story.

78.

H.T. HENRY, Litt. D.

(Pange lingua)

Legato e ben sostenuto. (♩ = 60.)

*mf*

1. Sing, my tongue, the mys-tic sto-ry Of the Sav-iour's Flesh and Blood:  
 2. Born for us and to us giv-en Of a Vir-gin pure as snows,

How our King, the Lord of glo-ry, Gave Him-self to be our food,  
 Won-drous-ly our night is riv-en By the seed of light He sows:

*cresc.* *p* *rall.*

And our drink, the ran-som gor-y Poured out on the Ho-ly Rood.  
 His in-dwell-ing with us, Heav-en Yet more wondrous-ly doth close.

3.  
 Christ, the last sad supper eating  
 Ere He break His mortal bands,  
 First the types and forms repeating  
 With the meats the Law commands,  
 To the Twelve, all types completing,  
 Gives Himself with His own hands.

4.  
 Into Flesh the true bread turneth  
 By His word, the Word made Flesh;  
 Wine to Blood; while sense discerneth  
 Nought beyond the sense's mesh,  
 Faith an awful mystery learneth,  
 And must teach the soul afresh.

## Tantum Ergo.

5.  
 TO THIS SACRAMENT MOST LOWLY  
 BOW THE HEAD AND BEND THE KNEE,  
 AND DEPART, YE TYPES THAT SOLELY  
 SHADOWS WERE OF THINGS TO BE!  
 FAITH ALONE SHALL TEACH US WHOLLY  
 WHAT THE SENSES FAIL TO SEE!

6.  
 PRAISE AND JUBILEE EXCEEDING  
 TO THE FATHER AND THE SON!  
 LET HOSANNAHS UPWARD SPEEDING  
 THROUGH THE ENDLESS AGES RUN!  
 AND TO HIM FROM BOTH PROCEEDING,  
 EQUAL BE THE HONOR DONE!

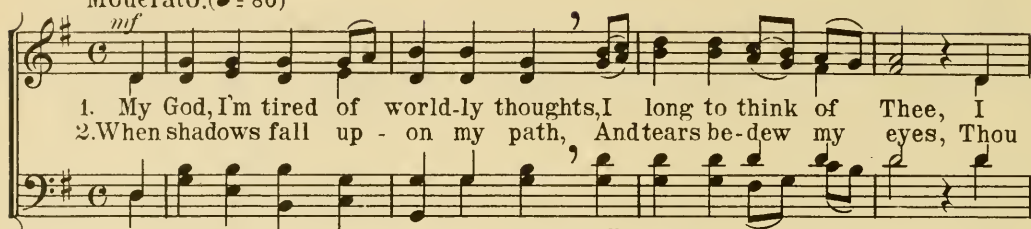
## My God, I'm Tired Of Worldly Thoughts.

Rev. FR. TREACY.

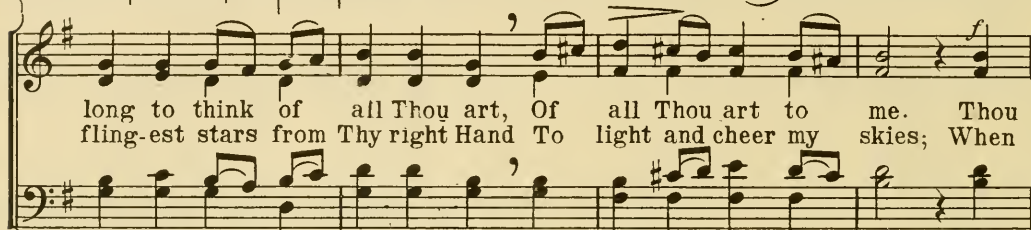
M. H.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

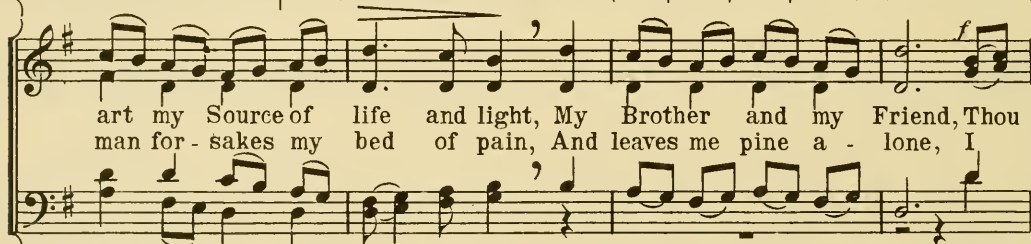
*mf*



1. My God, I'm tired of world-ly thoughts, I long to think of Thee, I  
2. When shadows fall up - on my path, And tears be-dew my eyes, Thou

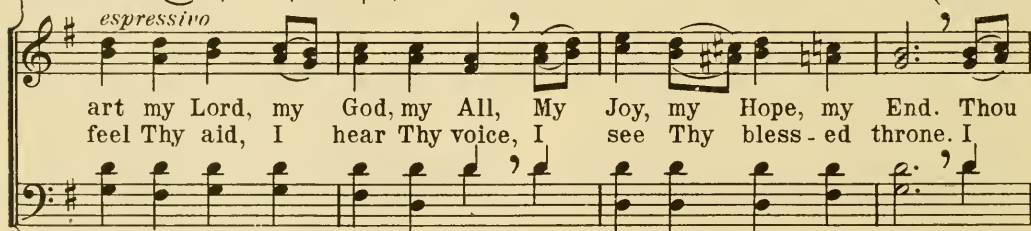


long to think of all Thou art, Of all Thou art to me. Thou  
fling-est stars from Thy right Hand To light and cheer my skies; When



art my Source of life and light, My Brother and my Friend, Thou  
man for - sakes my bed of pain, And leaves me pine a - lone, I

*espressivo*



art my Lord, my God, my All, My Joy, my Hope, my End. Thou  
feel Thy aid, I hear Thy voice, I see Thy bless - ed throne. I

*p* *rall.*



art my Lord, my God, my All, My Joy, my Hope, my End.  
feel Thy aid, I hear Thy voice, I see Thy bless - ed throne.

3.

Dear Master of my heart and soul,  
Now give me thoughts divine,  
And make my mind hence forward be  
Thy pure and sacred shrine;  
Oh, lift me from this world of sin,  
Oh, lift me to the sky;  
Oh, bid me scorn the things of earth, } *(bis)*  
For Thee, oh, let me die.



**PART SEVENTH.**

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COMMUNION.



The thirsting of man after God, the strong, the living God, that hungering for the feast of divine union are not empty ravings. Made *partaker of the divine nature*, as St Peter so strongly words the mystery, is it to be wondered at, if man be conscious of it, and lets himself be drawn, by the uncreated flame, into the very central Fire it came from to him? The Holy Spirit, too, is present in his creature, and is witness of what himself has produced there; he joins his own testimonies to that of our own conscience, and tells our spirit that we are truly, what we feel ourselves to be, ... the sons of God. It is the same Holy Spirit who, at one time opens to our soul's eye, by some sudden flash of light, the future glory that awaits us, and then inspires us with a sentiment of anticipated triumph; and then, at another time, he breathes into us those unspeakable moanings, those *songs of the exile*, whose voice is choked with the hot tears of love, for that his union with his God seems so long deferred. There are, too, certain delicious hymns, which coming from the very depths of souls wounded with divine love, make their way up to the throne of God; and the music is so sweet to him, that it almost looks as though it had been victorious, and had won the union! Such music of such souls does really win; if not the *eternal* union, ... for that could not be during this life of pilgrimage, and trial, and tears, ... still it wins *wonderful unions* here below, which human language has not the power to describe.

From "*The Liturgical Year*" by Abbot Guéranger, O.S.B.

*See the Classified Index for the Communion Hymns.*

# Children, List! An Angel Pleading.

80.

Words from Sentinel of the B.S. (Invitation to Communion.)

I. MÜLLER.

Larghetto. (♩ = 60)

*mf* CHORUS.

Chil - dren, list! an an - gel plead - ing, Words of love he  
comes to bring; Will you turn dull ears un - heed - ing

*1st Time.* To a mes - sage from the King? *2nd Time.* To a mes - sage from the King? *rall.* *Fine.*

*p* *SOLI.* *rall.* 1. "Come and taste this Man - na ho - ly, Sweet - er far than Israel's bread,  
2. In this gold - en chal - ice gleam - ing, Lies that Blood which pu - ri - fies

*cresc.* Giv - en to the poor and low - ly, Heav - en's Feast for sin - ners spread.  
Ev - 'ry sin - stained soul; re - deem - ing Earth to make it Heav - en's prize.

3.  
Open up your heart's frail vessel  
To receive this Gift divine.  
The Creator great will nestle  
In your breast, His chosen shrine."

4.  
Angels envy, in their measure,  
Man's prerogative so high,  
To possess on earth their Treasure,  
Bread of Angels from the sky.

5.  
Ranged in shining ranks they hover  
Round their earthly brother fair,  
Happy that the heavenly Lover  
Deigns their pilgrimage to share.

I. WILLIAMS.

LABAT.

Larghetto. (♩ = 56)

VOICES.

1. O an - gels blest, — His prais - es sing for ev - er - more;  
 2. My Sav - iour kind, — my Lord and God, to Thee I call;

ORGAN.

My Je - sus sweet, my King Whom I a - dore, Comes this hap - py  
 Oh, come from heav'n and be my love, my all. All un - wor - thy

day to be my heart's dear guest; — His prais - es tell, — His  
 though I be, to Thee I cry, — Oh, come and make — Thy

wondrous mer - cy sing, — My Je - sus dear, Whom I a - dore, my God and  
 homewith - in my heart, — Oh, take it for Thine own and from me ne'er de -

King; — My Je - sus dear, Whom I a - dore, my God and King. —  
 part; — Oh, take it for Thine own and from me ne'er de - part. —

3.

O God most high, before this miracle of love,  
 The angels bend in wond'ring awe above;  
 Ungrateful have I been to Thee dear Lord,  
 Unworthy now to raise my eyes to Thee;  
 One word of pardon speak, my spirit heald shall be;  
 One word of pardon speak, my spirit heald shall be.

4.

Sweet Sacrament, I hope, I love, I Thee adore;  
 Oh make me love Thee ever more and more;  
 Thou art all in all to me, Jesus most dear,  
 Naught in this world can e'er attract me more;  
 I love Thee, dearest King, I love and Thee adore;  
 I love Thee, dearest King, I love and Thee adore.

# One Sweet Thought Comes Gently Stealing.

82.

I. WILLIAMS.

M. H.

Moderato. (♩ = 88)

*mf*

1. One sweet thought comes gen-tly steal-ing, To my heart such trans-ports  
2. Thou, from high - est heav'n de-scend-ing, Borne to earth on love's swift

brings; All Thy love and pow'r re - veal-ing, Je-sus dear, my King of kings!  
wings; To Thy sin-ful crea-ture bend-ing, Je-sus dear, my King of kings!

*REFRAIN.* *p* *mf*

Humbly, then, shall I re - ceive Thee, Lo! Thy grace sal-va-tion brings; All un -

*rall.*

worthy, yet I claim Thee, Je-sus dear, my King of kings, Je-sus dear, my King of kings!

3.  
I am weak and poor and lowly,  
My soul's plaint in pity rings;  
Thou, O Lord, art God most holy,  
Jesus dear, my King of kings!

4.  
Darkling clouds above me lower,  
But my soul to Thee still clings;  
Come and save me by Thy power,  
Jesus dear, my King of kings!



I. WILLIAMS.

A. GERBIER.

Andantino. (♩ = 63)

*p SOLI.*

1. He comes to me, to be mine own for - ev - er, He comes to  
 2. He comes to me, what more could heart de - sire? What great - er

me to rest with-in my heart; My God is mine all earth-ly bonds to  
 gift could e-ven God be-stow? My long-ing soul con-sumed with heav'n-ly

sev-er, My hap-py soul is pierced with love's sweet dart. — He comes to  
 fire, Asks on-ly this, my Je - sus' love to know. — Pos-sess-ing

me, the Lord and King of heav-en, He stoops to me in lov-ing char-i-ty;  
 that, no earthly joy or pleasure, No earth-ly crown could e'er mean ought to me;

*mf TUTTI.*

His Heart is mine, in His dear mer-cy giv-en, He comes to me, He comes to  
 He is my all, my one and on-ly treasure, He comes to me, He comes to

me, His Heart is mine, in His dear mercy giv-en, He comes to me, He comes to me!  
 me, He is my all, my one and on-ly treasure, He comes to me, He comes to me!



# Jesus! Thou Art Coming.

84.

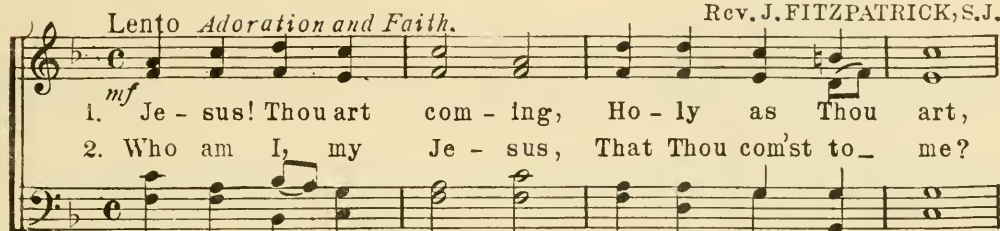
Words S.N.D.

(Before Communion)

Melody by

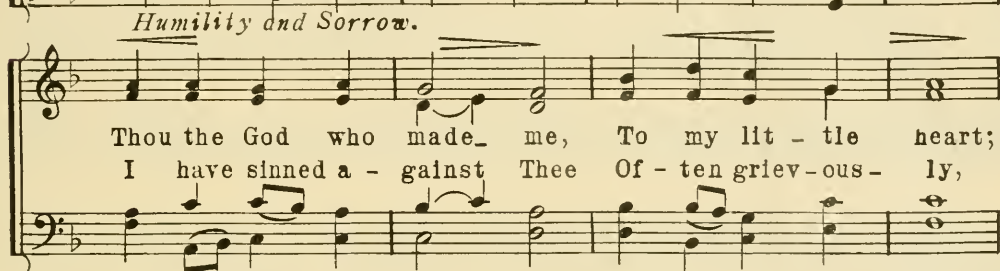
Rev. J. FITZPATRICK, S.J.

*Lento Adoration and Faith.*

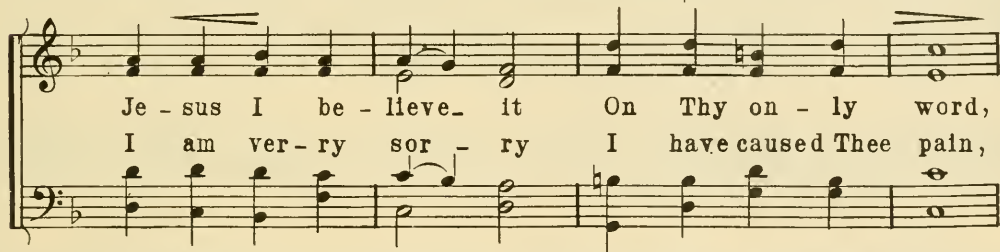


1. Je - sus! Thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as Thou art,  
2. Who am I, my Je - sus, That Thou com'st to - me?

*Humility and Sorrow.*

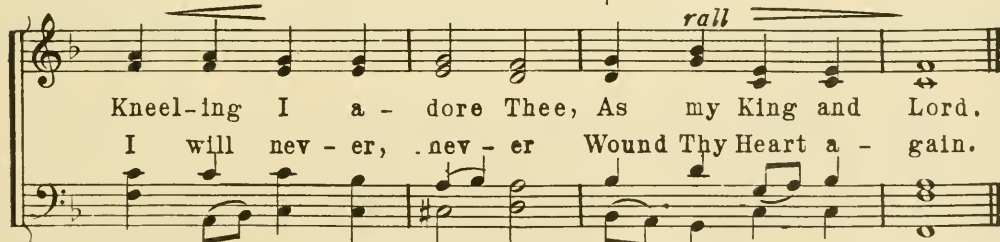


Thou the God who made me, To my lit - tle heart;  
I have sinned a - gainst Thee Of - ten griev - ous - ly,



Je - sus I be - lieve - it On Thy on - ly word,  
I am ver - ry sor - ry I have caused Thee pain,

*rall*



Kneel - ing I a - dore Thee, As my King and Lord.  
I will nev - er, nev - er Wound Thy Heart a - gain.

## 3. Trust.

Put Thy kind arms round me,  
Feeble as I am;  
Thou art my Good Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb.  
Since Thou comest, Jesus,  
Now to be my guest,  
I can *trust* Thee always,  
Lord, for all the rest.

## 5. Offering.

Ah! what gift or present,  
Jesus, can I bring?  
I have nothing worthy  
Of my God and King;  
But Thou art my Shepherd  
I, Thy little lamb;  
Take *myself* dear Jesus,  
All I have and am.

## 4. Love and Desire

Dearest Lord, I *love* Thee,  
With my whole, whole heart:  
Not for what Thou givest,  
But for what Thou art.  
Come, oh! come, sweet Saviour,  
Come to me, and stay,  
For I *want* Thee, Jesus,  
More than I can say.

## 6. Conclusion.

Take my body, Jesus,  
Eyes and ears and tongue;  
Never let them, Jesus,  
Help to do Thee wrong.  
Take my heart, and fill it,  
Full of love for Thee,  
All I have I give Thee,  
Give Thyself to me.

## Wondrous Theme Of Mortal Singing.

From the "Lauda Sion" (Communion Hymn\*.)

Composed by St Thomas Aquinas (1264)

Version of Rev. H.T. HENRY, Litt. D.

I. MÜLLER.

Moderato. (♩ = 66)

*mf*

1. Wondrous theme of mortal sing-ing, Liv-ing Bread and Bread life-bring-ing,  
2. Sing his praise with voice so - no-rous; Eve-ry heart shall hear the cho-rus

*cresc*

Sing we on this joy-ful day:— At the Lord's own ta-ble giv-en  
Swell in mel-o-dy sub-lime:— For this day the Shep-herd gave us

*mf*

To the twelve as Bread from Heaven, Doubt-ing not we firm-ly say.  
Flesh and Blood to feed and save us, Last-ing to the end of time.

3.

So the Christian dogma summeth  
That the bread His Flesh becometh,  
And the wine His Sacred Blood:  
Though we feel it not nor see it,  
Living Faith that doth decree it,  
All defects of sense makes good.

4.

Lo! beneath the species dual  
Signs not things, is hid a jewel  
Far beyond creation's reach!  
Though His Flesh as food abideth,  
And His Blood as drink He hideth,  
Undivided under each.

5.

Good and bad, they come to greet Him:  
Unto life the former eat Him,  
And the latter unto death;  
These find Death and those find Heaven;  
See, from the same life-seed given,  
How the harvest differeth!

\* For the entire version of "Lauda Sion" and other Hymns, see "Eucharistica" by H.T. Henry,  
C/R 1913 P.J.K. & S. 112. Litt. D

# Jesus! Jesus! Come To Me.

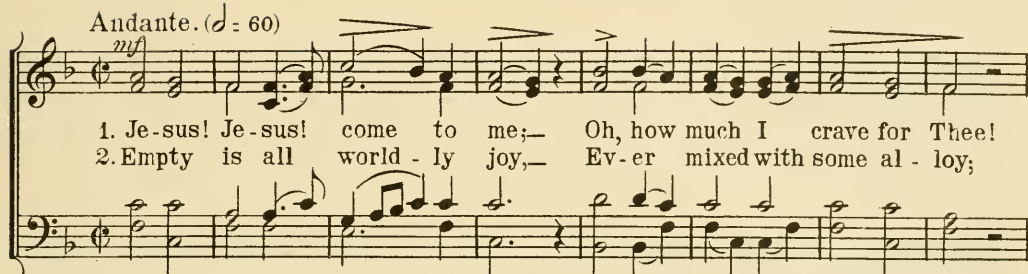
86.

Melody of B. M. J.  
Harm. by CARL HAUSER.

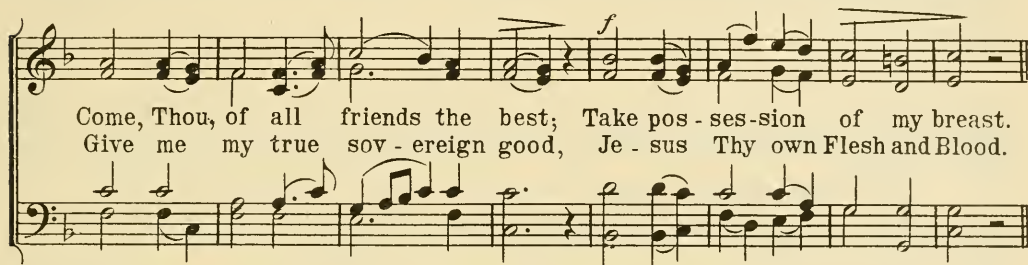
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Andante. (♩ = 60)

*mf*



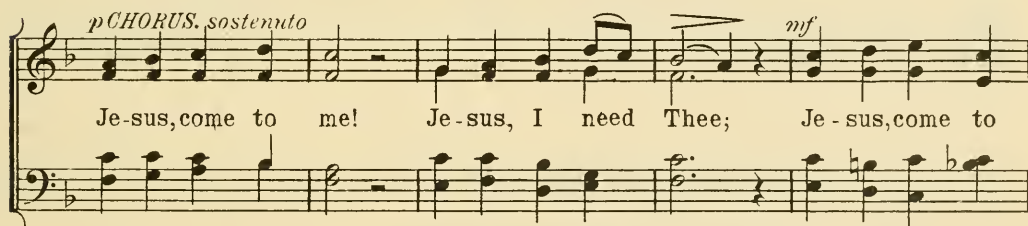
1. Je-sus! Je-sus! come to me;— Oh, how much I crave for Thee!  
2. Empty is all world - ly joy,— Ev - er mixed with some al - loy;



*f*

Come, Thou, of all friends the best; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast.  
Give me my true sov - ereign good, Je - sus Thy own Flesh and Blood.

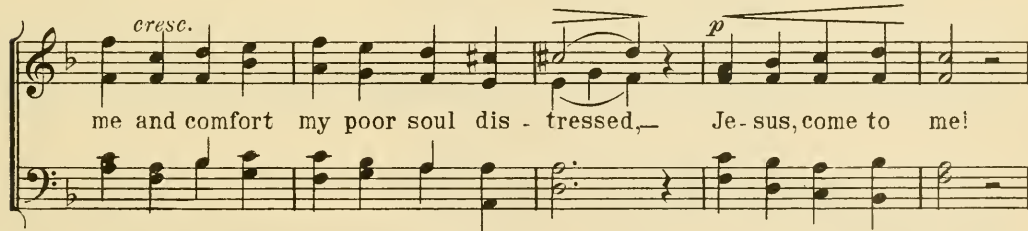
*p* CHORUS. *sostenuto*



*mf*

Je-sus, come to me! Je-sus, I need Thee; Je - sus, come to

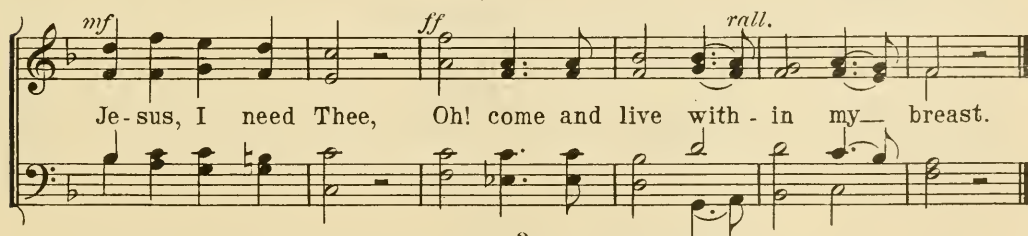
*cresc.*



*p*

me and comfort my poor soul dis - tressed,— Je - sus, come to me!

*mf*



*ff* *rall.*

Je - sus, I need Thee, Oh! come and live with - in my — breast.

3.

On the Cross three hours for me  
Thou didst hang in agony;  
I, my heart to Thee resign:  
Oh! what rapture to be mine! *Chorus.*

## 87.

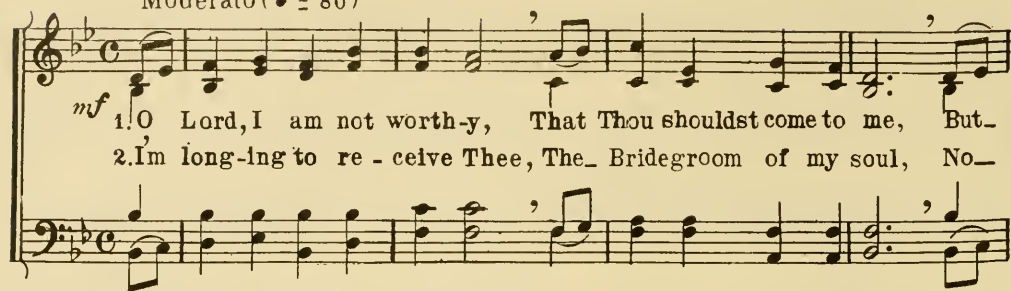
## O Lord, I Am Not Worthy.

(Domine, non sum dignus.)

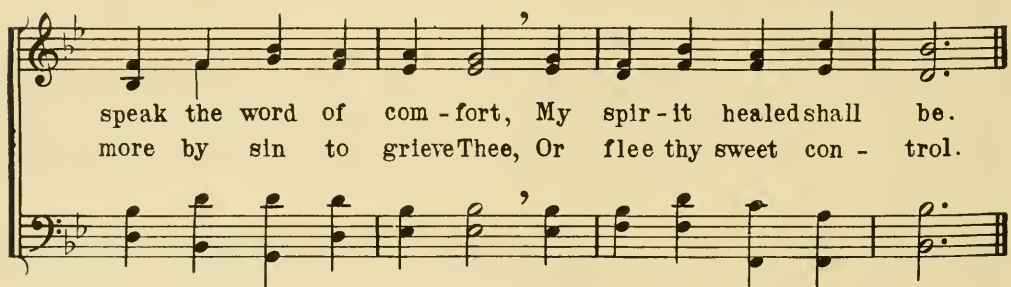
\* \* \*

Traditional Air.

Moderato (♩ = 80)



*mf* 1. O Lord, I am not worth-y, That Thou shouldst come to me, But-  
2. I'm long-ing to re - ceive Thee, The\_ Bridegroom of my soul, No-



speak the word of com - fort, My spir - it healed shall be.  
more by sin to grieve Thee, Or flee thy sweet con - trol.

3.

O Lord, Thou art all holy,  
The angels Thee adore;  
How, then, ought I sincerely  
My wrongs and sins deplore!

4.

But when Thou soon wilt enter  
My heart, my sinful heart,  
Then heal me, be my shelter,  
For Thou my Saviour art.

5.

O Lord, how can I thank Thee  
For such a gift as this?  
A gift which truly filleth  
My soul with heav'nly bliss!

6.

I praise Thee, I extol Thee,  
I love Thee, O my Sire,  
Till once in joy and glory,  
In heav'n I Thee admire.



# What Happiness Is Mine This Day!

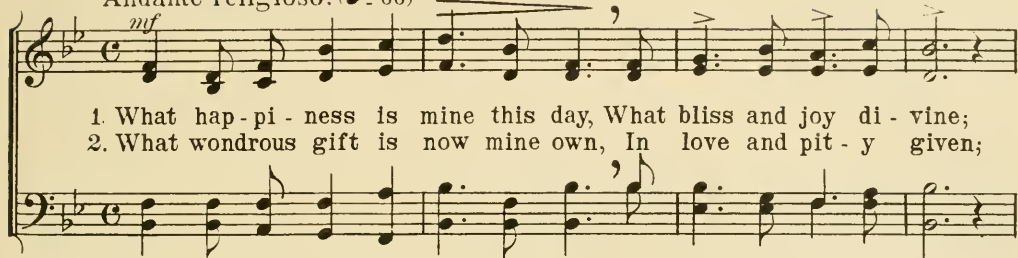
88

I. WILLIAMS.

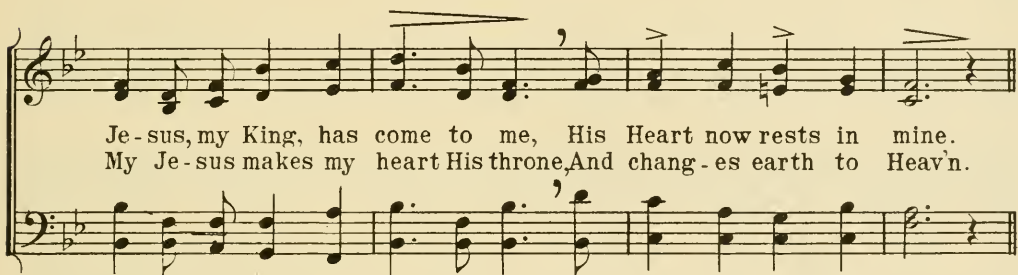
I. MÜLLER.

Andante religioso. (♩ = 66)

*mf*

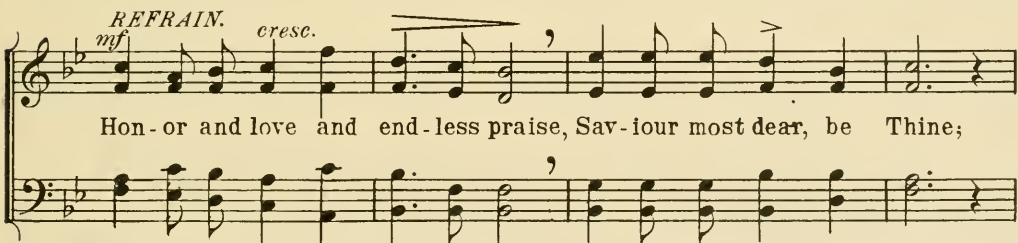


1. What hap-pi-ness is mine this day, What bliss and joy di-vine;  
2. What wondrous gift is now mine own, In love and pit-y given;



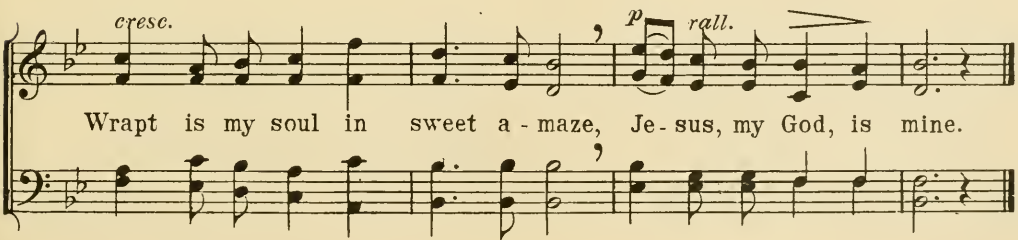
Je-sus, my King, has come to me, His Heart now rests in mine.  
My Je-sus makes my heart His throne, And chang-es earth to Heav'n.

*REFRAIN.* *mf* *cresc.*



Hon-or and love and end-less praise, Sav-iour most dear, be Thine;

*cresc.* *p* *rall.*



Wrapt is my soul in sweet a-maze, Je-sus, my God, is mine.

3.

What loving mercy doth He show  
Unto His humble child;  
Grant me Thy love to ever know,  
My Saviour meek and mild.

4.

His boundless love He brings to me,  
His Sacred Heart is mine;  
Jesus, my heart I give to Thee;  
My dearest Lord, I'm Thine.



MGR. GIBERT.

B. M. J.

Affectuoso. (♩ = 96)

1. Dear-est Je - sus, all Thy creatures Are more wor - thy of Thy  
 2. Oth - er souls have been more faith-ful, And have served Thee bet-ter

grace Than the vile and wretched sin-ner Who now kneels be-fore Thy  
 far, Man - y spot-less hearts more fit-ting For Thy gra-cious pres-ence

face. Yet one claim have I up - on Thee, Which Thou nev-er wilt de -  
 are. Man-y lips de - vout, a greet-ing Far more fer-vent can sup -

ny: In the bounds of Thy cre - a - tion, "No one needs Thee more than I."  
 ply, But, dear Mast-er, well Thou know-est, "No one needs Thee more than I."

3.

Many loving hands have carried  
 Richer offerings to Thy shrine,  
 Many generous hearts have loved Thee  
 With a purer love than mine;  
 All these chosen ones approach Thee  
 As the dove to covert fly,  
 I am utterly unworthy,  
 "No one needs Thee more than I."

4.

Sins unnumbered, unatoned for,  
 Have made havoc in my soul,  
 And against me stands, as witness:  
 The recording angel's roll;  
 All untilled has been my vineyard,  
 And its soil is hard and dry,  
 O my God! my only Refuge!  
 "No one needs Thee more than I."

C/R 1913 P. J. K. &amp; S

5.

For without Thee I am helpless,  
 Fast in sin's strong fetters caught,  
 Blinded by my evil passions,  
 Swayed by impulses untaught;  
 I could do no good unaided,  
 It were worse than vain to try,  
 Come Thyself to me, sweet Jesus!  
 "No one needs Thee more than I."

6.

Thou didst leave the Father's bosom  
 To reclaim and save the lost;  
 Thou didst take upon Thee freely  
 Our redemption's awful cost.  
 Thou Thyself hast called me to Thee,  
 Thou wilt hearken to my cry,  
 In the bounds of Thy creation,  
 "No one needs Thee more than I."

# To Earth Has Highest Heav'n Descended.

90.

I. WILLIAMS.

(First Time.)

CH. GOUNOD.

Adagio. (♩ = 60)

REFRAIN - Voices - Unison.

*mf* *§*

ORGAN. To earth has high - est heav'n de - scend - ed, My Sav - iour

*cresc.*

dwells with-in my · breast; My loving Lord lives in my heart, Oh! my

*f* *rit.* **END.**

soul, a - dore thy Guest, Oh! my soul a - dore thy Guest.

Andante.

*SOLI.*

1. Won-drous love, thrice condescending, Brings my God from heav'n to me; - To His  
2. Wrapped in love and ad-o - ra-tion, Ev - er-more my soul shall be Lost in

crea - ture, low-ly bend-ing, In His sweet hu-mil - i - ty. To  
won-dring con-tem-pla-tion, For my God has come to me.

3.

Close to Him, my soul united,  
His dear Heart He gives to me;  
With Him, by His love invited,  
I shall rest eternally.

4.

Fortified by Food of Angels,  
My heart fears nor foe nor strife,  
Safely guided through life's dangers.  
Strengthened by the Bread of Life.

# 91. To Earth Has Highest Heav'n Descended.

(Second Tune.)

I. WILLIAMS.

B. M.

Andantino. (♩ = 100)

*mf*

1. Won-drous love, thrice conde-scend-ing, Brings my God from heav'n to me;  
2. Wrapped in love and ad-o - ra-tion, Ev - er-more my soul shall be;

*CHORUS.*  
*mf*

To His creature, low - ly bend-ing, In His sweet hu-mil-i - ty.  
Lost in wond'ring contem - pla-tion, For my God has come to me. {To

earth has high-est heav'n de - scend-ed, My Sav-iour dwells with-in my

*crese.* *mf* *espressivo.*

breast; — My lov - ing Lord lives in my heart, — Oh! my

*rall.*

soul, a - dore thy Guest, Oh! my soul, a - dore thy Guest.

3.

Close to Him, my soul united,  
His dear Heart He gives to me;  
With Him, by His love invited,  
I shall rest eternally.

4.

Fortified by Food of Angels,  
My heart fears nor foe nor strife,  
Safely guided through life's dangers,  
Strengthened by the Bread of Life.

# Bread Of Angels, Lamb Of God.

92.

I. WILLIAMS.

Rev. DEMORE.

Moderato.  
CHORUS.

*mf*  
Bread of an-gels, Lamb of God; Je-sus I a-dore Thee;

*rall.* *Fine.*  
Thou wilt be my heav'n-ly food, Je-sus dear-est Lord.

*p SOLI*  
1 Thou art ten-der Fa-ther, Thou art friend sin-cere;  
2 I ap-proach Thy al-tar, Filled with faith and love,

*mf cresc.* *D.C.*  
Come my lov-ing Sav-iour, Be my Guest most dear.  
Hope that ne'er can fal-ter, Trust in God a-bove.

3.  
Weak and poor and sinful,  
By temptation tried,  
But Thy love and pity,  
Bring Thee to mine aid. *Chorus.*

4.  
For Thy love, dear Jesus,  
Yearns my famished heart;  
Come and dwell within me,  
From me ne'er depart. *Chorus.*



# 93. In My Heart, My Jesus Finds A Resting Place.

I. WILLIAMS.

M. B.

Larghetto Cantabile. (♩ = 44)

*mf* *SOLI.*

1. In my heart, my Je - sus Finds a rest - ing place;  
2. O my gra - cious Mast - er, O my King di - vine,

Comes Him - self to bring me His dear love and grace.  
How can I e'er thank Thee, For this gift of Thine?

*REFRAIN.*

*TUTTI.*

Bread of An - gels, Lamb of God, Je - sus, I a - dore Thee;

Thou hast come, my Guest to be, Je - sus, dear - est Lord.

3.  
Saints and angels praise Thee,  
With them will I sing  
Praises never ending  
To my God and King. *Refrain.*

4.  
For Thy love, my Jesus,  
Happiness 'twill be,  
Just to live for Thee, Lord;  
Just to die for Thee. *Refrain.*



# Soul Of My Saviour, Sanctify My Breast.

94.

Rev. J. D. AYLWARD O. P.

(Anima Christi.)

B. M. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*mf*

1. Soul of my Sav-our! sanc-ti-fy my breast: Bod-y of  
2. Strength and pro-tec-tion may Thy Pas-sion be;— Je-sus! oh,

Christ! be Thou my Sav-ing Guest; Blood of my Je-sus!  
hear my sighs and an-swer me!— Deep in Thy Heart, Lord,

bathe me in Thy tide,— Wash me, ye wa-ters gush-ing from His  
hide and shel-ter me;— So shall I nev-er, nev-er part from

Side,— Wash me, ye wa-ters gush-ing from His Side.  
Thee,— So shall I nev-er, nev-er part from Thee.

3.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,  
In death's dread moments make me only Thine;  
Call me, and bid me come to Thee on high,  
Where I may praise Thee, reigning in the sky. (b/s.)

# 95. O Day Of Happiness Undying!

I. WILLIAMS.

Andante espressivo. (♩ = 50)

Rev. FR. LIGONNET.

*SOLI. Unison.*

1. Let hosts of heav'n at - tend and heart - felt prais - es  
 2. He loves me with a love no mor - tal heart can  
 3. O! Je - sus, dear - est Lord, my heart e'er pines and

ORGAN: *p*

sing; Let earth and sky re - joice this hap - py, hap - py  
 show, A love so vast and deep, so true and won - der -  
 sighs, To lean, like John of old, up - on Thy sa - cred

day; My God dwells in my heart, my Sav - iour and my  
 ful, That e'en the saints in heav'n its depths can nev - er  
 Breast; The prom - ise sweet, O! Lord, to read in Thy dear

King; His love so dear, so sweet, He now to me doth  
 know; Sweet peace and heav'n - ly joy and sav - ing grac - es  
 Eyes, That one day I shall fly to Thee in Par - a -

*rall.*

bring, To be mine own for aye, to be mine own for aye.—  
flow From love so mer - ci - ful, from love so mer - ci - ful.—  
dise, In Thy lov'd Heart to rest, in Thy lov'd Heart to rest.—

**REFRAIN. DUET.**

With enthusiasm. (♩ = 76)

*ff* *mf*

O day of hap-pi-ness un - dy - ing, Of sweet de-light and ec - sta -

*ff*

sy;— My God, on wings of mer-cy fly - ing, Deigns to come and dwell with

*ff*

me.— My God, on wings of mer-cy fly-ing, Deigns to come and dwell with me.

## What Happiness Can Equal Mine?

Tr. Rev. Fr. POTTER.

GERMAN MELODY.

Moderato (♩ = 84.)

*mf*

1. What hap - pi - ness can e - qual mine? I've  
2. He makes my heart His own - a - bode, His

found the ob - ject of my - love; My Sav - iour dear, my  
Flesh be - comes my - dai - ly bread; He pours on me His

*rall.*

King di - vine Is - come to - me from heav'n a - bove.  
heal - ing Blood, And - with His - life my - soul is fed.

3.

My Love is mine and I am His;  
In me He dwells, in Him I live;  
Where could I taste a purer bliss?  
What greater boon could Jesus give?

5

No more O Satan! thee I fear;  
O world! thy charms I now despise;  
For Christ Himself is with me here;  
My joy, my life, my Paradise.

4.

O royal Banquet! heavenly Feast!  
O flowing Fount of life and grace!  
Where God the giver, man the guest,  
Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

6.

Dear Jesus, now my heart is Thine;  
Oh, may it never from Thee flee;  
My God, be Thou forever mine,  
And I Thine own eternally.



## Tr. Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R. O Bread Of Heaven!

B. M. J.

Moderato.

CHORUS.

1. O Bread of Heav'n! be-neath this veil, Thou dost my ver-y God conceal;  
2. O Food of life! Thou Who dost give The pledge of im-mor-tal-i-ty!

SOLO.

My Je - sus, dear - est treas - ure, hail! I love Thee,  
I live; no, 'tis not I that live, God gives me

CHORUS.

and a - dor - ing, kneel;— Each lov - ing soul by  
life, God lives in me;— He feeds my soul, He

Thee is fed, With Thine own self in form of bread.  
guides my ways, And with joy ev 'ry grief re - pays.

3.

CHORUS. { My dearest Good! who dost so bind  
My heart with countless chains to Thee!

SOLO. { O Sweetest Love! my soul shall find  
In Thy dear bonds true liberty;

CHORUS. { Thyself, Thou hast bestowed on me,  
Thine, Thine for ever I will be.



## The Memory Of Jesus Sweet.

(Jesu dulcis memoria.)

Tr. Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt. D.

Gregorian.

1. The mem - o - ry of Je - sus sweet  
2. No soft - er sing - ing e'er was done  
Organ.

Doth make the heart with rap-ture beat; But hon-ey, yea, nor  
Or sound of glad-der mu-sic none; No sweet-er thought e'er

aught can mete The joy His pres-ence doth com-plete!  
dwelt up-on, Than Je - sus, Sa-viour, God the Son.

3.  
Jesus, hope of the contrite mind,  
To them that ask, how sweet inclined;  
To them that seek Thee, ever kind:  
But what art Thou to them that find?

4.  
No tongue availeth to confess,  
No word nor thought can e'er express;  
He only knows that doth possess,  
In love, the Saviour's sweet caress.

5.  
O Jesus, be our hope, we pray,  
Who our reward shalt be for aye;  
Our glory be with Thee to stay  
Through endless ages of the Day.

**PART EIGHTH.**

---

THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

To this material world, which the soul of man was intended to make subserve its Maker's glory,—to this world, which, by a sad perversion, kept man's soul a slave to his senses and passions,... the Holy Ghost sent a marvelous power, which, like a resistless lever, would replace the world in its right position; it was *the Sacred Heart of Jesus*; a Heart of flesh, like that of other human beings, from whose created throbbings there would ascend to the eternal Father an expression of love, which would be a homage infinitely pleasing to the infinite Majesty, because there was in that love of that human Heart the dignity of its union with the Word. It is a *harp of sweetest melody*, that is ever vibrating under the touch of the Spirit of Love; it gathers up into its own music, the music of all creation, whose imperfections it corrects, and supplies its deficiencies, and tunes all discordant voices into unity, and so offers to the glorious Trinity a *hymn of perfect praise*. The Trinity finds its delight in this Heart. It is the only *organum* as Saint Gertrude calls it, the one only instrument which finds acceptance with the Most High. Through it, must pass all the inflamed praises of the burning Seraphim, just as must do the humble homage paid to God by inanimate creation. By it alone are to come upon this world the favors of Heaven. It is the mystic ladder between man and God, the channel of all graces; the way whereby man ascends to God, and God descends to man.

From "*The Liturgical Year*," by Abbot Guéranger, O.S.B.

*See the Classified Index for the Hymns to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.*



# A Message From The Sacred Heart.

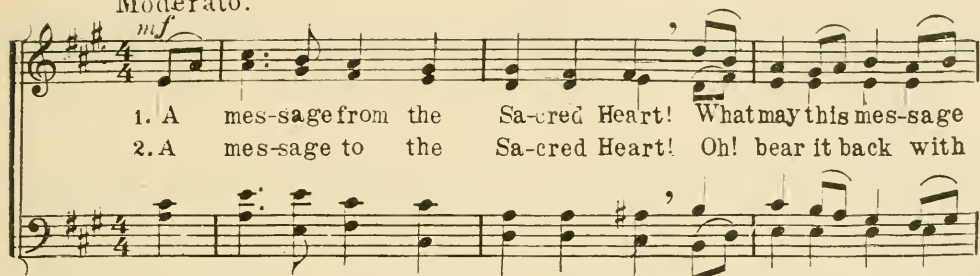
# 99

Messenger of the S. H.

Traditional Air.

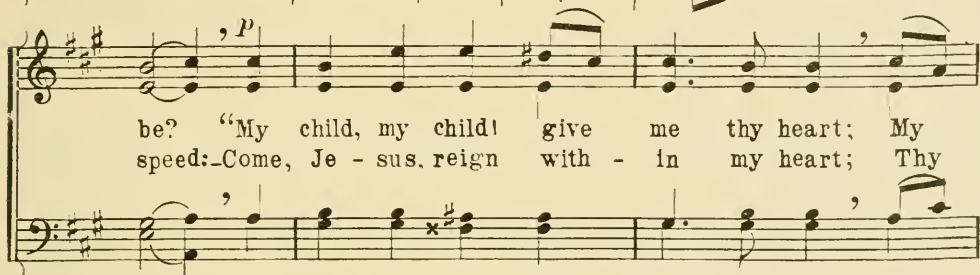
Moderato.

*mf*



1. A mes-sage from the Sa-cred Heart! What may this mes-sage  
2. A mes-sage to the Sa-cred Heart! Oh! bear it back with

*p*

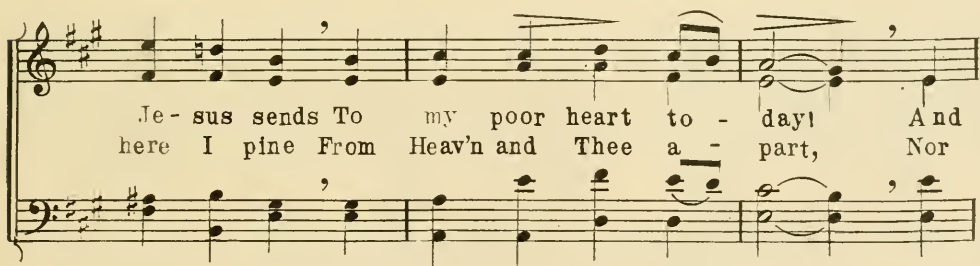


be? "My child, my child! give me thy heart; My  
speed: Come, Je - sus, reign with - in my heart; Thy

*mf*

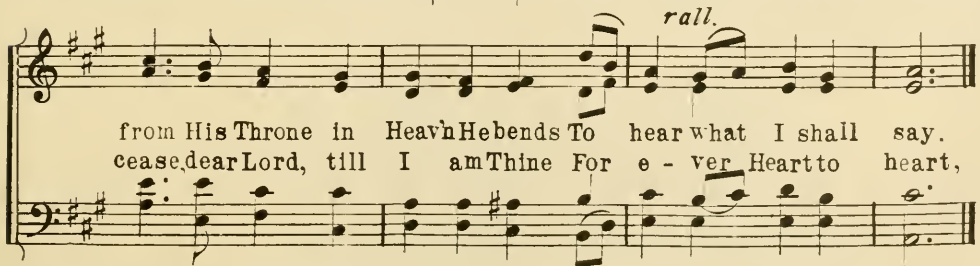


heart has bled for thee," This is the mes - sage  
Heart is all I need." This pray'r I'll pray while



Je - sus sends To my poor heart to - day! And  
here I pine From Heav'n and Thee a - part, Nor

*rall.*



from His Throne in Heav'n He bends To hear what I shall say.  
cease, dear Lord, till I am Thine For e - ver Heart to heart,

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Adapted from A. GERBIER.

Cantabile. (♩ = 92)

*mf SOLI.*

1. Hear the Heart of Je - sus plead - ing: Come, and sweet - ly rest in Me,  
 2. "Pur - er than the lil - y's white - ness, Fair - er than the driv - en snows,

With a peace and joy ex - ceed - ing, Meek and hum - ble ev - er be;  
 In the beau - ty and the bright - ness Of your souls, I seek re - pose;

*Con molto animo*

In my Heart se - rene and ho - ly All your self - ish cares re - sign,"  
 Calm - ly keep your hearts be - fore Me From the stain of pas - sion free;"

*CHORUS.*

Dear - est Je - sus, meek and low - ly, Make, oh, make our  
 Heart of Je - sus, we im - plore Thee, Make, oh, make us

hearts like Thine, Make, oh, make our hearts like Thine.  
 pure like Thee, Make, oh, make us pure like Thee.

3.

{ Heart of love, in Thee confiding,  
 We shall learn to do Thy Will;  
*SOLI.* { In Thy sacred Wound abiding,  
 Burning love our hearts shall fill;  
 We shall bless Thee, and obey Thee,  
 Ever serve Thee faithfully,  
*CHORUS.* { Sweetest Heart, we humbly pray Thee,  
 Let us live and die in Thee. (*bis*)



# O Sacred Heart! All Blissful Light Of Heaven.

101.

Rev. F. STANFIELD.

DOCHE.

Andante. (♩. = 48.) *cresc.*

*mf*

1. O Sa-cred Heart! All bliss-ful light of heav-en, Rap-ture of  
2. O Sa-cred Heart! O hope of sin-ner's sor-row, Rest of the

an-gels, beam-ing ev-er bright, Rav-ish-ing joys, in  
wear-y, care-worn and de-pressed; Sweet-ly lead home earth's

*p* *cresc.*

rich and ra-diant splen-dor, Flow from Thy glo-ry in tor-rents  
lone es-trang-èd ex-iles, Where'neath Thy love—we may lie

*mf*

of de-light, Flow from Thy glo-ry in tor-rents of de-light.  
down and rest, Where'neath Thy love—we may lie down and rest.

*rall.*

3.  
O Sacred Heart! as strain of softest rapture,  
Sweet falls the music of that voice so blest:  
'Come unto Me, all ye who mourn and labor,  
Come heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (bis.)

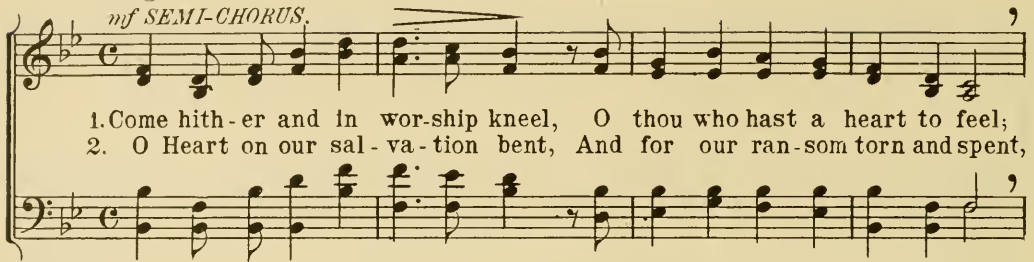
4.  
O Sacred Heart! when shades of death are falling,  
Gather Thy children 'neath the wings of love:  
Hush us to rest in Thine own gentle mercy,  
Bear troubled spirits to brighter realms above. (bis.)

5.  
O Sacred Heart! what bliss, what thrilling rapture  
E'er to rest near Thee on Thine own bright shore;  
Ever to gaze upon Thy beaming splendor,  
Never to part—to weep, to mourn no more. (bis.)

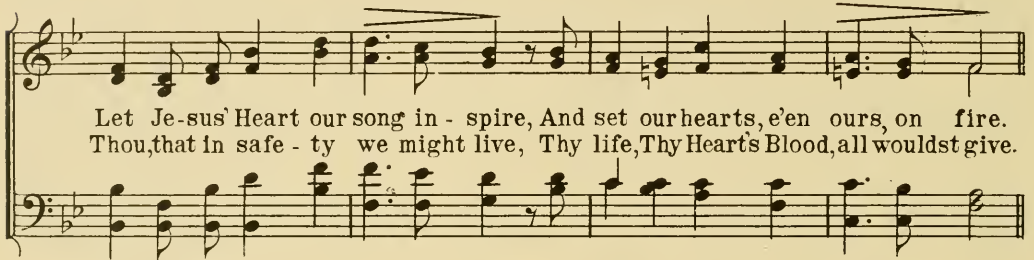
Rev. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

I. MÜLLER.

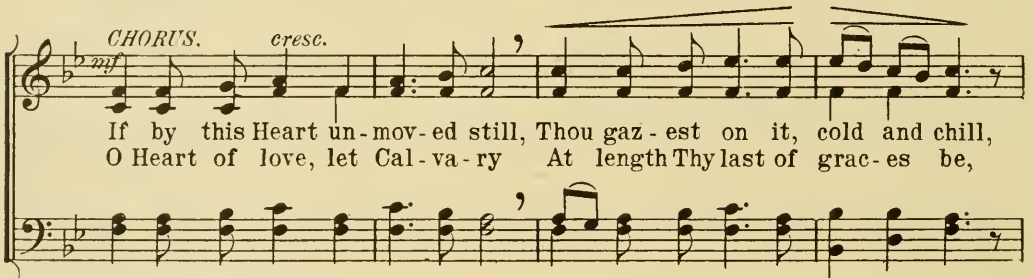
Largo. (♩ = 44)

*mf* SEMI-CHORUS.


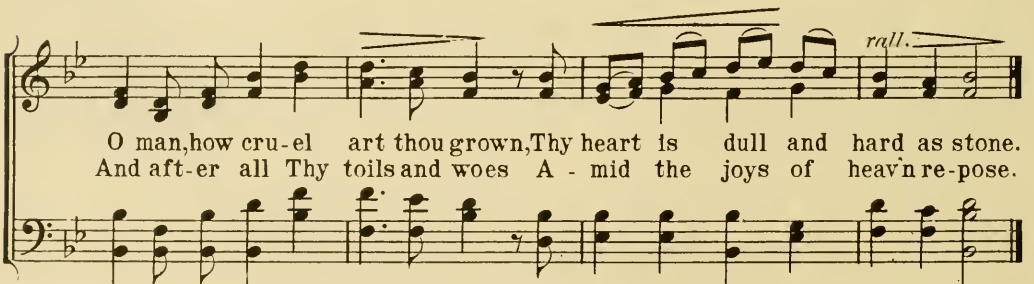
1. Come hith-er and in wor-ship kneel, O thou who hast a heart to feel;  
2. O Heart on our sal-va-tion bent, And for our ran-som torn and spent,



Let Je-sus' Heart our song in - spire, And set our hearts, e'en ours, on fire.  
Thou, that in safe - ty we might live, Thy life, Thy Heart's Blood, all wouldst give.



*CHORUS.* *cresc.*  
If by this Heart un-mov-ed still, Thou gaz - est on it, cold and chill,  
O Heart of love, let Cal-va-ry At length Thy last of grac-es be,



*SEMI-CHORUS.* *rall.*  
O man, how cru-el art thou grown, Thy heart is dull and hard as stone.  
And aft-er all Thy toils and woes A - mid the joys of heav'n re-pose.

3.

*SEMI-CHORUS.* { But ah, not so: this Heart hath tried  
A new device its love to hide;  
Jesus becomes our food that He  
All, all our own may ever be.  
*FULL CHORUS.* { This loving Heart how many spurn,  
And give but outrage in return;  
This is Thy guerdon, God above,  
Thus art Thou loved, my Love, my Love.

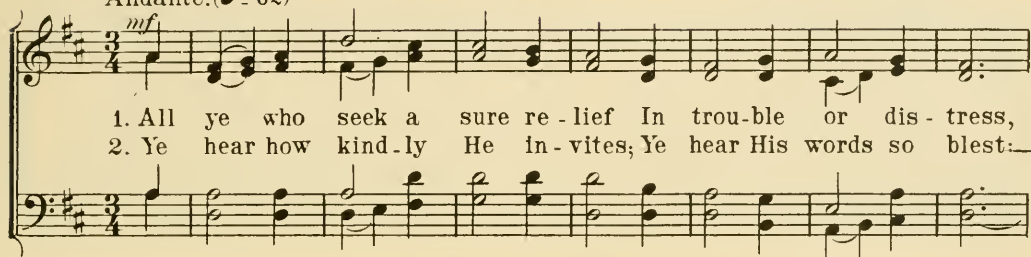
# All Ye Who Seek A Sure Relief.

103.

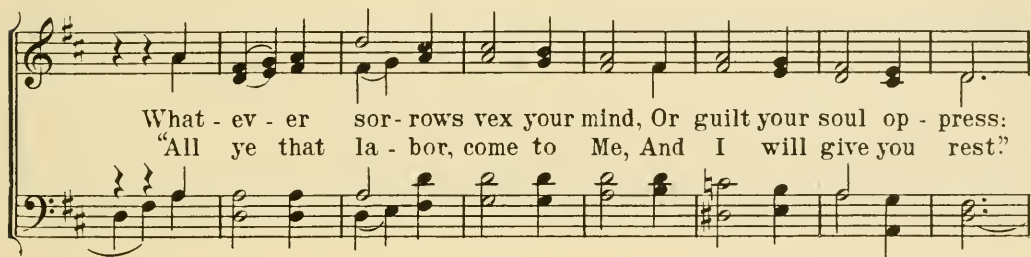
Rev. E. CASWALL.  
Andante. (♩ = 62)

Rev. W. H. WALSH. S. J.

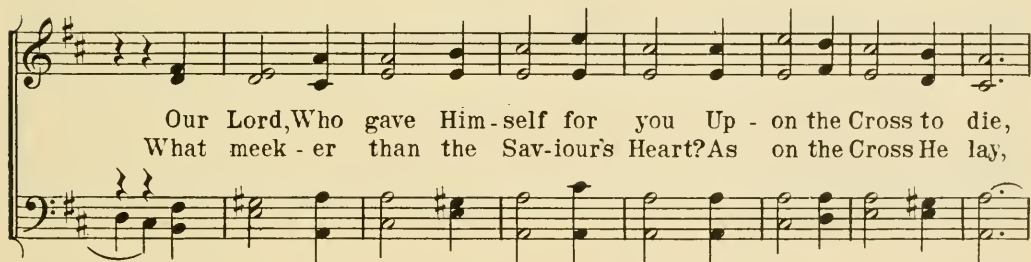
*mf*



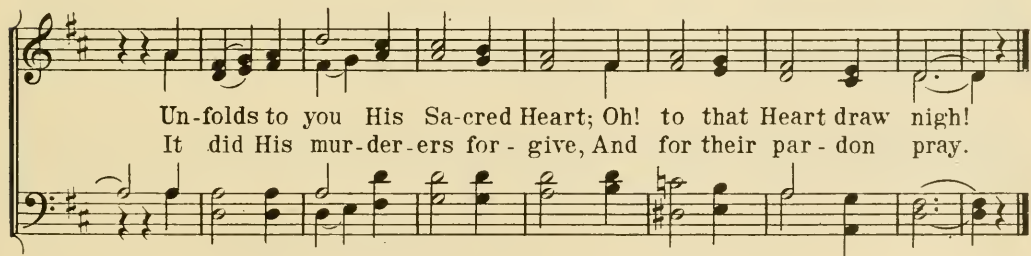
1. All ye who seek a sure re-lief In trou-ble or dis-tress,  
2. Ye hear how kind-ly He in-vites; Ye hear His words so blest:—



What - ev - er sor - rows vex your mind, Or guilt your soul op - press:  
"All ye that la - bor, come to Me, And I will give you rest."



Our Lord, Who gave Him - self for you Up - on the Cross to die,  
What meek - er than the Sav - iour's Heart? As on the Cross He lay,



Un - folds to you His Sa - cred Heart; Oh! to that Heart draw nigh!  
It did His mur - der - ers for - give, And for their par - don pray.

3

O Heart! Thou joy of saints on high!  
Thou hope of sinners here!  
Attracted by those loving words,  
To Thee I lift my pray'r.  
Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood  
Which forth from Thee doth flow;  
New grace, new hope inspire; a new  
And better heart bestow.

## One Heart Alone.

AGNES LAPHAM. Nazareth Chimes.

Adapted from A. SOREAU.

Moderato. (♩ = 60)

*mf*

1. One Heart a - lone, — with change-less love ap - peals —  
 2. "In hours of trial — with - in this tear - ful vale —

To ev - 'ry soul, in ten - der ac - cents sweet, "A - bide in  
 At My pierced Feet your se - cret bur - dens lay, In life nor

*cresc.*

Me;" — no friend more keen - ly feels The cold - ness of thy heart's re -  
 death, My aid shall nev - er fail, Those cho - sen ones, who make My

*rall.*

spon - sive beat, The cold - ness of thy heart's re - spon - sive beat.  
 Heart their stay; Those cho - sen ones, who make My Heart their stay."

3.

Good Master, long my weary feet have strayed  
 O'er thorny ways and rugged mountains steep,  
 But oh! Thy Heart, Thy Voice, Thy constant aid  
 Upheld my soul above the chasm so deep. (*bis.*)

4.

And thou, my Queen, whose fond complacent gaze  
 To me is more than all this world bestows,  
 Let that sweet light within thy glistening eyes  
 Illume the way which leads to heaven's repose. (*bis.*)



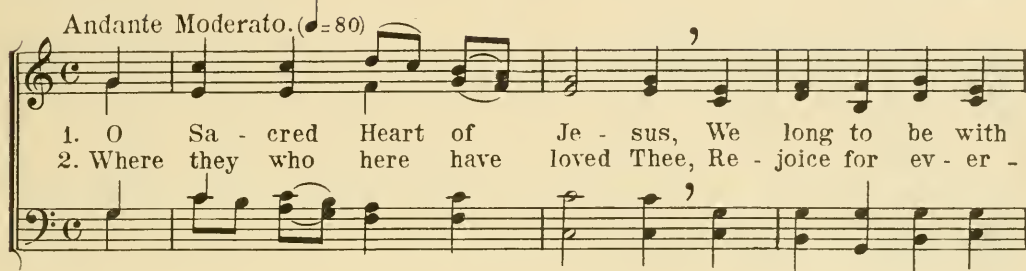
# O Sacred Heart Of Jesus.

105.

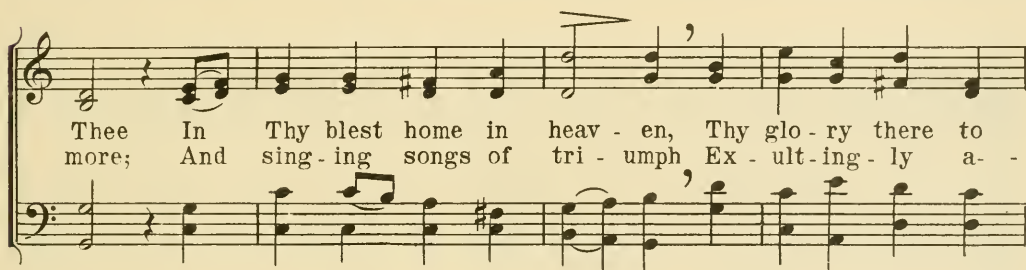
ENGLISH MESSENGER.

B. M. J.

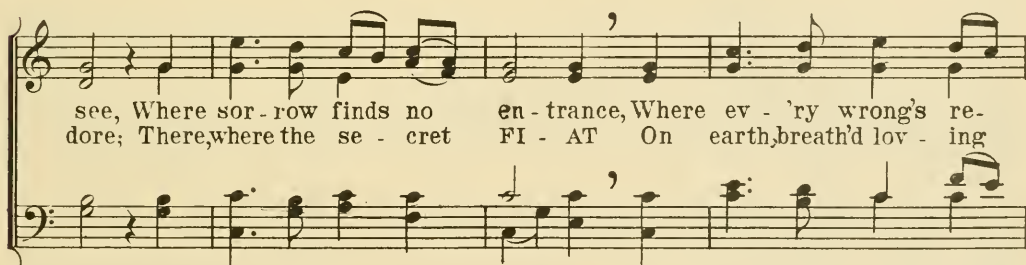
Andante Moderato. (♩ = 80)



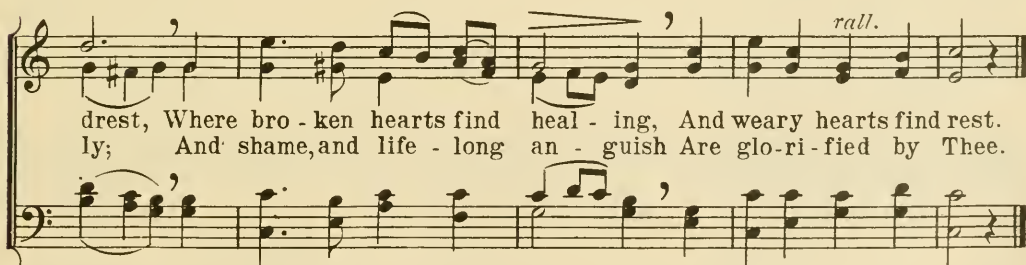
1. O Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, We long to be with  
2. Where they who here have loved Thee, Re - joice for ev - er -



Thee In Thy blest home in heav - en, Thy glo - ry there to  
more; And sing - ing songs of tri - umph Ex - ult - ing - ly a -



see, Where sor - row finds no en - trance, Where ev - 'ry wrong's re -  
dore; There, where the se - cret FI - AT On earth, breath'd lov - ing



drest, Where bro - ken hearts find heal - ing, And weary hearts find rest.  
ly; And shame, and life - long an - guish Are glo - ri - fied by Thee.

3.

We've loved Thee— oh, we've loved Thee  
Despised and crucified;  
And Thou wilt not forsake us,  
Now Thou art glorified.  
Live in us, Heart of Jesus,  
Be here our life— our prayer,  
To sanctify our sorrows  
Until Thy joys we share.



## O Sacred Heart Of Jesus Dear.

I. WILLIAMS.

(Act Of Consecration.)

Old Melody.

Andante religioso. (♩ = 66)

*mf*

1. O Sa - cred Heart! O Heart of Je - sus dear!  
2. Pierced by the lance on Calv'ry's cru - el Tree,

*mf*

O Sa - cred Heart a - flame with love di - vine; Take Thou my  
A Sav - ing Flood of price - less grac - es poured, From His dear

*p*

heart, draw me each day more near;— Take Thou my heart,  
Heart, whose Blood was shed for me;— The Sa - cred Heart,

*mf* *f* *rall.*

Take Thou my heart, Take Thou my heart and let it rest in Thine.  
The Sa - cred Heart, The Sa - cred Heart, the lov - ing Heart of God.

3.

O Sacred Heart, true source of heav'nly bliss,  
Of peace divine which Thou alone canst give;  
What sweeter lot could mortal ask than this  
To die for Thee (*three times*) with Thee in heav'n to be?

# Only Thee, My Jesus!

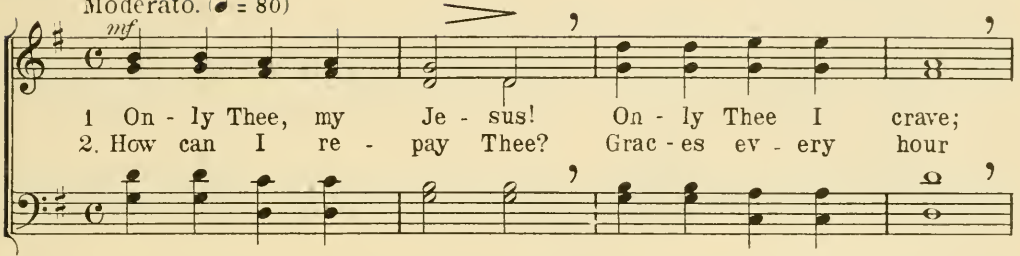
107.

M. S. PINE.

Adapted from HAYDN.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*mf*



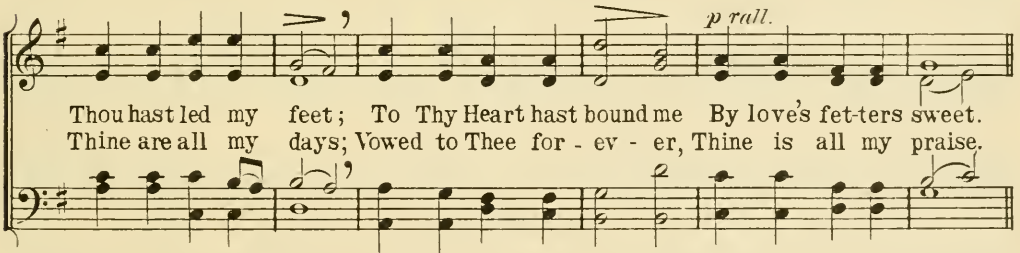
1 On - ly Thee, my Je - sus! On - ly Thee I crave;  
2. How can I re - pay Thee? Grac - es ev - ery hour

*p* *mf*



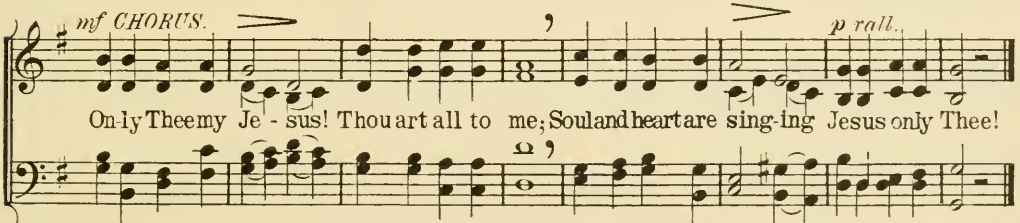
Thoudidst loose my fet-ters, All mysins for-gave. Here toThine own tem-ple  
Thrill my soul with won-der, Tellthy love and power. On - ly Thee my Je - sus!

*p rall.*



Thou hast led my feet; To Thy Heart hast bound me By love's fet-ters sweet.  
Thine are all my days; Vowed to Thee for - ev - er, Thine is all my praise.

*mf* CHORUS. *p rall.*



On-ly Theemy Je - sus! Thou art all to me; Soulandheartare sing-ing Jesus only Thee!

3.  
Bowed in thy sweet Presence,  
Fleet the hours divine;  
While Thy Heart is whispering  
"Let thy heart be Mine."  
Then to labor hasting  
I am still with Thee,  
And Thy voice still lingers:  
"Teach and train for Me."  
*Cho.* Only Thee, etc.

4.  
O! the bliss of knowing  
Jesus, I am Thine;  
Naught from Thee can sever,  
Naught but sin of mine.  
O'er the earth, o'er angels  
Do I take my flight;  
Only Thee, my Jesus!  
Thou art life and light.  
*Cho.* Only Thee, etc.

Rev. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

M. H.

*mf*

1. To Thee, O Heart of Je - sus, To Thee our hearts we  
 2. No heart can be so ten - der, No heart can love like

give, Help, help us all to love Thee, And serve Thee while we live.  
 Thee; Thy life-blood all, O Je - sus, Was shed to set us free.

## REFRAIN.

*f*

Yes, yes, till life is o - ver, And then for ev - er - more, O

*cresc.* *p* *mf*

Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, We'll love Thee and a - dore, O

*cresc.* *pp* *rall.*

Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, We'll love Thee and a - dore.

3..

Ah, hard our hearts and cruel,  
 If Thee we do not love,  
 Who from Thy throne descendest  
 To draw our hearts above.

4.

For us Thy life of labor,  
 For us Thy death of pain,  
 For us in guise so lowly  
 Thou dost on earth remain.

5.

Alas, too long with coldness  
 This yearning love we pay,  
 But now, O Heart of Jesus,  
 Our hearts are Thine for aye.

# To Jesus' Heart All Burning.

109.

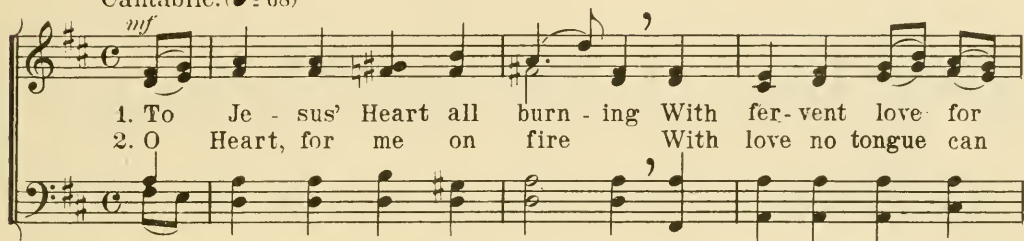
Rev. A. J. CHRISTIE, S. J.

(Cor Amoris.)

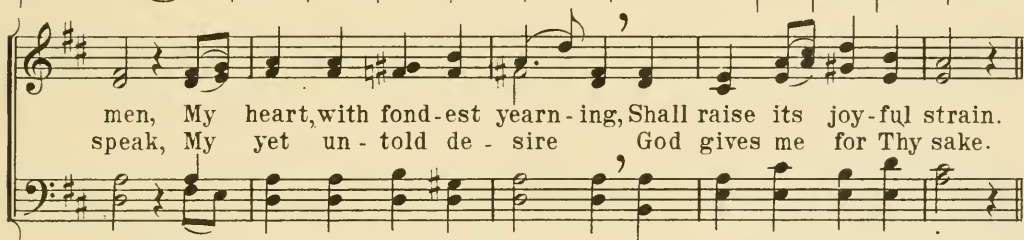
Cantabile. (♩ = 68)

Traditional Air.

*mf*

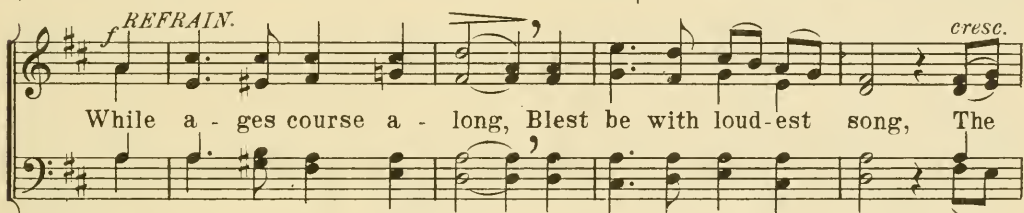


1. To Je - sus' Heart all burn - ing With fer - vent love for  
2. O Heart, for me on fire With love no tongue can

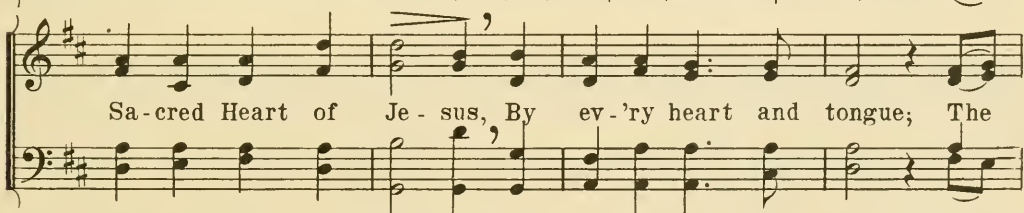


men, My heart, with fond - est yearn - ing, Shall raise its joy - ful strain.  
speak, My yet un - told de - sire God gives me for Thy sake.

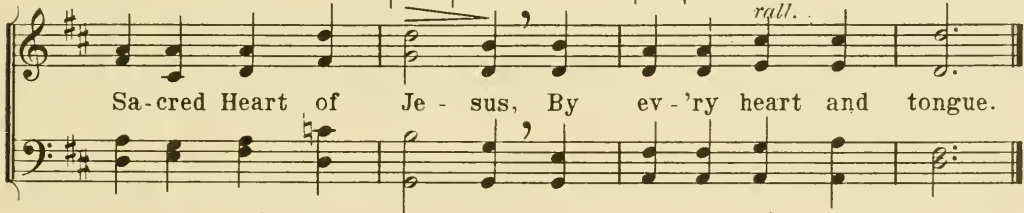
*REFRAIN.*



While a - ges course a - long, Blest be with loud - est song, The



Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - 'ry heart and tongue; The



Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

3.

Too true, I have forsaken  
Thy love by wilful sin;  
Yet now let me be taken  
Back by Thy grace again.

4.

As Thou art meek and lowly,  
And ever pure of Heart,  
So may my heart be wholly  
Of Thine the counterpart.

5.

Oh! that to me were given  
The pinions of a dove,  
I'd speed aloft to heaven,  
My Jesus' love to prove.

6.

When life away is flying,  
And earth's false glare is done;  
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying  
I'll say I'm all Thine own.

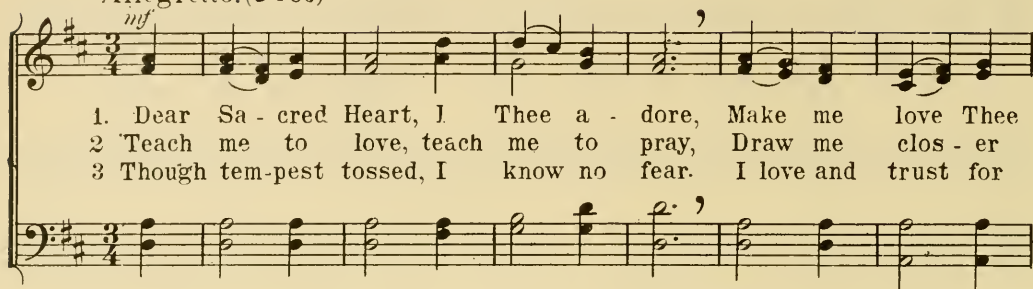


## Dear Sacred Heart, I Thee Adore.

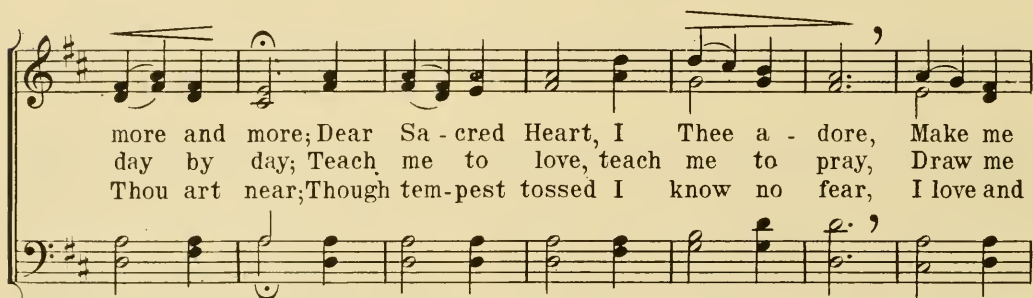
I. WILLIAMS.

M. H.

Allegretto. (♩ : 80)



1. Dear Sa - cred Heart, I Thee a - dore, Make me love Thee  
2. Teach me to love, teach me to pray, Draw me clos - er  
3. Though tem-pest tossed, I know no fear. I love and trust for



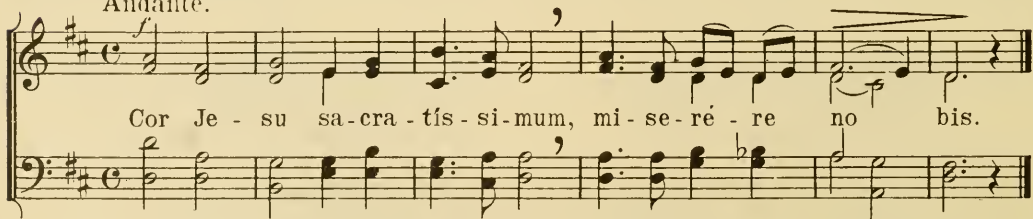
more and more; Dear Sa - cred Heart, I Thee a - dore, Make me  
day by day; Teach me to love, teach me to pray, Draw me  
Thou art near; Though tem-pest tossed I know no fear, I love and



love Thee more and more. Oh! make me love Thee more and more.  
clos - er day by day. Oh! draw me clos - er day by day.  
trust for Thou art near. I love and trust for Thou art near.

## REFRAIN.

Andante.



Cor Je - su sa - cra - tis - si - mum, mi - se - ré - re no bis.



# Sweet Heart Of Jesus, Fount Of Love.

111.

Andante. (♩ = 63.)

Melody of E. B.  
Harm. By B. F. R.

*mf* *cresc.*

1. Sweet Heart of Je-sus! fount of love and mer - cy, To - day we  
2. Sweet Heart of Je-sus! make us know and love Thee, Un - fold to

come Thy bless-ing to im-plore; Oh, touch our hearts, so cold and so un -  
us the treas-ures of Thy grace, That so our hearts, from things of earth up -

*mf* *REFRAIN.*

grate-ful, And make them, Lord, Thine own for ev - er - more.)  
lift - ed, May long a - lone to gaze up - on Thy Face.) Sweet

Heart of Je-sus! we im - plore; Oh, make us love Thee more and more; Sweet

*cresc.* *mf* *rall*

Heart of Je-sus! we im - plore, Oh, make us love Thee more and more!

3.  
Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us pure and gentle,  
And teach us how to do Thy blessed will;  
To follow close the print of Thy dear footsteps,  
And when we fall Sweet Heart, oh, love us still.  
Sweet Heart of Jesus, etc.

4.  
Sweet Heart of Jesus! bless all hearts that love Thee,  
And may Thine own Heart ever blessed be,  
Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the friends we cherish,  
And keep us true to Mary and to Thee.  
Sweet Heart of Jesus, etc.

# 112. Forget Me Not! 'Tis Thus My Heart Is Pleading.

The Voice of the S. Heart.

Maestoso. (♩ = 80)

Adapted from CH. GOUNOD.

*mf*

1. For - get Me not! 'tis thus My Heart is plead - ing, With  
2. For - get Me not! up - on the si - lent al - tar; They

*f*

you for whom I fain a - gain would die; For - get Me not! for  
pass Me by and leave Me all a - lone; They've love e - nough for

oh! this Heart once broken Still loves you from Its glo - rious throne on  
all, for ev - 'ry oth - er, For Me, their God - their hearts are cold as

*allargando*

high, Still loves you from Its glo - rious throne on high.  
stone, For Me, their God - their hearts are cold as stone.

3.  
Forget Me not! for oh! I'm ever waiting  
For friends who will My bitter wrongs atone;  
Forget Me not! for I am ever craving  
Devoted hearts who'll make My woes their own. (*bis.*)

4.  
Forget Me not! when desolation tempts me  
To plunge into the world's tempestuous sea,  
Remember how the sin-laden and weary  
My Heart invited, saying: 'Come to Me!' (*bis.*)

**PART NINTH.**

---

ALL SAINTS.

They that have gone before us, wept as they turned the furrows and cast in the seed; but now their triumphant joy overflows upon us as an anticipated glory in this valley of tears. Without waiting for the dawn of eternity, the present Solemnity gives us to enter by hope into the land of light, whither our fathers have followed Jesus the divine Forerunner. Do not the thorns of suffering lose their sharpness, at the sight of the eternal joys into which they are to blossom? Does not the happiness of the dear departed cause a heavenly sweetness to mingle with our sorrow? Let us hearken to the chants of deliverance, sung by those for whom we weep, *little and great*; this is the feast of them all, as it will one day be ours. At this season, when cold and darkness prevail, nature herself, stripping off her last adornments, seems to be preparing the world for the passage of the human race into the heavenly country. Let us, then, sing with the Psalmist "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord."

Truly this day is grand and beautiful. Earth, midway between heaven and purgatory, has united them together. The wonderful mystery of the Communion of saints is revealed in all its fullness. The immense family of the Sons of God is shown to be one in love, while distinct in its three states of beatitude, trial, and purifying expiation: the trial and expiation being but temporary, the beatitude eternal. It is the fitting completion of the teaching given us through the entire year... Meanwhile, every soul is recollected, pondering over the dearest and noblest memories... It is the feast of our beloved dead.

From "*The Liturgical Year*," by Abbot Guéranger, O. S. B.

*See the Classified Index of Hymns for this Season.*

# O Christ Thy Guilty People Spare.

(All Saints)

113.

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

(Placare, Christe, Servulis)

Andante. (♩ = 66) \*\*\*

*mf* *cresc.*

1. O Christ, Thy guilt - y peo - ple spare! Lo, kneel - ing  
 2. Ye AN-GELS, hap - py ev - er - more Who in your

at Thy gra - cious throne, Thy VIR-GIN MOTH-ER,  
 cir - cles nine as - cend, As ye have guard - ed

*cresc.*

pours her prayer, Im-plor - ing par - don for her own.  
 us be - fore, So still from harm our steps de - fend.

*rall*

3.

Ye PROPHETS, and APOSTLES high!  
 Behold our penitential tears;  
 And plead for us when death is nigh,  
 And our all-searching Judge appears.

4.

Ye MARTYRS all! a purple band,  
 And CONFESSORS a white-robed train;  
 Oh, call us to our native land,  
 From this our exile, back again.

5.

And ye, O choirs of VIRGINS chaste!  
 Receive us to your seats on high,  
 With HERMITS whom the desert waste  
 Sent up of old into the sky.

6.

Drive from the flock, O SPIRITS blest!  
 The false and faithless race away,  
 That all within one fold may rest,  
 Secure beneath one shepherd's sway.

7.

To God the Father glory be,  
 And to His sole-begotten Son,  
 And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 While everlasting ages run.



Moderato. ♩ = 108

*mf* 1<sup>st</sup> CHOIR.

M. H.

1. From your bliss-ful thrones of glo - ry, Look on us O God's e -  
 2. Ye bright mar-tyr throng, whose cour-age Nev - er quailed a-mid the

lect; Tell us what re-pays your com-bats, Tell us what we may ex-pect, -  
 strife; What is now to be your por-tion Aft - er giv-ing up your life? -

2<sup>nd</sup> CHOIR.

"Our de - light no one can ut - ter, Eye has not seen, ear not  
 "We with wav - ing palms all stand-ing, And with ban-ners bright un -

heard, None on earth can feel the pleas-ure, That for us God has re-served."  
 furl'd, Sing for ev - er al - le - lu - la, To the Sav-iour of the world."

3.

1<sup>st</sup> CHOIR.

Ye, whose unabated penance  
 Made the desert so renowned,  
 Hermits, tell us, for your rigors  
 What delight ye now have found?

2<sup>nd</sup> CHOIR.

"For the pleasures we relinquished,  
 For our homes and friends below,  
 Joys delicious pour in torrents  
 Fill our hearts and overflow."

4.

1<sup>st</sup> CHOIR.

Ye, the virgins who on earth were  
 Bound to an eternal spouse,  
 With what favors does He crown you,  
 Faithful to your three-fold vows?

2<sup>nd</sup> CHOIR.

"Happy brides in spotless garments,  
 Close beside our Lord we throng,  
 Where the Lamb goes, there we follow,  
 While we sing the un-known song."

5.

1<sup>st</sup> CHOIR.

As we gaze upon your glory,  
 Saints of God, in Heaven's own light,  
 Teach us how we too may join you,  
 How to win those crowns so bright.

2<sup>nd</sup> CHOIR.

"Would you come where we have entered  
 Fight with all your strength and power;  
 Would you live the life eternal,  
 Die to self at every hour."

6.

1<sup>st</sup> CHOIR.

Ah! we shrink from pain and sorrow,  
 We are frightened when we hear;  
 We must live in constant struggles,  
 We must die to all that's dear.

2<sup>nd</sup> CHOIR.

"If the path be rough and thorny,  
 At the end all pain shall cease;  
 If the battle be a fierce one,  
 There shall be eternal peace!"

# O Heav'n! Celestial Home!

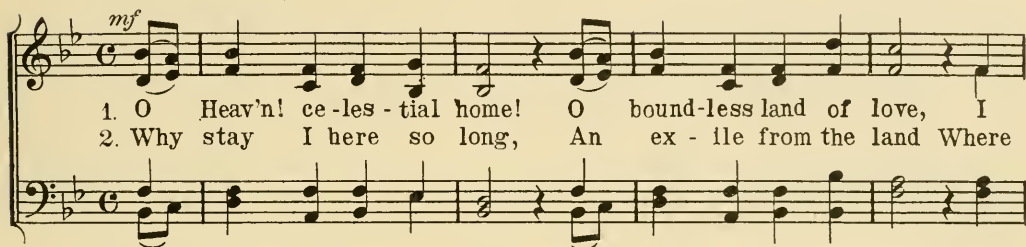
115.

\*\*\*

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

Harm. by CARL HAUSER.

*mf*



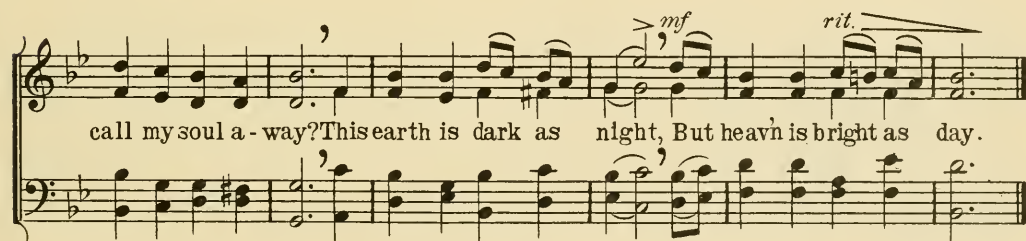
1. O Heav'n! ce-les-tial home! O bound-less land of love, I  
2. Why stay I here so long, An ex-ile from the land Where

*rall.* *REFRAIN.*



long to en-ter thee, And see my God a - bove. }  
Ma - ry sits en-throned Up - on her Son's right hand? } When will the an-gels come, And

*mf* *rit.*



call my soul a - way? This earth is dark as night, But heav'n is bright as day.

3.  
Pleading with tenderest love,  
For all who breathe the name  
Of Him Who was, Who is,  
And e'er will be the same.  
*Cho.* When will, *etc.*

4.  
Jesus, Thy love is more  
Than mortal tongue can sing,  
The fountain of my faith,  
My hope, my ev'rything.  
*Cho.* When will, *etc.*

7.  
Before the throne divine,  
My voice at length I'll raise,  
To God in Persons three,  
With hymns of endless praise.  
*Cho.* When will, *etc.*

5.  
If death no terror brings,  
'Tis lasting, burning love  
That fills my soul with zeal  
To reach my God above.  
*Cho.* When will, *etc.*

6.  
Sad sighs and tears my lot  
Till th' angel's trumpet sounds,  
To bid me glorious rise  
To lands where joy abounds.  
*Cho.* When will, *etc.*

## 116.

## For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country.

Dr. NEALE.

(O bona Patria.)

B. M. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*mf SOLI.*

1. For thee, O dear, dear Coun-try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep, — For  
2. O one, O on - ly Man-sion! O Par - a-dise of Joy! — Where

ver - y love, be-hold-ing Thy hap - py name, they weep, — Thy  
tears are ev - er ban-ished And smiles have no al - loy, — And

hap - py name, they weep. The men-tion of thy glo - ry Is unction to the  
smiles have no al - loy. The Lamb is all thy splendor; The Cru-ci-fied thy

breast, And med - i-cine in sick-ness, And love, and life, and rest.  
praise, His laud and ben-e - dic - tion Thy ran-somed peo-ple raise.

3

*SOLI.* { Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away! (*bis.*)  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
*TUTTI.* { They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

4.

*SOLI.* { O sweet and blessed Country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed Country,  
That eager hearts expect! (*bis.*)  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
*TUTTI.* { To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit, ever blest.

# O Paradise! (First Setting.)

117

Rev. F. W. FABER.

Arr. by Rev. P. J. WADE, O.C.C.

Andante. (♩ = 70)

*mf Soli.*

1. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for  
2. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! 'Tis wear - y wait ing

rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are  
here; I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him

*CHORUS. f*  
blest? Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the  
near;

light, All rap-ture through and through — In God's most ho - ly sight!

3.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold,  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
Wherefore doth death delay,  
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn  
Of our eternal day;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

7.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I feel 'twill not be long;  
Patience! I almost think I hear  
Faint fragments of thy song,  
Where loyal hearts, etc.



## 118.

## Heaven, My Home!

I. WILLIAMS.

M. H.

Cantabile. (♩ = 52)

*mf DUO.*

VOICES.

1. Heav'n, my home, for thee my heart is yearning; No love but thine, no joys but  
 2. Heav'n is rest and hap-pi-ness e - ter - nal; No grief is there, no suffer-ing

ORGAN.

*p Legato*

thine, Can sat-is - fy this heart of mine, With love and long-ing burn - ing.—  
 there, But joy and bliss with-out com-pare, A joy and bliss su-per - nal.—

*p CHORUS.* *mf* *cresc.*

Lord of heav'n, King of peace, When, oh! when shall I see Thee,

*dim.*

See Thee face to face; When, oh! when shall I see Thee face to — face.

3.

Heaven is peace and light and love and sweetness; Heaven is God, my heart's dear Lord and Saviour  
 Earth's sorrows o'er, earth's trials o'er, My Jesus sweet, my Saviour blest,  
 Heaven gives us peace forevermore, Oh! haste the day of heavenly rest  
 And love in sweet completeness. That makes me Thine forever.

4.



# No More To Sigh, No More To Weep.

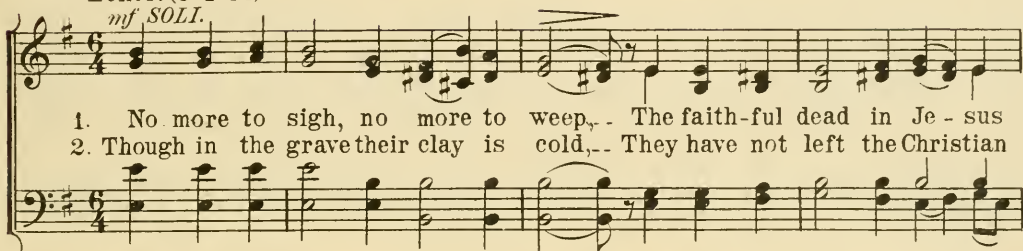
119.

Rev. FR. CAMPBELL.

Lento. (♩. = 44)

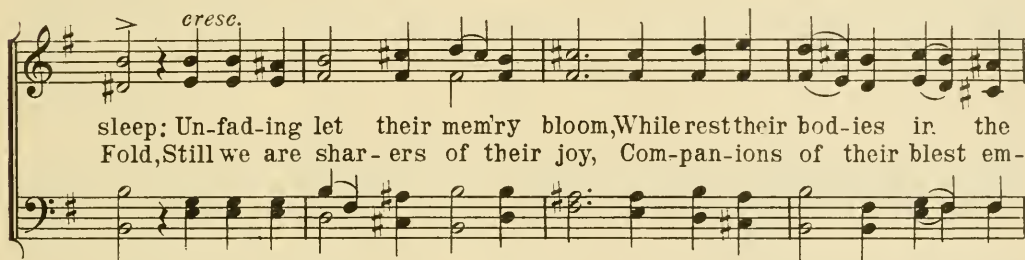
M.H.

*mf SOLI.*



1. No more to sigh, no more to weep, - The faith-ful dead in Je - sus  
2. Though in the grave their clay is cold, - They have not left the Christian

*cresc.*



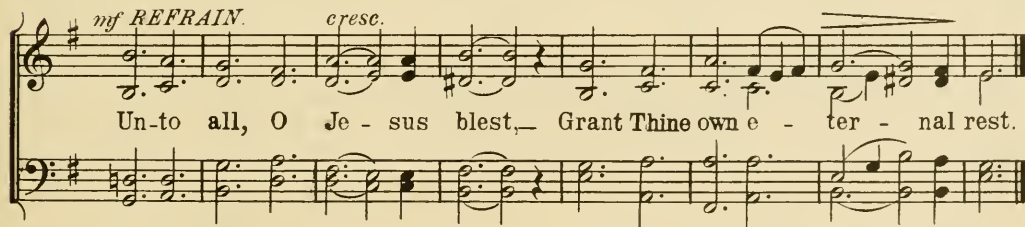
sleep: Un-fad-ing let their mem'ry bloom, While rest their bod-ies in the  
Fold, Still we are shar-ers of their joy, Com-pan-ions of their blest em-

*p* *cresc.*



tomb; Nor will their Lord the love dis - trust That strews its garlands o'er their dust. -  
ploy; And Thee in them, O Lord Most High, And them in Thee, we magni - fy. -

*mf REFRAIN.* *cresc.*



Un-to all, O Je - sus blest, - Grant Thine own e - ter - nal rest.

3.

An Angel sings that they are blest,  
Yes, saith the Spirit, sweet their rest;  
In bowers of Paradise they meet,  
Secure beneath their Saviour's Feet;  
Nor fear the trump which soon shall all  
Before the throne of judgment call

4.

In evil days, when earth is old,  
And faith grows dim, and love is cold.  
Let Christian footsteps softly tread  
Where lie beneath the faithful dead;  
And oft let Faith and Love repair,  
To gather light and kindling there.

Rev. F. FABER.

B. M. J.

Andante. (♩ = 84)

*mf*

1. Oh, turn to Je - sus, Moth - er! turn, And call Him by His  
2. Ah! they have fought a gal - lant fight; In death's cold arms they

*cresc.*

ten - drest names; Pray for the ho - ly souls that burn This hour a -  
per - se - vered; And af - ter life's un - cheer - y night The har - bor

*f* *rall.*

mid the cleans - ing flames, This hour a - mid the cleans - ing flames.  
of their rest is neared, The har - bor of their rest is neared.

REFRAIN. (ad libitum.)  
*mf* *espressivo.*

*rall.*

O Ma - ri - a! Ma - ter De - i; O Ma - ri - a! O - ra pro e - - is.

3.

They are the children of thy tears;  
Then hasten, Mother, to their aid.  
In pity think each hour appears  
An age while glory is delayed.

5

In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
Favorites of Jesus, there they lie,  
Letting the fire wear out their stains,  
And worshipping God's purity.

4.

O Mary! let thy Son no more  
His lingering spouses thus expect;  
God's children to their God restore,  
And to the Spirit His elect.

6.

Pray, then, as thou hast ever prayed;  
Angels and souls, all look to thee;  
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made  
Those prayers His law of charity.

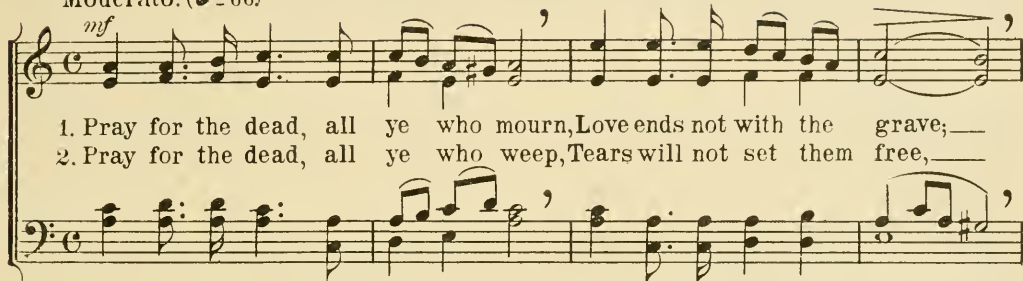
## Pray For The Dead.

M. B. MARR.  
Sentinel of the B. S.

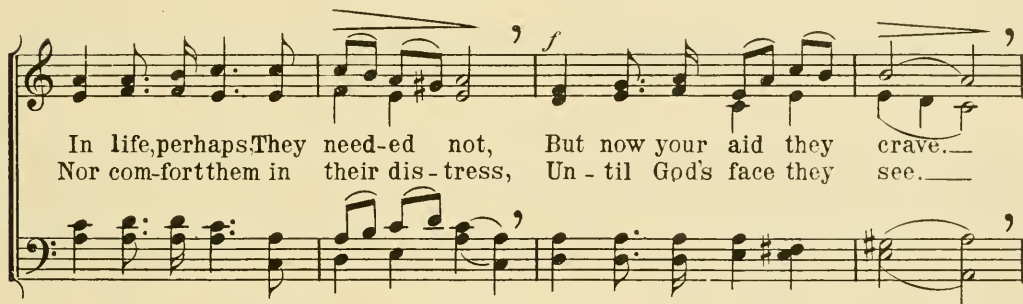
I. MÜLLER.

Moderato. (♩ = 66)

*mf*



1. Pray for the dead, all ye who mourn, Love ends not with the grave;—  
2. Pray for the dead, all ye who weep, Tears will not set them free, —



In life, perhaps. They need-ed not, But now your aid they crave. —  
Nor com-fort them in their dis-tress, Un - til God's face they see. —

REFRAIN. *espressivo.*

*mf*



Un - to all, — O Je - sus blest, — Grant Thine own e - ter - nal rest

*rall.*

3.  
Pray for the dead,  
All ye who hope,  
The joy of heav'n to gain,  
And you may seek  
Their aid, and lo!  
You will not seek in vain. *Refrain.*

Lento. (♩ = 52)

*mf*

1. In the burn-ing depths we suf-fer, Sigh-ing,  
2. Moved to pit-y by our an-guish, Chris-tian

weep-ing, here in pain; Far from God in tor-ment lan-guish, But our  
hearken to our cry; Save us, we im-plore thee, save us; Do not

tears no mer-it gain— Ah me! Ah me! Those who  
pass un-heed-ing by— Ah me! Ah me! Heav'n, with -

loved us have for - got-ten, And we call for aid in vain.  
out thy sac - ri - fic - es, Short-ens not our ag - o - ny.

3.

In His justice, God did smite us;  
'Tis for thee who art our friend,  
To appease His righteous anger,  
And our dreadful sufferings end.

Ah me! Ah me!

Listen, brother, to our pleadings,  
Why refuse thine aid to lend?

4.

Here we wait in fearful torture,  
Till we're free from every stain;  
God has giv'n to thee the power  
To release us from our pain.

Ah me! Ah me!

Why, oh! why, dost thou forsake us?  
Hath our love been rent in twain?



# Oh, It Is Sweet To Think Of Those That Are Departed! 123.

Rev. FR. FABER.

Adapted from J. ALEMANY.

Largo. (♩ = 56)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Largo' with a note value of 56 beats per minute. The first staff begins with a dynamic marking of 'mf'. The lyrics are: '1. Oh, it is sweet to think Of those that are de - part - ed, While 2. Yet not as in the days Of earth - ly ties we love them; For'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: 'mur-mur'd A - ves sink To "si-lence ten-der-heart - ed; While they are touched with rays From light that is a - bove them: An -'. The third system has the lyrics: 'tears that have no pain Are tran-quil - ly dis - till-ing, And the dead live a - oth - er sweet-ness shines A - round their well known features; God with His glo - ry'. The fourth system concludes with the lyrics: 'gain In hearts that love is fill-ing, In hearts that love is fill-ing. signs His dear - ly ran-somed crea-tures, His dear - ly ran-somed crea-tures.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'rall.'.

3.

Yes, they are more our own,  
Since now they are God's only;  
And each one that has gone  
Has left our heart less lonely.  
He mourns not seasons fled,  
Who now in Him possesses  
Treasures of many dead,  
In their dear Lord's caresses. (bis.)

4.

They whom we loved on earth  
Attract us now in Heaven;  
Who shared our grief and mirth  
Back to us now are given,  
They move with noiseless foot  
Gravely and sweetly round us  
And their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us. (bis.)

5.

Oh dearest dead! to Heaven  
With grudging sighs we gave you,  
To Him—be doubts forgiven!  
Who took you there to save you:—  
Now get us grace to love  
Your memories yet more kindly,  
Pine for our home above,  
And trust to God more blindly. (bis.)



# 124. Lord, Let Me See Thy Lovely Face.

Rev. F. W. TREACY.

M. H.

Andante espressivo. (♩ = 63.)

*mf* *cresc.*

1. Lord, let me see Thy love-ly Face, And let me fly to  
2. My sins are count-less as the waves That yon-der rise and

Thee; O! Source of Life, O! Light, O! Grace, Look  
fall, But they are bur-ied in deep graves I've

*mf* *cresc.*

kind-ly now on me. Through wear-y ways I've  
wept a-bove them all. Sweet Je-sus of the

sought Thy Will, Though weak and frail was I; But  
Sa-cred Heart, My God, my Lord, my King, From

*p* *rall.*

let me praise Thee, love Thee still, Then glad-ly will I die.  
Thy fair Throne I'll nev-er part, To Thee I'll ev-er cling.

3.  
Ye Angels, strike your sweetest lyres!  
Ye, Virgins, chant your songs!  
Ye holy Saints, light incense-fires!  
Rich music, float along!  
A pilgrim from a far-off shore  
A brother seeking rest,  
Now comes to dwell for evermore  
Upon his Saviour's breast

**PART TENTH.**

OUR BLESSED LADY.

SAINT JOSEPH-HOLY ANGELS.

SPECIAL PATRON SAINTS.

In the whole Christian world and in the Church of God, there has ever gone up from the hearts and lips of priest and people Mary's praise and Mary's glory. The children of her love and her pain have never ceased and will never cease their hymns and songs in memory of her triumphs and her victories over sin in the hearts of men. Elizabeth, in her salutation, had struck the keynote of all Mary's greatness: "Whence is this to me that *the Mother of my Lord* should come to me?"

Upon many women in the history of the world, have great favors and great honors been bestowed. Men have vied with one another in their efforts to praise and glorify them. Naught that eye could see, tongue ask, or imagination conceive has been denied them. The earth's jewels have been laid at their feet, the sea has given up its corals, and the mountains their precious stones, sparkling crowns have been put upon their brows, and gemmed sceptres in their hands, but there is no gift in the power of man or of God Himself to bestow; like that implied in the words of Elizabeth: "Whence is this to me that *the Mother of my Lord* should come to me?"

*Mary's Divine Motherhood* is the crown of all her spiritual jewels, the keystone of the arch of all her greatness. To deck our Queen with a brighter gem or higher honor, God would have to make her mother of one greater than Himself, the Infinite, the Eternal. . . .

And now this exalted Mother speaks to us as we kneel adoring her Son. We hear the sweet music of the voice that spoke to Jesus during His up-growing years; the voice which softly lulled Him to sleep in His sand-cradle, and mingled with the winds which blew over the desert; the voice which whispered to Him during the all too short years in Nazareth; the voice which spoke such words of comfort to Him from the foot of the Cross as He hung bleeding His life away. That voice was sweeter to Jesus' ears than the chants which angels hierarchies send re-echoing from vault to vault of the new Jerusalem.

And now we are to hear that voice. . . . Seldom has that blessed Mother spoken, but now she will open her lips in a hymn of praise, the words of which shall never die, but shall go ringing down the ages bringing strength and light and peace to the minds and hearts of Christian people. Mary speaks and can we wonder that from her lips fall the words: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit, hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour; because He has regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold, from henceforth *all generations shall call me blessed?*"

Let us join in her song of praise and offer it to her Son upon our altars, in fulfilment of our long due debt of thanks for all His favors, as a pledge of our more active gratitude in future, as a solace to His Sacred Heart and worthy reparation of Its wrongs.

From "*Under the Sanctuary Lamp*" (Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S. J.)

# I'll Sing A Hymn To Mary.

125.

Rev. Fr. WYZE.

(Mariæ Nomen.)

B. F. B.

Andante. (♩ = 70.)

1. I'll sing a hymn to Ma-ry, The Moth-er of my God, The  
 2. O Lil-y of the Val-ley, O Mys-tic Rose what tree Or

Vir-gin of all vir-gins, Of Da-vid's roy-al blood. Oh,  
 flow-er e'en the fair-est, Is half so fair as thee? Ch,

teach me, ho-ly Ma-ry, A lov-ing song to frame; When  
 let me, though so low-ly, Re-cite my Moth-er's fame; When

wick-ed men blas-pheme thee. To love and bless thy name.  
 wick-ed men blas-pheme thee, To love and bless thy name.

3.

When troubles dark afflict me,  
 In sorrow and in care,  
 Thy light doth ever guide me,  
 O beauteous Morning Star!  
 So I'll be ever ready  
 Thy goodly help to claim;  
 When wicked men blaspheme thee  
 I'll love and bless thy name.

4.

And now, O Virgin Mary,  
 My Mother and my Queen,  
 I've sung thy praise, so bless me  
 And keep my heart from sin.  
 When others jeer and mock thee,  
 I'll often think how I  
 To shield my Mother, Mary,  
 Would lay me down and die.

S. ALPHONSUS.

Tr. Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R.

Arr. by Rev. P. J. WADE, O. C. C.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

1. Look down, O Moth-er Ma-ry, From thy bright throne a - bove: Cast  
2. See how un-grate-ful sin-ners We stand be - fore thy Son: His

down up - on thy chil - dren One on - ly glance of love. And  
lov - ing Heart re - proach - es The e - vil we have done. But

if a heart so ten - der With pit - y flows not o'er. Then  
if thou wilt ap - pease Him, Speak for us but one word; Thy

turn a - way, O Moth - er, And — look on us no more.  
plead - ing can ob - tain us The — par - don of our Lord.

3.

O Mary, dearest Mother,  
If thou wouldst have us live,  
Say that we are thy children.  
And Jesus will forgive.  
Our sins make us unworthy,  
That title still to bear,  
But thou art still our Mother;  
Then show a mother's care.

4.

Unfold to us thy mantle,  
There stay we without fear:  
What evil can befall us,  
If, Mother, thou art near?  
O kindest, dearest Mother,  
Thy sinful children save;  
Look down on us with pity,  
Who thy protection crave.



# My Own Dear Mother Mary.

127.

B.A.

Andante. (♩ = 84)

CHORUS.  
*mf*

1. My own dear Moth - er Ma - ry, Oh, list, while I re - peat, In  
2. The cher - u - bim are prais - ing Thy beau - ty and thy grace, And

child - like lov - ing ac - cents, Thy name, O Ma - ry sweet!  
heav'n is all il - lu - mined And rav - ished with thy face!

*Soli.*  
*mf*

With - in my heart it wa - kens Such ten - der thoughts and blest, My  
Dear Moth - er I am wear - y Of dai - ly strife with sin, Oh!

soul this world for - sak - ing, Be - fore thy throne would rest;  
be with an - gels near me, That I the prize may win;

REFRAIN. Tutti.

*mf*

Thy name, O Moth - er Ma - ry, Thy name, O Moth - er

*cresc* *rall*  
Ma - ry, is mu - sic to my soul, is mu - sic to my soul.

## The Gate Of Heaven.

(Janua Coeli.)

Words S. N. D.

Melody S. N. D.

*Lento. Soli.*

1. Queen and Moth - er! ma - ny hearts Cast themselves be - fore thy throne,  
2. We have pledged our - selves to fight In the bat - tles of thy Son,

But we call our - selves by right Ver - y spe - cial - ly thine own.  
We would pass by thee to Him When the dust - y fight is won.

*f* Chorus.

Oh, then be to each one here The "Gate of Heav'n," O Moth - er dear,  
Be to all en - list - ed here The "Gate of Heav'n," O Moth - er dear,

*mf* Oh, then be to each one here The "Gate of Heav'n," O Mother dear.  
*f* Be to all en - list - ed here The "Gate of Heav'n," O Mother dear. *rall.*

3.  
Other hearts this home have loved  
Other feet its floors have trod;  
One and all, oh! let them in  
To the City of our God.  
Be to all who entered here  
The "Gate of Heaven," O Mother dear. *bis*

5.  
Thou unto the King of Kings  
Wert a Gate to earth and us.  
We must go to Christ thro' thee,  
We can reach Him only thus.  
Oh, be thou to each one here  
The "Gate of Heaven," O Mother dear. *bis*

1.  
And we too must pass away,  
Others then shall take our place,  
Kneel around thine image fair,  
Look into thine up - turned face.  
Be to all who enter here  
The "Gate of Heaven," O Mother dear. *bis*

6.  
When the midnight cry is heard,  
Do not let us be too late,  
Do not let thy children call,  
"Open, open, Lord, Thy Gate,"  
But, because we loved thee here  
Let us in, O Mother dear. *bis*

# Hail! Virgin Of Virgins!

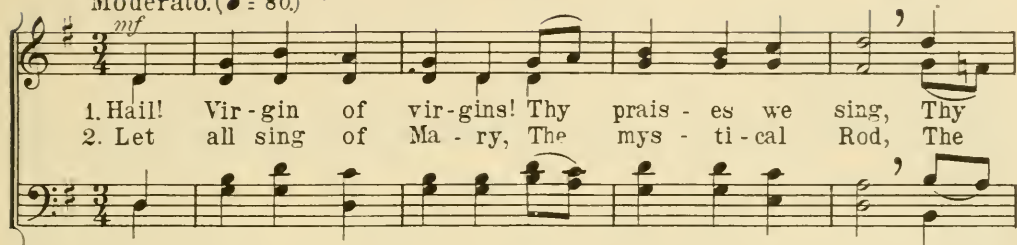
129.

I MÜLLER.

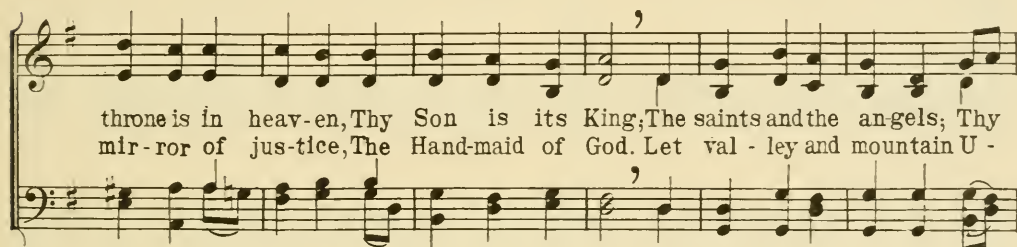
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Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*mf*

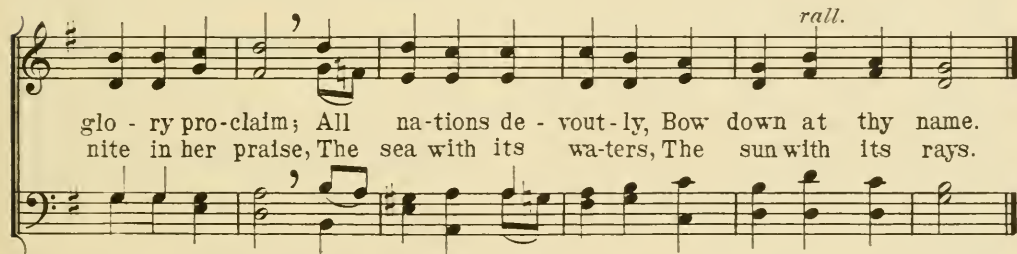


1. Hail! Vir-gin of vir-gins! Thy prais-es we sing, Thy  
2. Let all sing of Ma-ry, The mys-ti-cal Rod, The



throne is in heav-en, Thy Son is its King; The saints and the angels; Thy  
mir-ror of jus-tice, The Hand-maid of God. Let val-ley and mountain U-

*rall.*



glo-ry pro-claim; All na-tions de-vout-ly, Bow down at thy name.  
nite in her praise, The sea with its wa-ters, The sun with its rays.

3.

Let souls that are holy,  
Still holier be,  
To sing with the angels,  
O Mary, of thee.  
Let all who are sinners.  
To virtue return;  
That hearts without number,  
With thy love may burn.

4.

Thy Name is our power,  
Thy love is our light;  
We praise thee at morning,  
At noon and at night.  
We thank thee, we bless thee,  
When happy and free;  
When tempted by Satan  
We call upon thee.

5.

Oh, be thou our Mother,  
And pray to the Lord,  
That all may acknowledge  
And follow His word.  
That just men with courage  
May walk in His ways,  
And sinners converted  
May join in His praise.

## No Stain In Thee!

(Inviolata Integra.)

Rev. F. L. L.

\*\*\*

Maestoso. ( $\text{♩} = 50$ )  
*f* CHORUS.

VOICES. No stain in thee! — No stain in thee! O Vir-gin Queen a -

ORGAN. *f*

bove! — O Vir-gin Queen a - bove! Thou art the spot-less Dove; Im-mac-u -

*pp* *mf*

*pp*

late thou art; — Most glad - ly we pro - claim thy —

*ff* *mf* *f*

*ff*



*ff Firma voce* *pp Con amore.* END.

sweet and ho-ly name— No stain in thee!— No stain in thee!

*Firma voce* *Con amore.* END.

*mf SOLI. (Unison.)*

1. Who can with thee com- pare? O— Vir- gin chaste and pure! To  
 2. In love, in hope, ap- pear. The child- ren of thy pain, And

thee we all re- pair, As to our ha- ven sure; Though Queen of realms a  
 call on thee to clear, Their souls from loath- some stain, To thee the chant of

*f* *cresc.* D.C.

bove, Thou hast a mother's love, Our prayr and praises, Moth- er, hear.  
 praise, In grateful accents raise, Our prayr and praises, Moth- er, hear.

D.C.



## Mother, Mary, Queen Most Sweet.

(Holy Name Of Mary.)

B. M. J.

\*\*\*

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*mf*

1. Moth - er, Ma - ry, Queen most sweet! Joy and love my heart in-flame;  
2. When the morn-ing gilds the skies, I will call on Ma - ry's name;

Glad - ly shall my lips re - peat Ev - 'ry mo - ment thy dear name,  
When at even-ing twi-light dies; Ma - ry, still will I ex - claim.

*f*

Ah! that name, to God so dear, Has my heart and soul en-slaved;  
Sweet - est Ma - ry, bend thine ear, Thou my own dear Moth - er art;

*mf* *rall.*

Like a seal it shall ap - pear, Deep on heart and soul en - graved.  
There - fore shall thy name so dear, Nev - er from my lips de - part.

3.

When the demon hosts invade,—  
When temptation rages high,  
Crying "Mary, Mother, aid;"  
I will make the tempter fly.  
This shall be my comfort sweet,  
When the hand of death is nigh,  
"Mary! Mary!" to repeat  
Once again, and then, to die.

# When From God's High Throne Divine.

132.

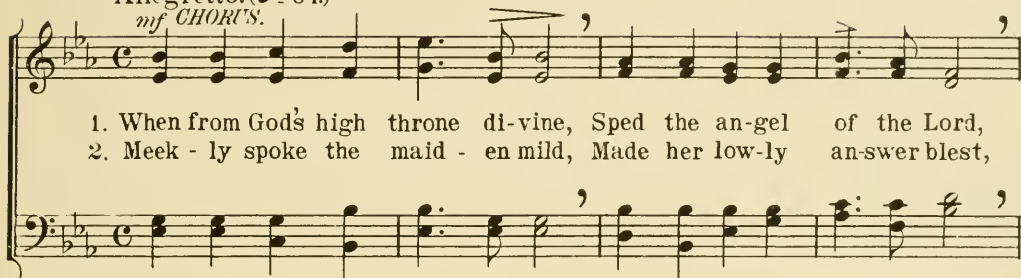
(Annunciation.)

B M.

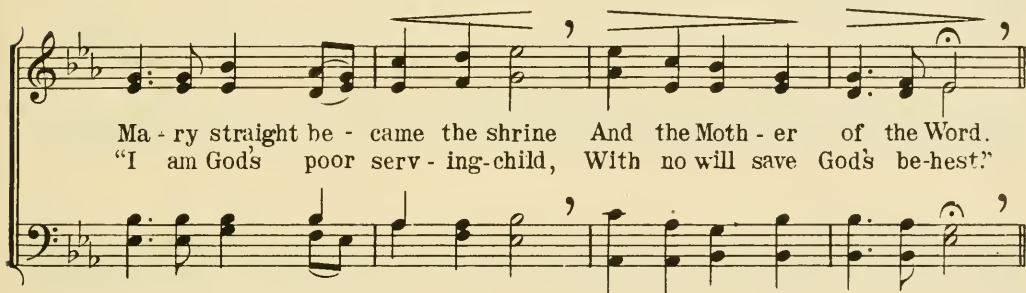
I. MÜLLER.

*Allegretto.* (♩ = 84.)

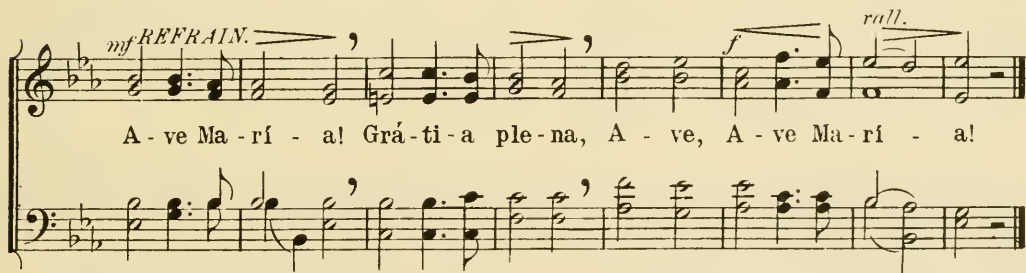
*mf* CHORUS.



1. When from God's high throne di-vine, Sped the an-gel of the Lord,  
2. Meek - ly spoke the maid - en mild, Made her low-ly an-swer blest,



Ma - ry straight be - came the shrine And the Moth - er of the Word.  
"I am God's poor serv - ing-child, With no will save God's be-hest."



*mf* REFRAIN. A - ve Ma - rí - a! Grá - ti - a ple - na, A - ve, A - ve Ma - rí - a!

3.

Then God wrought a wondrous deed,  
Fashioned to Himself our clay,  
Taking of our sins no heed,  
In our midst He deigned to stay. *Refrain.* Ave, etc.

4.

Mary, by thy holy prayer,  
By thy spotless motherhood,  
Gain for us that we may share  
What Christ promised for our good. *Refrain.* Ave, etc.

## Whither Thus, In Holy Rapture?

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

(Quo sanctus ardor te rapit.)

Cantabile. (♩ = 80.)

(Visitation.)

F. M.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

*mf*

1. Whith-er thus, in ho-ly rap-ture, Roy-al Maid-en, art thou  
2. Lo! thine a-ged cou-sin claims thee, Claims thy sym-pa-thy and

*mf*

bent? Why so fleet-ly art thou speed-ing Up the moun-tain's rough as-cent?  
care; God her shame from her hath tak-en; He hath heard her fer-vent pray'r.

*mf* CHORUS.

Fill'd with the E-ter-nal God-head! Glow-ing with the Spir-it's  
Bless-ed moth-ers! joy-ful meet-ing! Thou in her, the hand of

*f* *mf* *rall.*

flame! Love it is that bears thee on-ward, And sup-ports thy ten-der frame.  
God, She in thee, with lips in-spir-ed, Owns the moth-er of her Lord.

3.

SEMI-CHORUS. { As the sun, his face concealing,  
In a cloud withdraws from sight,  
So in Mary then lay hidden  
He who is the world's true light.  
CHORUS. { Honor, glory, virtue, merit,  
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!  
With the Father and the Spirit  
While eternal ages run.

# Joy! Joy! The Mother Comes.

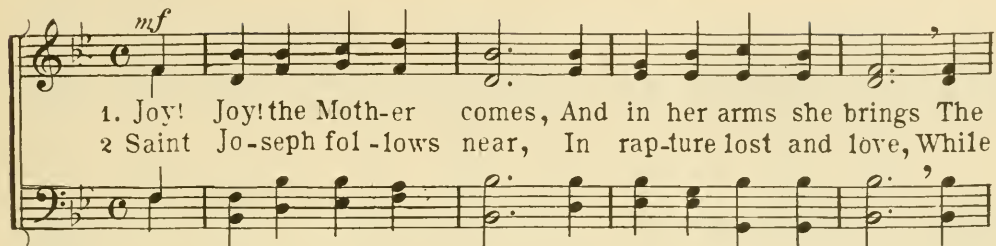
(Purification of the B.V.M.)

134.

A. C. H.

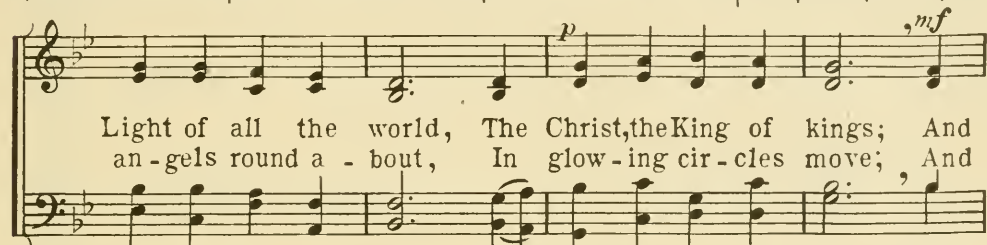
Rev. Fr. FABER.

*mf*



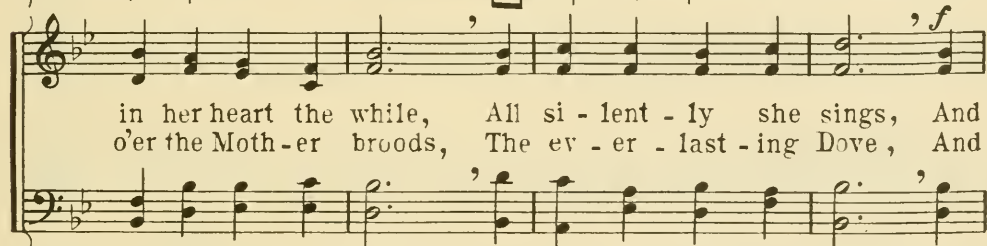
1. Joy! Joy! the Moth-er comes, And in her arms she brings The  
2 Saint Jo-seph fol-lows near, In rap-ture lost and love, While

*p* *mf*



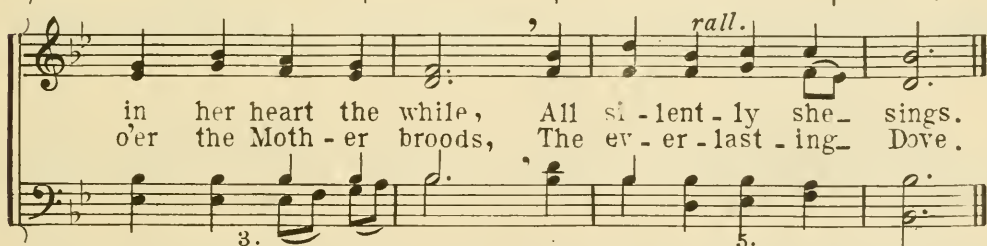
Light of all the world, The Christ, the King of kings; And  
an-gels round a-bout, In glow-ing cir-cles move; And

*f*



in her heart the while, All si-lent-ly she sings, And  
o'er the Moth-er broods, The ev-er-last-ing Dove, And

*rall.*



in her heart the while, All si-lent-ly she sings.  
o'er the Moth-er broods, The ev-er-last-ing Dove.

3.  
There in the temple court,  
Old Simeon's heart beats high,  
And Anna feeds her soul  
With food of prophecy,  
But see! the shadows pass  
The world's true light draws nigh. (bis)

4.  
O Infant God! O Christ!  
O Light most beautiful!  
Thou comest Joy of joys!  
All darkness to annul,  
And brightest lights of earth  
Beside thy lights are dull. (bis)

5.  
Ah! with what thrills of awe  
The Mother's heart is teeming,  
To think the new-born Light,  
That o'er the world is streaming,  
At His own Mother's hands  
Should stoop to need redeeming. (bis)

6.  
Then to that Mother now  
All rightful worship be!  
For thou hast ransomed Him  
Who first did ransom thee:  
Oh, with thy Mother's tongue  
Pray Him to ransom me! (bis)



## Oh, What Deep Woes.

Cantabile (♩ = 60)

Harm. by CARL HAUSER.

*mf*

1. Oh, what deep woes and what sor - rows, Oh, what  
 2. Love and an - guish in her bo - som, Were en -

grief on her were poured: With what pain and heart's af - flic - tion Stood the  
 gaged in fiercest strife; Both af - flict - ed and tor - ment - ed This sad

Moth - er of the Lord! When her tear - ful eyes, did wit - ness With what  
 Moth - er's bit - ter life. O be - lov - ed, sore - ly wound - ed, O my

scoff and bru - tal scorn, With what tor - ments they did fas - ten To the  
 on - ly pre - cious Child. Why must Thy poor Moth - er find Thee In such

*poco rall.*

Cross her on - ly born, To the Cross her on - ly born.  
 pains and thus re - viled? In such pains and thus re - viled?

3. 4.

Oh, how shaded, pale and faded  
 Is thy count'nance, once so bright!  
 "All Thy limbs are torn and wounded,  
 Stained with blood, O! rueful sight!"  
 See the cold and lifeless body  
 Hanging on the tree of scorn;  
 See the Mother racked with anguish,  
 At the sight of her first-born.

Oh, what deep woes and what sorrows,  
 Oh, what grief on her were poured!  
 With what pain and heart's affliction  
 Stood the Mother of the Lord.  
 Come to worship, come to honor,  
 Come, His corpse with tears to bathe,  
 Thank Him, love Him, and adore Him,  
 Make your hearts to be His grave.



# O Mother Most Afflicted!

(Compassion of Our Lady)

136.

\*\*\*

Doloroso. (♩ = 58)

M.H.

*Soli. mf*

1. O Moth-er! most af - flict-ed, Stand-ing be-neath that tree, Where  
2. Thy heart is well - nigh break-ing, Thy Je-sus thus to - see, De -

Je - sus hangs re - ject - ed On the hill of Cal - va - ry.  
rid - ed, wound - ed, - dy - ing, In - great-est ag - o - ny.

*CHORUS. mf*

O Ma - ry! sweet - est - Moth - er, We love to pit - y thee; Oh;

for the sake of - Je - sus Let us thy chil-dren be, Let us thy chil-dren be.

*poco rall.*

3.

His livid Form is bleeding,  
His soul with sorrow wrung,  
Whilst thou, afflicted Mother,  
Shar'st the torments of thy Son.

4.

O Mary! Queen of Martyrs,  
The sword has pierced thy heart,  
Obtain for us of Jesus  
In thy grief to bear a part.

5.

O dear and loving Mother!  
Entreat that we may be,  
Near to thee and thy dear Jesus,  
Now and eternally.

Rev. FR. FABER.

M. H.

Andantino. (♩ = 88)

*mf*

1. Sing, sing, ye an - gel bands, All beau - ti - ful and bright! For  
2. A fair - er flow'r than she, On earth hath nev - er been; And,

high er still, and high - er, Through fields of star - ry light, Ma -  
save the throne of God, - Your heav'n's have nev - er seen A

*cresc.*

ry, your Queen as - cends, Like the sweet moon at night, Ma -  
won - der half so bright As your as - cend - ing Queen, A

*mf* *poco rall.*

ry, your Queen as - cends, Like the sweet moon at night.  
won - der half so bright As your as - cend - ing Queen.

3.

O happy angels look,  
How beautiful she is!  
See! Jesus bears her up,  
Her hand is locked in His;  
Oh, who can tell the height  
Of that fair Mother's bliss? *(bis.)*

4.

And shall I lose thee then,  
Lose my sweet right to thee?  
Ah, no! the angels' Queen  
Man's mother still will be,  
And thou upon thy throne, *(bis.)*  
Wilt keep thy love for me. *(bis.)*

5.

On through the countless stars  
Proceeds the grand array;  
And love divine comes forth  
To light her on her way,  
Through the short gloom of night *(bis.)*  
Into celestial day.

6.

On, then, dear pageant, on!  
Sweet music breathes around;  
And love, like dew, distills  
On hearts in rapture bound;  
The Queen of heaven goes up *(bis.)*  
To be proclaimed and crowned. *(bis.)*

# Maria Salve!

138.

S. H. MESSENGER\*  
Rev. Fr. P. J. CORMICAN, S.J.

I. MÜLLER.

Andante religioso. (♩ = 69)

*mf*

1. 6 Moth - er sweet and kind, Whose love is un - con -  
2. Thou art the baln of life, Our cham - plon in the

*f* *mf*

fined, Ma - rí - a, sal - ve! Ma - rí - a, sal -  
strife, Ma - rí - a, sal - ve! Ma - rí - a, sal -

ve!— 6 Em-press won-drous wise, O Queen of par - a -  
ve!— And there-fore it is meet To hon - or thee and

*f* *mf* *rall.*

dise, Ma - rí - a, sal - ve! Ma - rí - a, sal - ve!  
greet, Ma - rí - a, sal - ve! Ma - rí - a, sal - ve!

3.

A hundred times a day  
I mention thee and say:  
María, salve! María, salve!  
I run at every hour  
To seek thy shielding power;  
María, salve! María, salve!

4.

O Mary, tender Maid,  
Send help down to mine aid,  
María, salve! María salve!  
And let thy Babe Divine,  
Be mine as well as thine,  
María, salve! María, salve!

\* An omission has been made in the wording.

*CHORUS.*  
*mf* O Maid - en, Moth - er mild! Be - hold thy trust - ing

*mf* child, Be - fore thee kneels in sup - pli - ca - tion; Di - rect me lest I

stray, In de - vious paths a - way, Thou art my help, my sal - va - tion. *rall.* **END.**

*mf* *SOLO.*  
 1. The an - gels a - rose in their pride. Re - fus - ing their God to o - bey; They  
 2. The serpent in E - den's fair vale, His work of de - struc - tion be - gan; His

*rall.* *D. C.*  
 seek now o'er earth far and wide, To draw souls be - neath Sa - tan's sway.  
 head thou didst crush 'neath thy heel, And so brought re - demp - tion to man.

3.  
 In all times and ages thou'lt be,  
 Of Christians the help and the guide;  
 Keep me close to Jesus and thee,  
 In safety and peace to abide.



# Sweet Mother, I Implore.

140.

B. M.

B. M. J.

Andante, (♩ = 60)

*mf Soli.*

1. Sweet Mother I im-plore, Oh, take this heart of mine;— It flies to thee for  
2. My souldoth burn in me, O Queen, I fond-ly gaze— Up-on thy eyes so

rest, thou art its ha-ven sure; I crave no more for earth, its joys the things of  
meek, thy ra-diant, ho-ly face; Thou art so fair, so sweet, O Queen Im-mac-u-

time;— I long to be with thee, O maid-en, Moth-er pure.—  
late;— Up-on thy al-tar-throne, see, my poor heart I place.—

*REFRAIN. Con anima.*

Thou Vir-gin, Spot-less Moth-er! Sweet Ma-ry, Queen di-vine!— Oh, deign to hear my

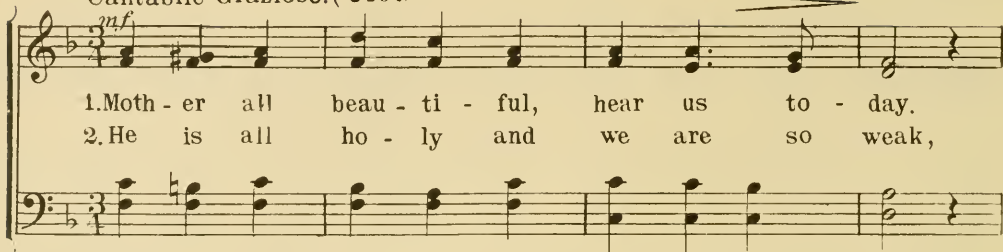
prayer, And take this heart of mine. — And take, and take this heart of mine.—  
And take this heart of mine.

To-day the foe may strive to get me for his own,  
My weakness thou hast seen, fold me in thy embrace;  
Oh! deign to hold and hide my heart within thy clasp.  
So guarded, Mother fair, ne'er shall I lose God's grace. *Refrain.*

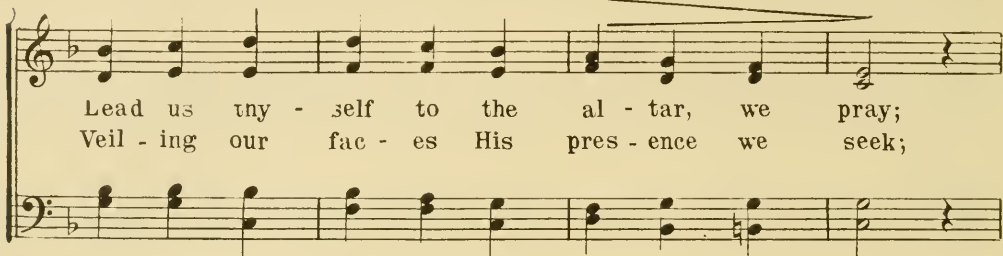


Cantabile Grazioso. (♩ = 92)

*mf*

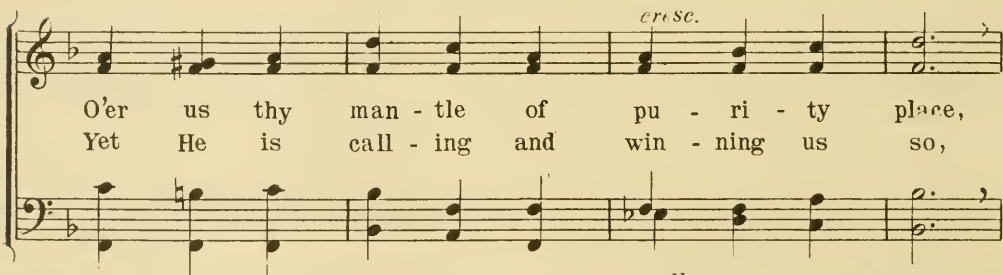


1. Moth - er all beau - ti - ful, hear us to - day.  
2. He is all ho - ly and we are so weak,



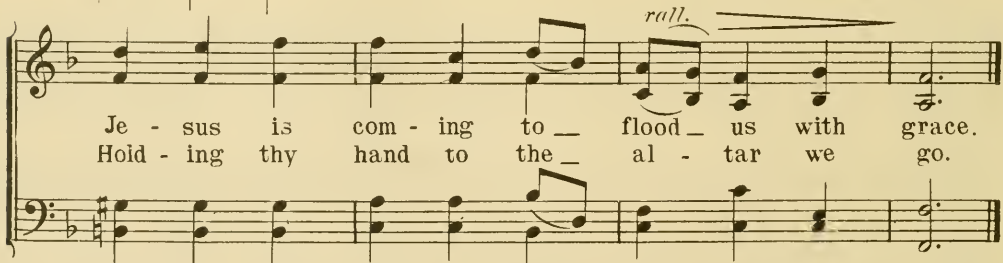
Lead us thy - self to the al - tar, we pray;  
Veil - ing our fac - es His pres - ence we seek;

*cr. sc.*



O'er us thy man - tle of pu - ri - ty place,  
Yet He is call - ing and win - ning us so,

*rall.*



Je - sus is com - ing to flood us with grace.  
Hoid - ing thy hand to the al - tar we go.

3.

4.

Thou art His Mother, He gave us to thee, Hover still near while He stays in our breast  
Wounded and dying on Calvary's Tree; Thanksgiving make to our glorious Guest;  
Mother from birth to His life's dark eclipse, Pour His sweet rivers of Blood o'er our soul,  
Lay Him thyself on our tremulous lips. Show us His Beauty. His virtues unroll.

5.

Mother all loving, we know thou wilt hear;  
Clad in His glory and strength, can we fear?  
Hope is triumphant! With Jesus and thee  
Angels in wonder our happiness see.

# Mother Of Mercy!

142

Rev. FR. FABER.

(Mater misericordiae.)

B. M. J.

Moderato, (♩ = 92)

*Smf* CHORUS.

Moth - er of mer-cy, day by day, My love of thee grows

more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up - on my way Like sands up -

on the great sea - shore, Like sands up - on the great sea - shore.

1. Tho' pov - er - ty and work and woe The mast - ers of my life may be,  
2. But scorn - ful men have cold - ly said Thy love was lead - ing me from God;

When times are worst, who does not know Dark - ness is light, with love of thee?  
And yet in this I did but tread The ver - y path my Sav - iour trod.

3.  
They know but little of thy worth  
Who speak these heartless words to me;  
For what did Jesus love on earth  
One half so tenderly as thee?

4.  
Get me the grace to love thee more;  
Jesus will give, if thou wilt plead;  
And, Mother! when life's cares are o'er  
Oh! I shall love thee then indeed.

5.  
Jesus, when His three hours were run,  
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me;  
And oh! how can I love thy Son,  
Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?

*Allegro moderato.* (♩ = 66.)  
*mf* CHORUS.

Adapted from Rev. L.L.

Hail, Vir-gin, dear-est Ma - ry! Our love - ly Queen of May. O

spot - less, bless - ed La - dy, Our love - ly Queen of May. — *Fine.*

*Soli.* *cresc*

1. Thy chil-dren, hum - bly bend - ing, Sur - round thy shrine, so  
 2. Be - hold earth's blos - soms spring - ing In beau - teous form and

*cresc* *D.C.*

dear; With heart and voice as - cend - ing, Sweet Ma - ry, hear our prayer.  
 hue; All na - ture glad - ly bring - ing Her sweet - est charms to you.

3.

We'll gather fresh, bright flowers.  
 To bind our fair Queens brow:  
 From gay and verdant bowers,  
 We haste to crown thee now.

4.

And now, our blessed Mother,  
 Smile on our festal day,  
 Accept our wreath of flowers.  
 And be our Queen of May.

# All Hail, Sweet Queen Of The May!

144.

I. WILLIAMS.

B. M. J.

Andantino. (♩ = 84.)

*mf* *Soli.*

1. All hail, dear - est Ma - ry, Sweet Queen of the  
2. All hail, dear - est Ma - ry, No stain is in

May; Our heart's fond - est greet - ings, We give thee this day.  
thee; Dear Moth - er of Je - sus, Be Moth - er to me.

*f* *CHORUS.*

All hail, all hail, sweet Queen of the

*rall.*

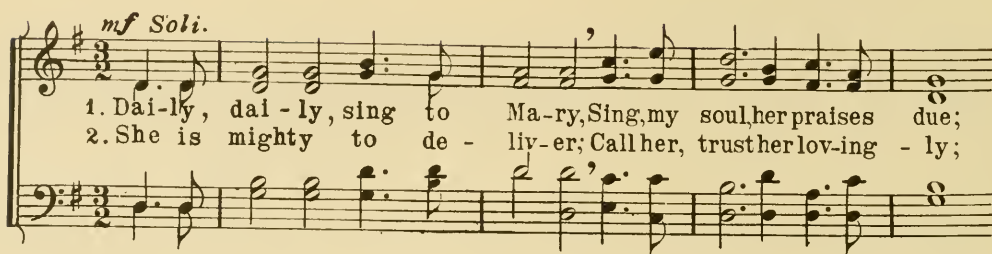
May! All hail, all hail, sweet Queen of the May!

3.  
In grief and temptation,  
In joy or in pain,  
We'll seek thee, our Mother,  
Nor seek thee in vain.

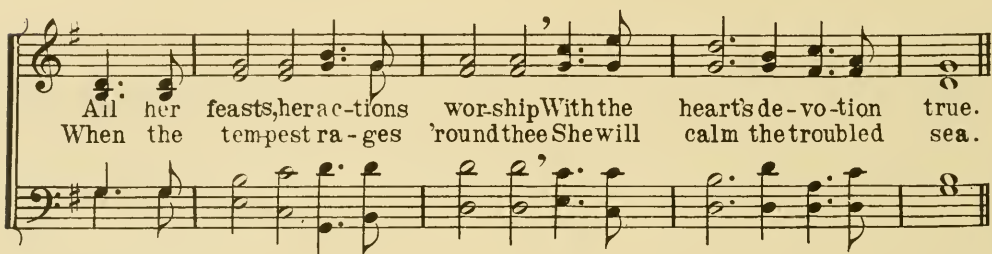
4.  
All hail, dearest Mary,  
Hail Virgin all fair,  
We claim thy protection,  
Thy love and thy care.



*mf Soli.*

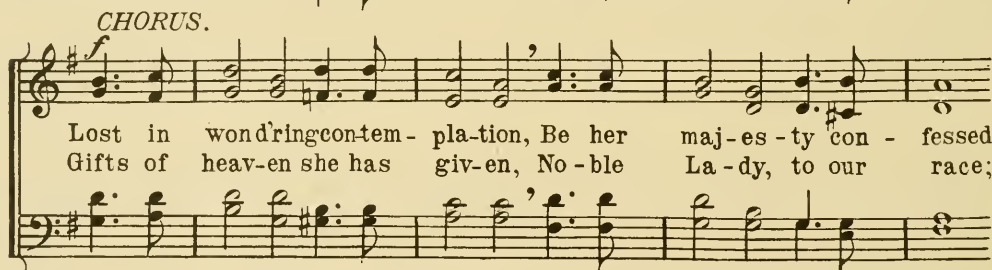


1. Dai-ly, dai-ly, sing to Ma-ry, Sing, my soul, her praises due;  
2. She is mighty to de-ly-er; Call her, trust her lov-ing-ly;

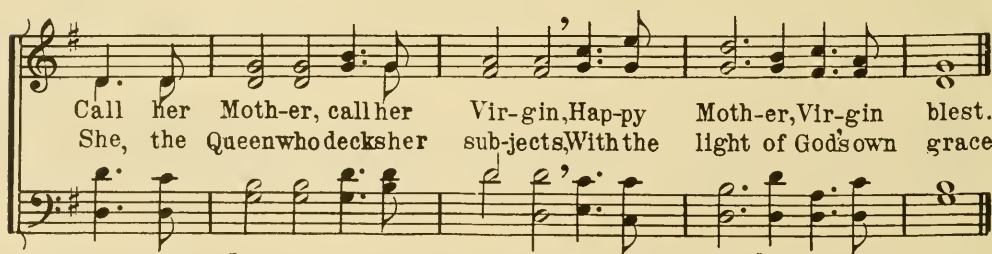


All her feasts, her ac-tions wor-ship With the heart's de-votion true.  
When the tem-pest ra-ges 'round thee She will calm the troubled sea.

*CHORUS.*



Lost in wond'ring con-tem-plation, Be her maj-es-ty con-fessed  
Gifts of heav-en she has giv-en, No-ble La-dy, to our race;



Call her Moth-er, call her Vir-gin, Hap-py Moth-er, Vir-gin blest.  
She, the Queen who decks her sub-jects, With the light of God's own grace

3.  
Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,  
Who for us, her Maker bore;  
For the curse of old inflicted,  
Peace and blessing to restore;  
Sing in songs of praise unending,  
Sing the world's majestic Queen;  
Weary not, nor faint in telling  
All the gifts she gives to men.

4.  
All my senses, heart affections,  
Strive to sound her glory forth:  
Spread abroad the sweet memorials  
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.  
Where the voice of music thrilling,  
Where the tongue of eloquence,  
That can utter hymns befitting  
All her matchless excellency.



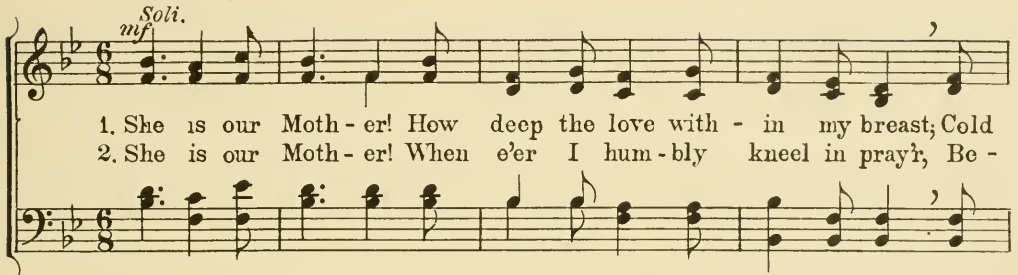
# She Is Our Mother!

146.

Cantabile. (♩. 76)

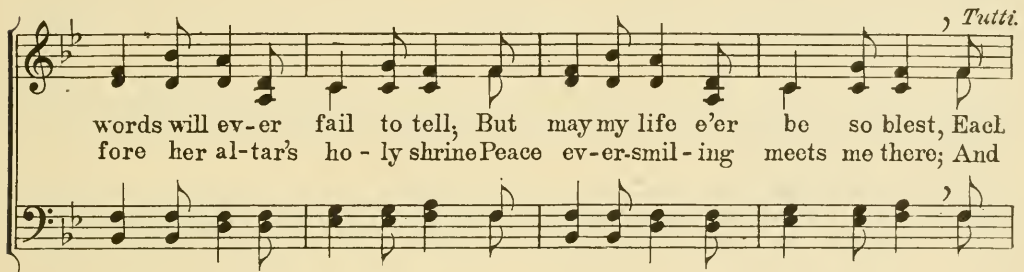
M.H.

*mf* *Soli.*



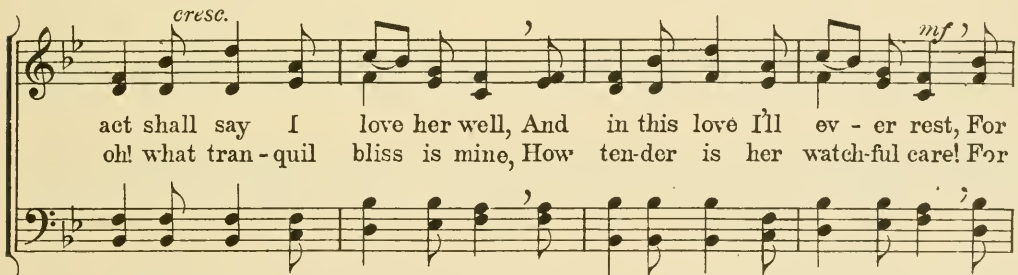
1. She is our Moth - er! How deep the love with - in my breast; Cold  
2. She is our Moth - er! When e'er I hum - bly kneel in pray'r, Be -

*Tutti.*



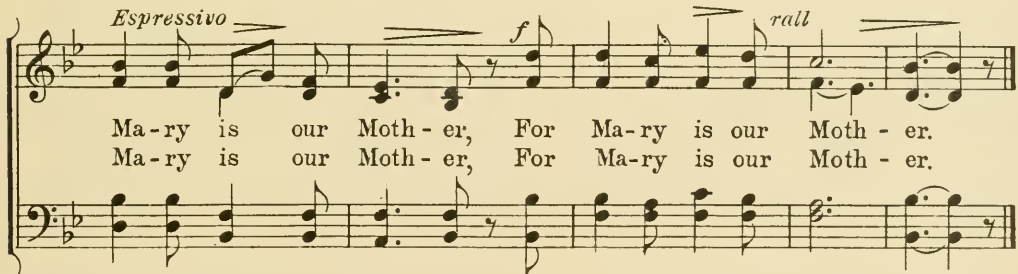
words will ev - er fail to tell, But may my life e'er be so blest, Each  
fore her al - tar's ho - ly shrine Peace ev - er - smil - ing meets me there; And

*cresc.*



act shall say I love her well, And in this love I'll ev - er rest, For  
oh! what tran - quil bliss is mine, How ten - der is her watch - ful care! For

*Espressivo* *f* *rall*



Ma - ry is our Moth - er, For Ma - ry is our Moth - er.  
Ma - ry is our Moth - er, For Ma - ry is our Moth - er.

3.

She is our Mother!  
Upon her blessed name I call  
When sin is darkly hov'ring near,  
She is my strength when doubts appall;  
My solace in my wand'rings here,  
She is my light, my hope, my all,—  
For Mary is our Mother,  
For Mary is our Mother!

4.

She is our Mother!  
When on my brow death's seal is set,  
And earthly hopes before him fly;  
She will not then her child forget,—  
Her name will form my parting sigh.—  
My Mother! I will love her yet,  
Oh! Mary is our Mother,  
Oh! Mary is our Mother!

\* \* \* Andantino con espressione. (♩ = 104.)

*mf Soli.*

1. Glo-rious Moth-er! from high heav-en, Down up-on thy chil-dren gaze,  
2. Earth is dark-some, we are wear-y, Sa-tan set-teth snares for all;

*mf* Gath-ered in thy own loved sea-son, Thee to bless and thee to praise.  
Pray for us, O ten-der Ma-ry! Pray to Je-sus, lest we fall.

*REFRAIN. tutti.*

*p* See, sweet Ma-ry, on thy al-tars, Bloom the fair-est buds of

May;— Oh, may we— earth's sons and daugh-ters, Grow by

*rall* grace, as pure—as they, Grow, by grace, as pure as they.

3.  
Raise thy voice for us to Jesus,  
In this blessed month of thine;  
Raise thy pure hands up to bless us,  
As we linger 'round thy shrine.

4.  
Many call upon thee, Mother!  
Some in manhood, strong in youth;  
Some in age, in tender childhood,  
All in loving faith and truth.

5.  
Bless, oh! bless us, now and ever,  
Thou who once the dark earth trod,  
And when dying, waft our spirits  
To the bosom of our God.

# O Mother! I Could Weep For Mirth.

148.

Rev. FR. FABER.

(Immaculate Conception.)

Adapted from A. ELWART.

Maestoso. (♩ = 84.)

*mf*

1. O Moth-er! I could weep for mirth; Joy fills my heart so fast. My  
2. When Je-sus looks up - on thy face, His Heart with rap-ture glows, And

*sostenuto* *rall.*

soul to - day is heav'n on earth, Oh! could the transport last!  
in the Church, by His sweet grace, Thy bless-ed wor-ship grows.

*mf* REFRAIN.

I think of thee, and what thou art, Thy maj-es-ty, thy state; And

*pressivo* *firma voce cresc.*

I keep singing in my heart, Im-mac-u-late! Im-mac-u-late! Im - mac - u - late!

3.  
The angels answer with their songs,  
Bright choirs in gleaming rows;  
And saints flock round thy feet in throngs,  
And heaven with bliss o'erflows

4.  
Conceived, conceived immaculate!  
Oh, what a joy for thee!  
Conceived, conceived immaculate!  
Oh, greater joy for me!

5.  
It is this thought to-day that lifts  
My happy heart to heaven,  
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts  
To thee, dear Queen, were given.

C/R 1913 P.J.K. & S.

# Hail, O Star Of Ocean!

(Ave Maris Stella.)



Andante. (♩ = 80)

FRENCH MELODY.

*mf* CHORUS.

Hail, O Star of O - cean, God's own Moth - er blest,

Ev - er sin - less Vir - gin, Gate of heav - 'nly rest.

*Soli. p* *Espressivo*

1. Tak - ing that sweet A - ve Which from Ga briel came,  
2. Break the sin - ners' fet - ters, Make our blind-ness day,

*mf* *f* *rall.* *D. O.*

Peace con - firm with - in us, Chang-ing E - va's name.  
Chase all e - vil from us, For all bless-ings pray.

3.

Show thyself a Mother,  
May the Word Divine  
Born for us thine Infant,  
Hear our pray'rs through thine.

5.

Keep our life all spotless  
Make our way secure  
Till we find in Jesus,  
Joy for evermore.

4.

Virgin all excelling,  
Mildest of the mild,  
Free from guilt preserve us,  
Meek and undefiled.

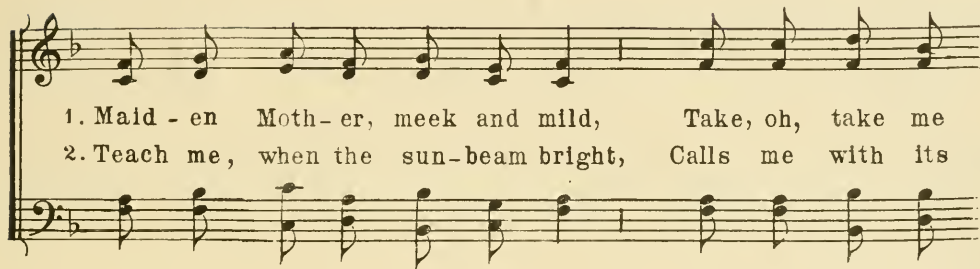
6.

Praise to God the Father,  
Honor to the Son,  
In the Holy Spirit  
Be the glory one.

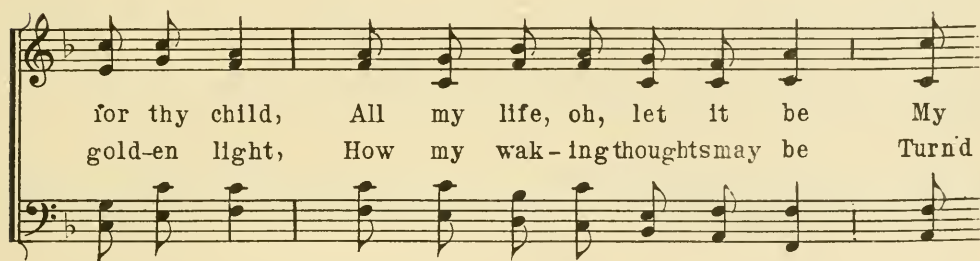


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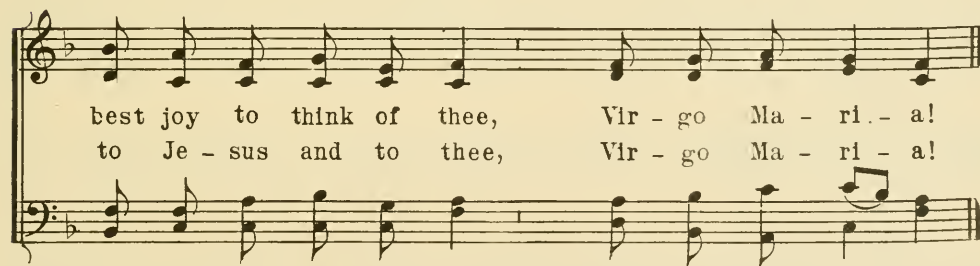
Old Prose Melody.



1. Maid - en Moth - er, meek and mild, Take, oh, take me  
2. Teach me, when the sun-beam bright, Calls me with its



for thy child, All my life, oh, let it be My  
gold-en light, How my wak-ing thoughts may be Turn'd



best joy to think of thee, Vir - go Ma - ri - a!  
to Je - sus and to thee, Vir - go Ma - ri - a!

3.  
Teach me also through the day  
Oft to raise my heart and say:  
"Maiden Mother, meek and mild,  
Guard, oh, guard thy faithful child!  
Virgo Maria!"

4.  
When my eyes are closed in sleep,  
Through the night my slumbers keep,  
Make my latest thought to be  
How to love thy Son and thee,  
Virgo Maria!

5.  
Thus, sweet Mother, day and night  
Thou shalt guard my steps aright;  
And my dying words shall be:  
"Virgin Mother, pray for me!  
Virgo Maria!"

Andante sostenuto (♩ = 48)

B. M. J.

*mf*

1. Moth - er of God! my life, my hope, my treasure, Look on thy  
2. Moth - er of God! my child-hood days ea - ress - ing, f'ond - ly thy

child, and hear me from a - bove; Moth - er of God! what  
hands my steps have home-ward led; Moth - er of God! each

joy, what un - told pleas-ure, Thrills thro' the soul that thinks on all thy love.  
mo-moment counts a bless-ing, Which o'er my soul thy watch-ful love has shed.

*REFRAIN.*  
*mf* *Larghetto* (♩ = 44)

Moth-er of Je-sus! Moth-er most fair! Show to thy chil-dren a moth-er's love and

care, Show to thy chil-dren a moth-er's love and care; A moth-er's love and care.

3.  
Angels of Heav'n! in choirs sublime adoring,  
Mark this my vow in Heav'n's bright sphere above;  
Mother of God! my grateful heart's outpouring  
Is pledg'd to thee in everlasting love.

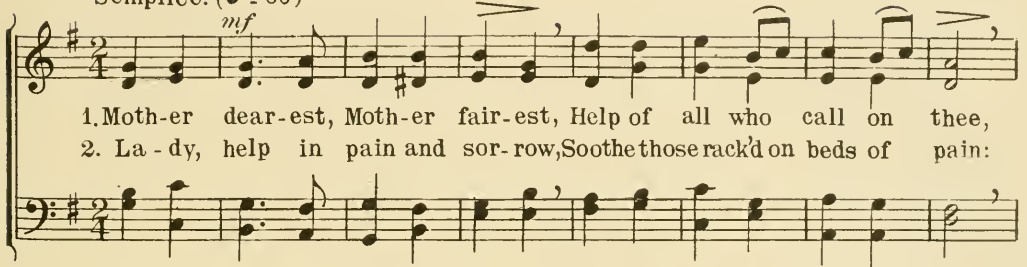
4.  
Mother of God! if e'er my heart forgetting,  
Thy love unceasing that has guarded me,  
Mother of God! O, then may deep regretting  
Recall my soul to love of God and thee.

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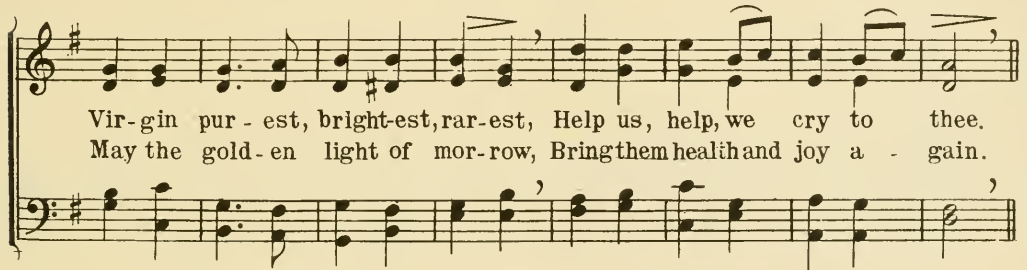
M. H.

Semplice. (♩ = 80)

*mf*



1. Moth-er dear-est, Moth-er fair-est, Help of all who call on thee,  
2. La - dy, help in pain and sor-row, Soothe those rack'd on beds of pain:



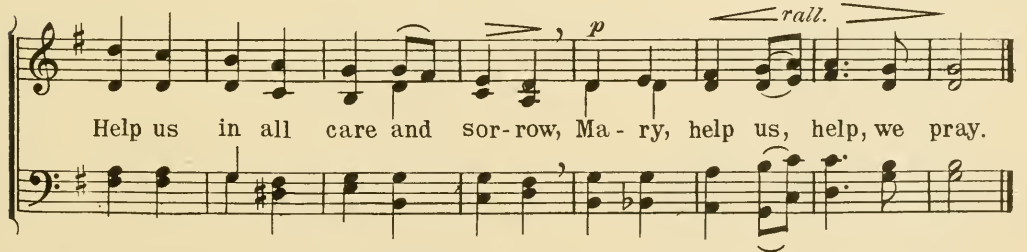
Vir-gin pur - est, bright-est, rar-est, Help us, help, we cry to thee.  
May the gold-en light of mor-row, Bring them healih and joy a - gain.

*CHORUS.* *mf* *cresc.*



Ma - ry, help us, help, we pray;— Ma - ry, help us, help, we pray;

*p* *raill.*



Help us in all care and sor-row, Ma - ry, help us, help, we pray.

3.

Help our priests, our virgins holy,  
Help our Pope, long may he reign;  
Pray that we who sing thy praises  
May in Heaven all meet again.

Rev. Fr. Faber.

Adagio Religioso. (♩ = 63)

*p Soli.*

M. H.

1. Ma - ry! dear - est Moth - er! From thy heav'n - ly height, —  
 2. Ma - ry! Queen and Moth - er! Get us still more grace, —

*p cresc.* Look on us, thy chil - dren, Lost in earth's dark night. —  
 With still great - er fer - vor, Now to run our race. —  
*dim.*

*mf CHORUS.* Ma - ry, pur - est crea - ture! Keep us all from sin; Help us, err - ing  
 Daughter of the Fa - ther! La - dy kind and sweet! Lead us to our

*p 1 rall.* mor - tals; Peace in heav'n to win! — Peace in heav'n to win!  
 Fa - ther, Leave us at His feet. — Leave us at His feet.  
 2

3.  
 Holy Queen of Angels!  
 Bid thine Angels come  
 To escort us safely  
 To our heav'nly home.  
 Bid the Saints in heaven  
 Pray for us their prayers;  
 They are thine, dear Mother!  
 That thou mayst be theirs.

4.  
 Mother of our Saviour,  
 Joy of God above!  
 Jesus bade thee keep us  
 In His fear and love.  
 Mary, Spouse and Servant  
 Of the Holy Ghost!  
 Keep for Him His creatures  
 Who would else be lost.

5.  
 Oh! we love thee, Mary!  
 Trusting all to thee,  
 What is past or present  
 What is yet to be.  
 Get us what thou pleasest,  
 What we cannot know,  
 What we most are needing  
 Every day below.

6.  
 Sweeter still and sweeter  
 Dost thou grow to us,  
 Will it, dearest Mother,  
 Ever more be thus?  
 Oh, not yet, sweet Mother  
 Is our love of thee  
 What it will be one day  
 In eternity.



# Hear Thy Children, Gentlest Mother.

154.

REV. FR. STANFIELD.

(Maria, audi nos.)

M.H.

Andantino. (♩ = 80)

1. Hear thy chil- dren, gen- tlest Moth- er, Pray'r- ful hearts to thee a - rise;  
2. Dark- ling sha- dows fall a - round us, Stars their si - lent watch- es keep;

Hear us while our even- ing "A - ve" Soars be yond the star- ry skies.  
Hush the heart op - press'd with sor- row, Dry the tears of those who weep.

3.

Hear, sweet Mother, hear the weary,  
Borne upon life's troubled sea;  
Gentle guiding Star of ocean,  
Lead thy children home to thee.

4.

Still watch o'er us, dearest Mother,  
From thy bounteous throne above;  
Guard us from all harm and danger  
'Neath thy shelt'ring wings of love.'

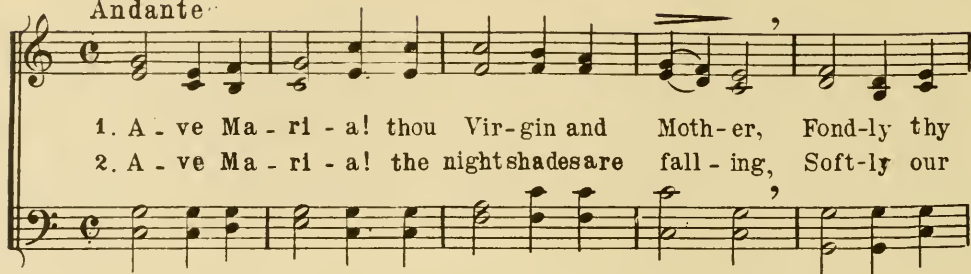
# 155. Ave Maria! Thou Virgin And Mother.

\* \* \*

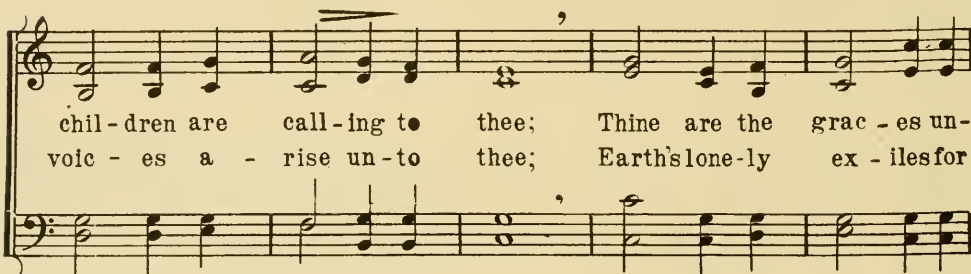
(First Tune.)

B. M. J

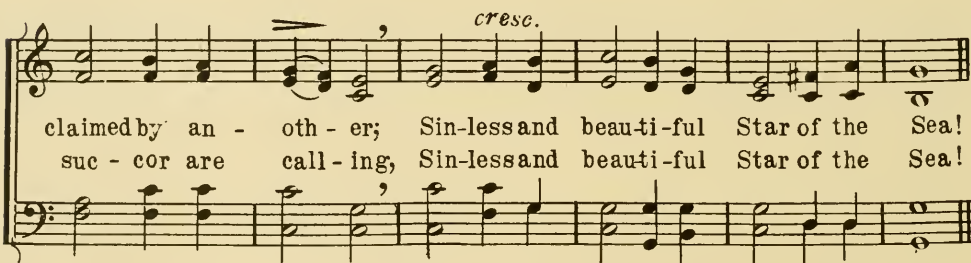
*Andante*



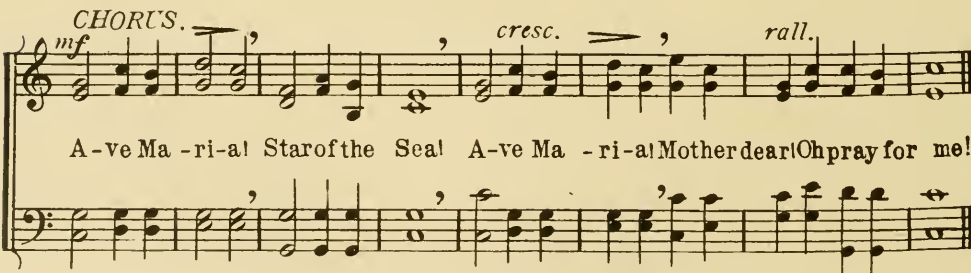
1. A - ve Ma - ri - a! thou Vir - gin and Moth - er, Fond - ly thy  
2. A - ve Ma - ri - a! the nightshades are fall - ing, Soft - ly our



chil - dren are call - ing to thee; Thine are the grac - es un -  
voic - es a - rise un - to thee; Earth's lone - ly ex - iles for



claimed by an - oth - er; Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea!  
suc - cor are call - ing, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea!



A - ve Ma - ri - a! Star of the Sea! A - ve Ma - ri - a! Mother dear! Oh pray for me!

3.

Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,  
Words of endearment are whispered to thee;  
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing;  
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

# Ave Maria! Thou Virgin And Mother.

(Second Setting.)

156.

Melody of B.M.J.  
Harm. by CARL HAUSER.

Grazioso. (♩ = 104)

*mf*

1. A - ve Ma - ri - a! thou Vir - gin and Moth - er,  
2. A - ve Ma - ri - a! the night shades are fall - ing,

Fond - ly thy chil - dren are call - ing to thee;  
Soft - ly our voic - es a - rise un - to thee;

Thine are the grac - es un - claim'd by an - oth - er,  
Earth's lone - ly ex - iles for suc - cor are call - ing,

Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star\_ of the Sea!  
Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star\_ of the Sea!

*p* *rail.*

Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star\_ of the Sea!  
Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star\_ of the Sea!

3. Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling, Ave Maria! thy arms are extending,  
Words of endearment are whispered to thee; Gladly within them for shelter we flee;  
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing, Are thy sweet eyes on thy lonely ones bending?  
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea! Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

## Remember, Holy Mary.

(Memorare.)

St. BERNARD.

Tr. Rev. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

B. J.

Andante (♩ = 48)

1. Re-mem-ber, ho - ly Ma - ry, 'Twas nev-er heard or known That any one who  
 2. And so to thee, my Moth - er, With fil-ial faith I call, For Je-sus dy-ing

sought thee And made to thee his moan, That an-y one who ha - stened For  
 gave thee As Moth-er to us all To thee, O Queen of vir - gins, O

shel-ter to thy care Was ev-er yet a - ban-doned And left to his des-pair.  
 Moth-er meek, to thee I run with trust-ful fond-ness, Like child to mother's knee.

3.

See at thy feet a sinner,  
 Groaning and weeping sore—  
 Ah! throw thy mantle o'er me,  
 And let me stray no more.  
 Thy Son has died to save me,  
 And from His throne on high  
 His Heart this moment yearneth  
 For even such as I.

4.

All, all His love remember,  
 And, oh! remember too  
 How prompt I am to purpose,  
 How slow and frail to do.  
 Yet scorn not my petitions,  
 But patiently give ear.  
 And help me, O my Mother,  
 Most loving and most dear.



# Heart Of Mary, Heart The Purest. (FIRST TUNE) 158.

\*\*\*

Allegretto. (♩ = 104)

B.M.J.

*mf*

1. Heart of Ma - ry, heart the pur - est, Ev - er shrin'd in mor - tal frame;  
2. Hear the pray'r of one whose weak - ness, Most de - mands a moth - er's care;

*f* *rall.*

Blest a - sy - lum who se - cur - est, All who thy pro - tec - tion claim.  
One to whom thy looks all meek - ness, Coun - sel hope, for - bid des - pair.

3.  
'Round me tempests gathering lower,  
As I tread life's desert way;  
And a foe in matchless power,  
Marks me for his destined prey.

4.  
To some spot where ne'er might hover,  
Danger's shadow I would flee;  
But, oh! where that spot discover,  
Where, oh! Mary but in thee.

# Heart Of Mary, Heart The Purest. (SECOND TUNE) 159

Lento. (♩ = 50)

M.H.

*Cantabile.* *mf*

VOICES Heart of Ma - ry, heart the pur - est, Ev - er shrin'd in mor - tal

ORGAN.

*p* *rall.*

frame; Blest a - sy - lum who se - cur - est, All who thy pro - tec - tion claim.

Words by S.N.D.

Adapted from NICOU-CHORON.

Andantino. (♩ = 72)

*Voices.* *mf*

1. Ah! must I leave our La-dy's al-tar Where oft I've found such sweet de-light? My  
2. How sweet to sing my Mother's prais-es, And breathe to her my lov-ing sighs! So

*Organ.*

sad a-dieux must I now fal-ter, Must joys so pure now wing their flight?  
fond-ly on me then she gaz-es, So soft-ly beam her star-like eyes.

*rall*

\* *REFRAIN. più a tempo*

Fare-well, sweet month, sweet month of flow-ers, Fare-well, loved shrine, thou dear re-  
How sweet to sing my Moth-er's prais-es, And breathe to her my lov-ing

*mf* *crese* *più largo* *rall*

treat; But ere have fled these hap-py hours, My heart I'll leave at Ma-ry's feet.  
sighs! So fond-ly on me then she gaz-es, So soft-ly beam her star-like eyes.

3.  
When I was tempted, sad and tearful,  
My angel to thy shrine me led;  
Thy smile dispell'd the tempest fearful,  
The demon at thy presence fled. - *Refrain.*

4.  
There from thy hand with graces streaming,  
Hope sweetly flow'd upon my soul;  
Thy arms extended to me seeming,  
To woo me to thy loved control. - *Refrain.*

\* This hymn is suitable throughout the year, using the words of the second stanza for the Refrain.  
C/R 1913 P. J. K. & S.

# Darker and Darker.

(Evening Hymn)

161.

\*\*\*

Allegretto. (♩ = 88)

B. M. J.

*mf Soli.*

1. Dark - er and dark - er fall a - round The shad - ows from the  
2. We pray to thee for those who sail In per - il on the

pine; It is the hour, O Moth-er-Maid, To gath-er round thy shrine.  
sea, For wherethine eyes of mer-cy shine None per-ish ut - ter - ly.

*f CHORUS. espressivo.* *mf*

Sweet Moth-er, hear us, thou hast known Our earth-ly hopes and

*f* *mf rall.*

fears; The heav-i - ness of hu-man toil, The ten-der-ness of tears.

3.

And for the soldier too, who sleeps —  
His head upon his hand —  
And only in a dream can see  
His own beloved land. *Chorus.*

4.

Pray for us all that hearth and home  
Be kept in peace and love;  
Peace which the world can never give,  
And love from Heaven above. *Chorus.*

5.

For us thine eyes are filled with tears;  
Oh! let them wash away  
The stains of our unworthiness: —  
Pray for us, Mother, pray! *Chorus.*

6.

For when our sins had nailed our Hope  
To die upon the Tree,  
Lest every hope should die with Him  
He gave the hopeless Thee. *Chorus.*

## As The Dewy Shades Of Even.

(Evening Hymn to Our Lady.)

\*\*\*

Andantino. (♩ = 84.)

M.H.

1. As the dew - y shades of e - ven, Gath - er o'er the  
2. Ho - ly Moth - er, near me hov - er; Free my thoughts from

balm - y air, Lis - ten, gen - tle Queen of Heav - en,  
aught de - filed; With thy wings of mer - cy cov - er,

Lis - ten to my ves - per pray'r, Lis - ten to my ves - per pray'r.  
Safe from harm, thy help - less child, Safe from harm, thy help - less child.

3.

Thine own sinless heart was broken,  
Sorrow's sword had pierced it through;  
Give, oh, give me some sweet token  
Of thy tender love so true. (bis)

4.

Queen of Heaven guard and guide me,  
Save my soul from dark despair,  
In thy tender bosom hide me,  
Take me, Mother, to thy care. (bis)

5.

Mother of my Infant Saviour,  
Spouse of God, my plaint, oh hear;  
Purest Virgin, gracious Matron,  
Oh, relieve me by thy prayer. (bis)

6.

From thy happy seat in Zion,  
Light me through this dark abode;  
Smile, oh, gently smile upon me,  
Tell my sorrows to my God. (bis)



# Softly And Still Night Comes Stealing.

163.

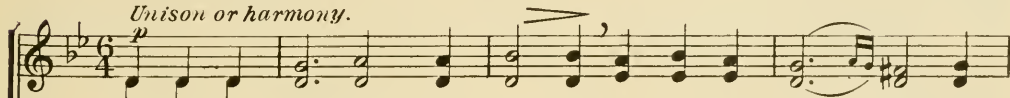
I. WILLIAMS.

(Evening Hymn to Our Lady.)

Adapted from Rev. F.L.

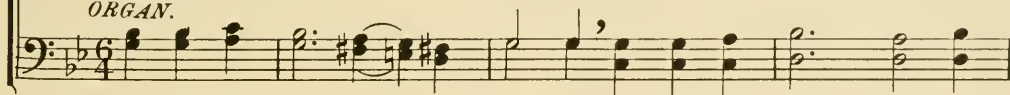
Lento (♩ = 76.)

*Unison or harmony.*

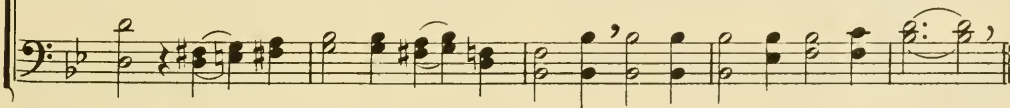


1. Soft-ly and still, night comes steal-ing, Lo! in the West, — sets the  
2. Here at thy feet humb-ly kneel-ing, Here at thy feet, — Ma-ry

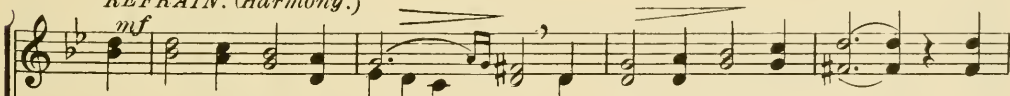
*ORGAN.*



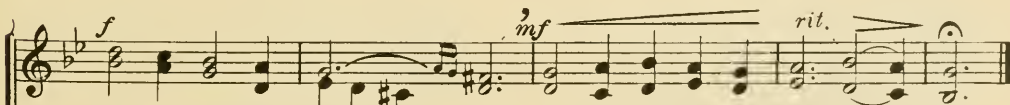
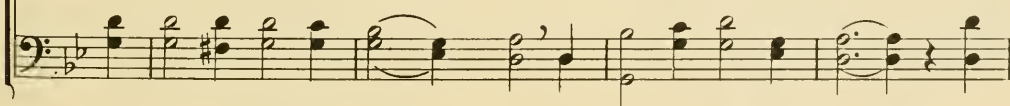
sun; Silv-ry chimes of e-ven peal-ing, Tell us that the day is done.  
see; To thy moth-er love ap-peal-ing, We, thy chil-dren, come to thee.



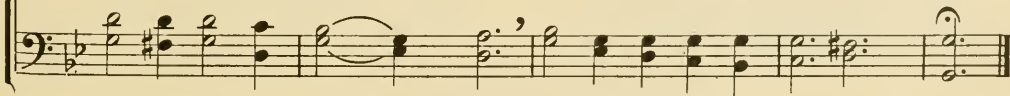
*REFRAIN. (Harmony.)*



O love-ly Queen of Heav-en! O Star of Hope so fair! — To



thee all pow'r is giv-en List, oh! list to our ev'n-ing — prayer.



3

4

Danger and sin all around us,  
Warfare we wage day and night,  
'Mid temptations that surround us,  
Mary, guide our souls aright.

Watch o'er us then, loving Mother,  
Ne'er let our prayer be in vain;  
Show thyself in truth our Mother,  
'Midst life's cares our hearts sustain.

\* \*

Andantino (♩ = 80.)

*mf*

\* 1. De - scend - ing from the throne of God A bright arch - an - gel  
 \* 2. Now Ma - ry wends her way with haste The rug - ged roads a -

flies; To Ma - ry's low - ly home he brings A mes - sage from the  
 long; In an - swer to her cous - in's words She sings her glo - rious

*p*

skies. She hears an an - gels' lips that night The first "Hail Ma - ry"  
 song. The un - born in - fant leaps with joy, When Ma - ry's voice he

*mf*

say: O Moth - er, think of this when we Re - peat his words to day.  
 hears: O Moth - er, may that voice of thine Be ev - er in our ears.

3.

*The Birth Of Our Lord.*

See troops of shining angels crowd  
 Around the homely shed,  
 Where Jesus lies on Mary's knees,  
 And shepherds softly tread:  
 And kings from distant lands adore  
 Thy Infant God, Whose star  
 Has led them to His Sacred Feet,  
 From eastern realms afar.

4.

*The Presentation Of Our Lord.*

In Simeon's arms behold the Babe,  
 Who rules both earth and skies!  
 On Mary's Child, his promised Lord,  
 He rests his aged eyes.  
 He long had waited, long had pray'd  
 This blissful day to see;  
 And now he asks to go in peace  
 Where Jesus soon will be.

5.

*The Finding Of Our Lord.*

O Mother, dry those bitter tears!  
 O Mother, grieve no more!  
 Thy Child, thy Jesus is not lost,  
 That weary search is o'er:  
 To do his Father's work, He chose  
 Among the Scribes to be;  
 But now returns to dwell for years  
 With Joseph and with thee.

\* The Annunciation.

\* The Visitation.

C R 1913 P. J. K. &amp; S.

# By The Blood That Flowed From Thee.

165.

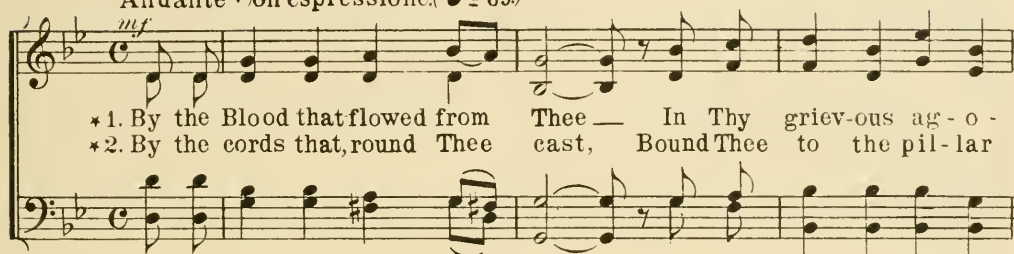
Most Holy Rosary.  
(Sorrowful Mysteries.)

Rev. Fr. FABER.

M. H.

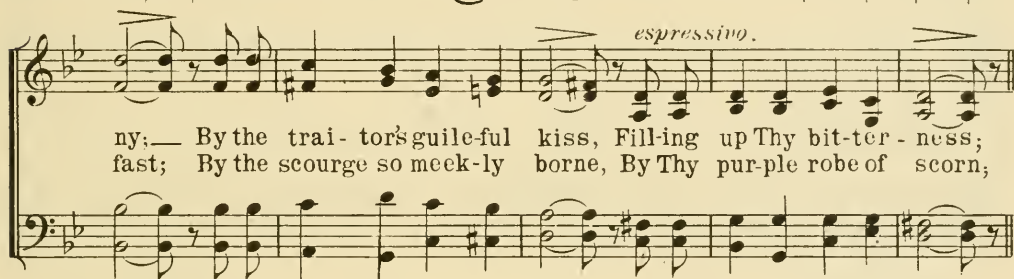
Andante Con espressione. (♩ = 69.)

*mf*



\* 1. By the Blood that flowed from Thee — In Thy grievous ag - o -  
\* 2. By the cords that round Thee cast, Bound Thee to the pil - lar

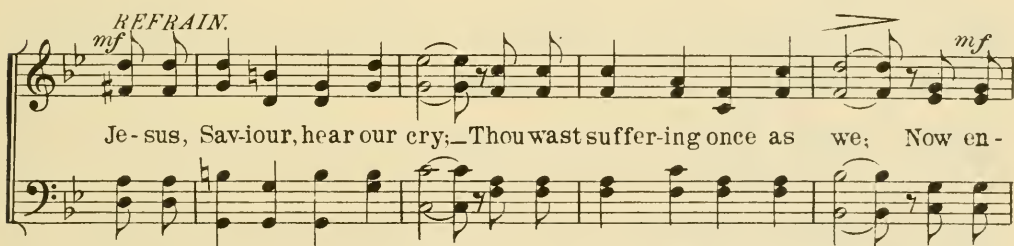
*espressivo.*



ny; — By the trai - tor's guile - ful kiss, Filling up Thy bit - ter - ness;  
fast; By the scourge so meek - ly borne, By Thy purple robe of scorn;

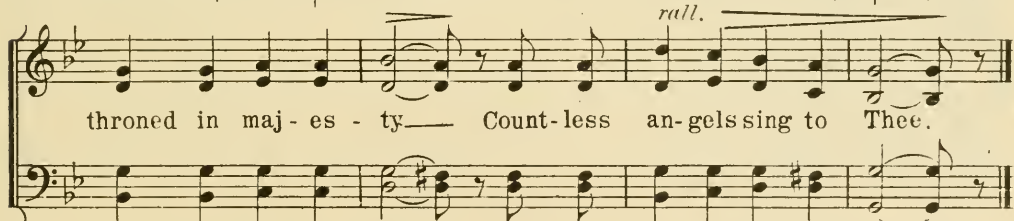
*REFRAIN.*

*mf*



Je - sus, Sav - iour, hear our cry; — Thou wast suffer - ing once as we; Now en -

*rall.*



throned in maj - es - ty — Count - less an - gels sing to Thee.

## 3. The Crowning With Thorns.

By the thorns that crowned Thy Head;  
By Thy sceptre of a reed;  
By Thy foes on bending knee,  
Mocking at Thy royalty;

## 4. The Carrying Of The Cross.

By the people's cruel jeers;  
By the holy women's tears;  
By Thy footsteps faint and slow,  
Weighed beneath Thy Cross of woe;

## 5. The Crucifixion.

By Thy weeping Mother's woe;  
By the sword that pierced her through,  
When, in anguish standing by,  
On the Cross she saw Thee die;

\* The Agony.  
\* The Scourging.

## By The First Bright Easter Day.

Most Holy Rosary.

\* \*

Rev. FR. FABER.

(Glorious Mysteries.)

Ad. from Mendelssohn by C. HAUSER.

Maestoso. (♩ = 69.)

*mf*

\* 1. By the first bright East-er-day, When the stone was rolled a-way;  
 \* 2. By Thy part-ing bless-ing given As Thou didst as-cend to heaven;

By the glo-ry round Thee shed At Thy ris-ing from the dead.  
 By the cloud of liv-ing light That re-ceived Thee out of sight.

CHORUS.

King of glo-ry, hear our cry;— Make us soon Thy joy to see.

Where en-throned in maj-es-ty Count-less an-gels sing to Thee.

3.

*The Descent Of The Holy Ghost.*

By that rushing sound of might  
 Coming down from heaven's height;  
 By the cloven tongues of fire,  
 Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire!

4.

*The Assumption Of Our Lady.*

See the Virgin Mother rise,  
 Angels bear her to the skies;  
 Mount aloft, imperial Queen,  
 Plead on high the cause of men!

5.

*The Coronation Of Our Lady.*

Mary reigns upon the throne  
 Pre-ordained for her alone;  
 Saints and angels round her sing,  
 Mother of our God and King.

\* The Resurrection.

\* The Ascension.

C/R 1913 P. J. K. &amp; S.



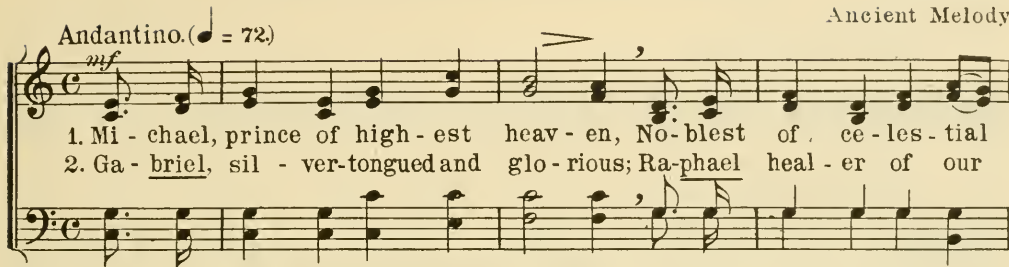
# Michael, Prince Of Highest Heaven.

167

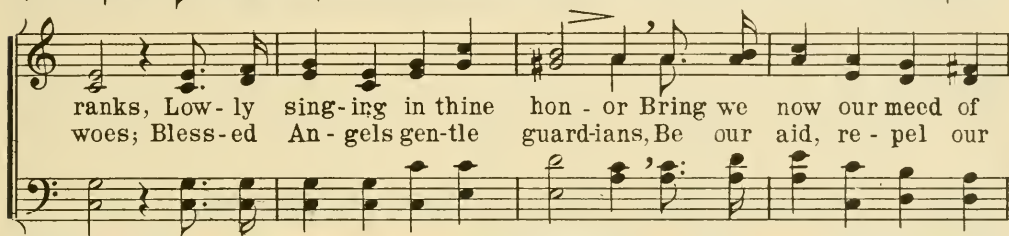
Ancient Melody.

Andantino. (♩ = 72)

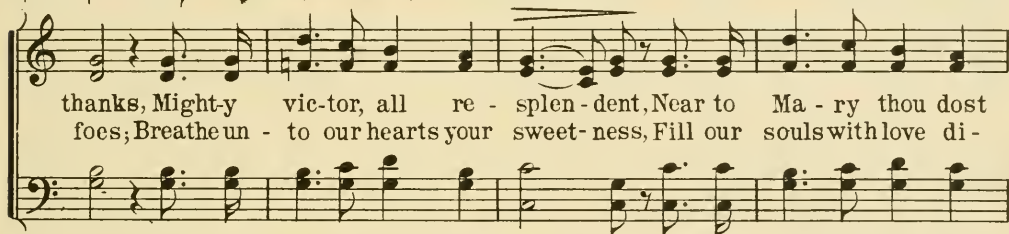
*mf*



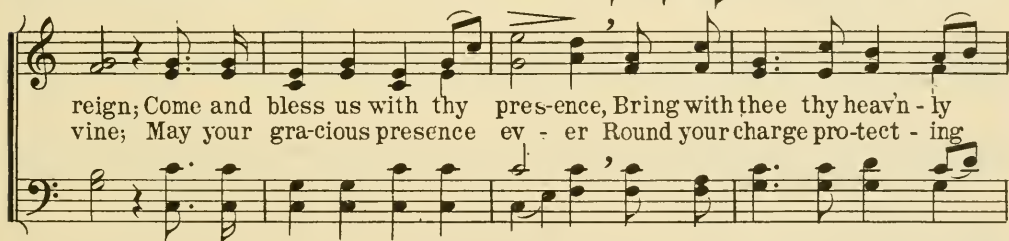
1. Mi - chael, prince of high - est heav - en, No - blest of ce - les - tial  
2. Ga - briel, sil - ver - tongued and glo - rious; Ra - phael heal - er of our



ranks, Low - ly sing - ing in thine hon - or Bring we now our meed of  
woes; Bless - ed An - gels gen - tle guard - ians, Be our aid, re - pel our

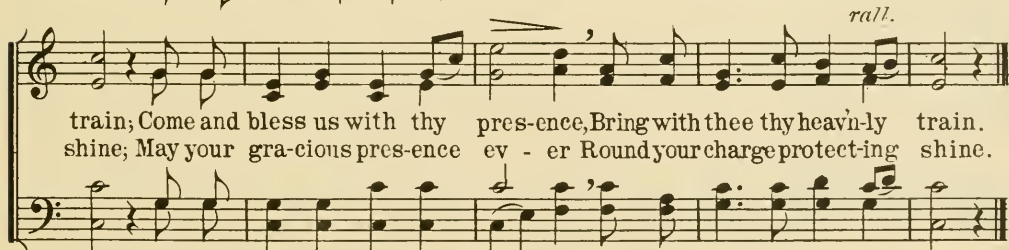


thanks, Might - y vic - tor, all re - splen - dent, Near to Ma - ry thou dost  
foes; Breathe un - to our hearts your sweet - ness, Fill our souls with love di -



reign; Come and bless us with thy pres - ence, Bring with thee thy heav'n - ly  
vine; May your gra - cious pres - ence ev - er Round your charge pro - tect - ing

*rall.*



train; Come and bless us with thy pres - ence, Bring with thee thy heav'n - ly train.  
shine; May your gra - cious pres - ence ev - er Round your charge protect - ing shine.

3.  
We will honor, we will love you,  
Blessed Spirits, more and more;  
Our devotion still increasing,  
As you favors on us pour;  
Till with you for ever singing  
In a glad, unending strain,  
God the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Where the blessed ever reign.

I. WILLIAMS

H. GREPPO.

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 104)

*mf*

1. Spir - it most ho - ly, heavn - ly guide, Thou, whom my  
2. Dan - gers sur - round me; in an - gry tide Sin and temp -

Sav - iour in mer - cy did send; Thou who art ev - er  
ta - tion my spir - it as - sail; Hold thou my hand, my

*cresc.*

close by my side, Faith - ful and lov - ing guard - ian and friend.  
falt - er - ing steps guide, Lest in the hour of tri - al I fail.

*REFRAIN*

An - gel of heav - en, An - gel of light, Keep me and guide me

*p* *mf*

day and night; An - gel of heav - en, An - gel of light, Keep me and

*rit.*

guide me day and night. Keep me and guide me day and night.

3.  
Fair gleams life's pathway, blossom bedecked,  
Life's joys alluring, our footsteps ensnare;  
Haste to mine aid, my weakness protect;  
Safe shall I rest in thy loving care.

# Dear Angel, Ever At My Side.

169.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

Harm. by CARL HAUSER.

Andantino. (♩. = 54.)

*Soli. p*

1. Dear An-gel, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be, — To  
2. Thy beau-ti-ful and shin-ing face I see not, though so near; — The

*CHORUS. Tutti.*

leave thy home in heav'n to guide A sin - ful soul like me. — } Then  
sweetness of thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear. — }

*mf*

love me, guide me, An - gel dear! And I will love thee more; And

*rall.*

help me when my soul is cast Up - on th' eter - nal shore.

3.  
And when dear Spirit, I kneel down,  
At morn and eve, to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart,  
Which tells me thou art there.

4.  
Yes, when I pray thou prayest too;  
Thy prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not  
But watchest patiently.

5.  
Then, for thy sake, dear Angel, now  
More humble will I be;  
But I am weak; and when I fall,  
Oh, weary not of me!

6.  
Oh, weary not, but love me still,  
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;  
She never tired of me, though I  
Full wayward oft have been.

## Hark! Hark! My Soul, Angelic Songs Are Swelling.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

Andantino. (♩ = 58)

Mel. of B. M. J.

Harm. by CARL HAUSER.

*mf*

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and  
2. Dark - er than night life's shadows fall a - round us, And, like be - night - ed

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
men, we miss our mark; God hides Him - self, and grace hath scarcely found us,

*p* REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. } Angels of Je - sus! angels of light!  
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark. }

*cresc.* *mf cresc.* *rall.*

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

3.  
Onward we go; for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home. - Angels of Jesus, etc.

4.  
Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee. - Angels of Jesus, etc.

5.  
Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. - Angels of Jesus, etc.

6.  
Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,  
Till life's long night shall break in endless love. - Angels of Jesus, etc.



# Dear Guardian Of Mary!

171.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

Rev. Fr. FROMOND.

Semplice. (♩ = 78.)

*mf*

1. Dear guard-ian of Ma-ry! dear nurse of her Child!— Life's  
 2. For thou to the pil-grim art fa-ther and guide, And

ways are full weary, the des-ert is wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no  
 Je-sus and Ma-ry felt safe by thy side; O, bless-ed Saint Jo-seph, how

home can we see; Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! we lean up-on thee.  
 safe I should be, Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! if thou wert with me.

*REFRAIN.*

*mf* O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth, The one chosen shadow of  
 God up-on earth; The fa-ther of Je-sus. Ah! then wilt thou be, Sweet  
 Spouse of our La-dy! a fa-ther to me? The fa-ther to me? *Fine.*

*1* *2* *rall.*

When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,  
 Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth;  
 O father of Jesus! be father to me,  
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary; wilt thou  
 Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?  
 There's no Saint in heaven, Saint Joseph, like thee;  
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! Ah, deign to love me.

Moderato (♩ = 80.)

*mf*

1. Jo-seph, spouse of that pure Vir-gin Who now reigns in glo-ry bright,  
2. See Saint Jo - seph safe-ly bearing On his arm the Ho-ly Child,

*p* *rall.*

May thy prais-es loud be sound-ed, Here and in the realms of light!  
In his hand he holds the lil - y, Spot-less e'er and un - de - filed.

*CHORUS.* *f*

Ho - ly Jo-seph, might-y pa-tron, Hear-ken to our hum - ble lays,

*rall.*

Send us tokens of thy fa-vor; Bring us grac-es on our ways.

3.  
Many hardships, fears and labors  
Thou for Jesus didst endure;  
All thy toils are now rewarded  
Now thou liv'st in pleasures pure.

4.  
Happy Joseph, endless glory  
Shines around thy joyful brow,  
At thy throne of love and mercy  
See thy suppliants humbly bow.

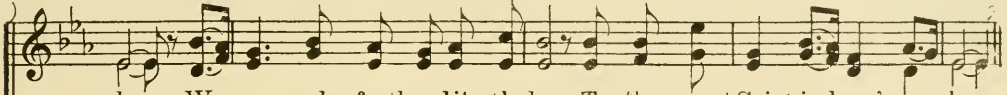
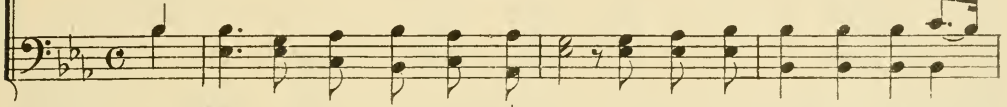
\*\*\*

Moderato, (♩ = 76)  
*Soli.*

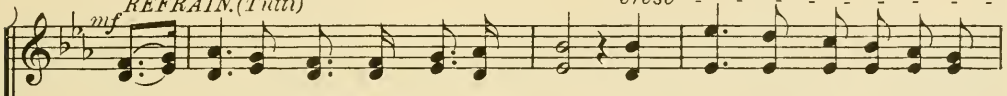
ANCIENT TUNE.



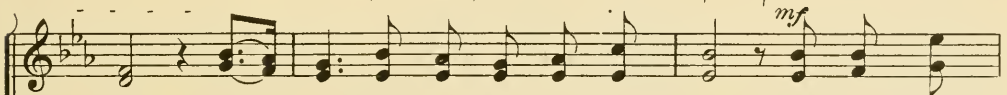
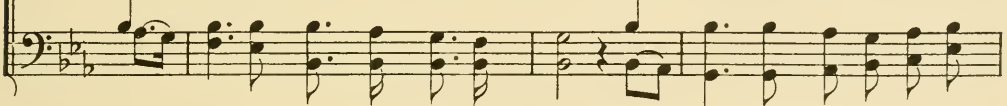
1. With grate-ful hearts we breathe to day, The ten-der ac-cents of our  
2. More fa-vored than earth's great-est king, Thou wert the guard-ian of that



love, We car-ol forth a lit-tle lay To thee, great Saint in heav'n a - bove.  
Child, A-round whose crib full choirs did sing, With ca-denced voice- es soft and mild.



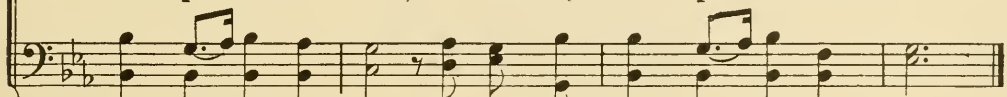
O — Jo-seph dear, from thy bright throne, In - eline thine ear un-to our



prayer, And o'er us all as o'er thine own, Ex-tend thy



fond pa-ter-nal care; Ex-tend thy fond pa-ter-nal care.



3.

All Heaven's hosts on that great night,  
Looked on the Child, the Spouse and thee,  
And ravished with so fair a sight,  
Struck loud their harps with jubilee.

4.

They sang the praises of thy Son,  
In strains of sweetest melody,  
And lowly bowed with awe anon,  
Before thy Virgin Spouse and thee.

## Hail! Holy Joseph Hail!



Rev. FR. FABER.

(FIRST TUNE.)

I. MÜLLER.

Cantabile. (♩. 84)

*mf*

1. Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Chaste spouse of Ma - ry, hail!  
 2. Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! God's choice wert thou a - lone;

*rall*

Pure as the lil - y flow'r, In E - den's peace - ful vale.  
 To thee the Word made flesh, Was sub - ject as a son.

3.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
 Prince of the house of God!  
 May His best graces be  
 By thy sweet hands bestow'd.

4.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
 Help of the needy, hail!  
 Cheer thou the hearts that faint  
 And guide the steps that fail.

5.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
 Teach us our flesh to tame;  
 And, Mary, keep the hearts  
 That love thy husband's name.

6.

Mother of Jesus, bless,  
 And bless, ye saints on high;  
 All meek and simple souls  
 That to Saint Joseph cry.



## Hail! Holy Joseph, Hail!

Rev. FR. FABER.

(SECOND TUNE.)

B. M. J.

Moderato. (♩ - 58.)

*mf*

1. Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Hus - band of Ma - ry,  
2. Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Fa - ther of Christ es -

hail! Chaste as the lil - y flower In E - den's peace - ful  
teemed, Fa - ther be thou to those Thy Fos - ter - Son re -

*f* *p* *rall*

vale; Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail!  
deemed; Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail!

3.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Comrade of Angels, hail!  
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,  
And guide the steps that fail,  
Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*bis*)

4.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
God's choice wast thou alone,  
To thee the Word made flesh,  
Was subject as a son.  
Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*bis*)

5.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Teach us our flesh to tame,  
And, Mary, keep the hearts,  
That love thy husband's name.  
Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*bis*)

6.

Mother of Jesus! bless,  
And bless, ye saints on high,  
All meek and simple souls  
That to Saint Joseph cry;  
Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*bis*)

## Glorious Father, Dear St. Joseph!

(Children's Consecration)

B.M.J.

\*\*\* Moderato. (♩ = 88.)

*mf* 1st Semi-Chorus.

1. Glo-rious Fa-ther, dear Saint Jo-seph! Throng we round thy shrine to-  
 2. Her-od sought the Child to slay Him, But through thee He safe-ty  
 day; For the sake of Je-sus take us 'Neath thy guard-lan-ship for aye.  
 found; Still the de-mon seeks the chil-dren, Thou wilt still his art con-found.

*mf* 2nd Semi-Chorus.

Once like us He called thee fa-ther, Teach-er, help-er, guard and  
 Keep us pure as thine own lil-y In bap-tis-mal blood-bought  
 guide; Once like us he sought for safe-ty At His fa-ther Jo-seph's side.  
 grace; If we fall, dear fa-ther, help us By our tears sin to ef-face.

*f* Full Chorus.

Then, as round thy shrine we gath-er, Con-se-cra-ting ev-'ry  
 heart, Take us for thy chil-dren, fa-ther, And thy bless-ing fond im-part.

3.

- 1st S.-C. Take us, then beloved father  
 Thine own children e'er to be;  
 'Neath thy blessed eyes here daily  
 We will do our tasks for thee.  
 2nd S.-C. Lessons, prayer, or play we'll give thee,  
 Each in its allotted time,  
 "All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph!"  
 Make of each an act sublime.—Full Chorus.—Then, etc.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
(The Holy Family)

177.

M.S. PINE.

Rev. Fr. A. SCHUBIGER.

Moderato (♩ = 84)

1. O Je-sus, Ma-ry, Jo - seph! My heart is all your own; Its  
2. O Je-sus, Ma-ry, Jo - seph! When shad-ows round me close, When

hid-den sweet af-fec - tions Are ev - er near your throne; My  
past mis-deeds af-fright me A - mid dark spir-it fogs; When

soul with all its pow - ers, My life of joy and pain, O  
in the strong dath an - guish, I breathe your names of pow'r, O

Je - sus, Ma - ry, Jo - seph! I give to\_ your sweet reign.  
Je - sus, Ma - ry, Jo - seph! As - sist me in that hour.

3.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
What rapture might I die  
In peace, for-given and stainless,  
In your sweet company!  
Your triple shield around me,  
The Trinity within,  
Oh Jesus, Mary, Joseph!

Heaven's glory may I win!

1. O hap - py Day! that could dis - play The  
2. Lo! scarce - ly born His Blood this morn Pur -

first sweet drops of Je - sus' Blood, O hap py Day! that  
ples the O - rient from a - bove; This fu - ner - al Li -

could es - say The tri - umph of the Ho - ly Rood!  
ba - tion shall Be - come the pre - lude of His love.

3.  
He will fulfill His Father's will  
Not sadly, but rejoicing: so  
Forestalls the day (too far away!)  
Whereon His precious Blood must flow.

4.  
The guilt He takes for our poor sake;  
The pain He suffers, innocent:  
Who made the law would not withdraw  
Himself from all its punishment.

5.  
Beneath Thy wound, O Christ, hath swooned  
The ancient law, and ceased to be.  
Its follower, the holier  
Eternal law of charity.



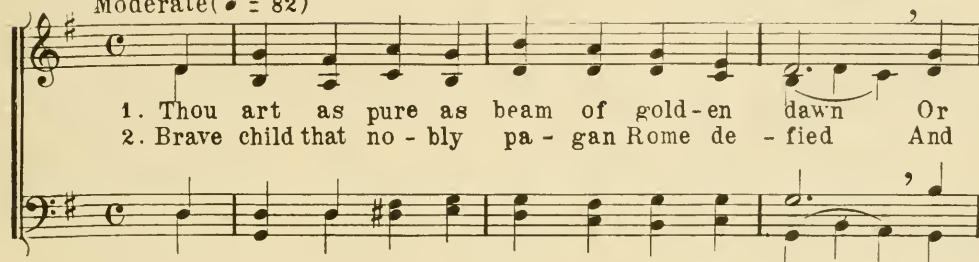
# Thou Art As Pure As Beam Of Golden Dawn 179

(St. Agnes, Jan. 21.)

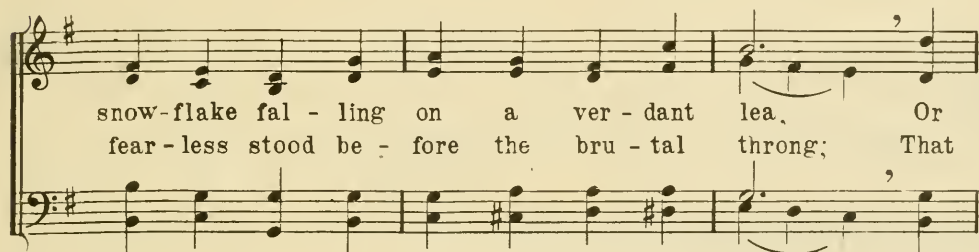
Rev. Mgr. H. A. BRANN, D.D.

Rev. Mgr. H. A. BRANN, D.D.

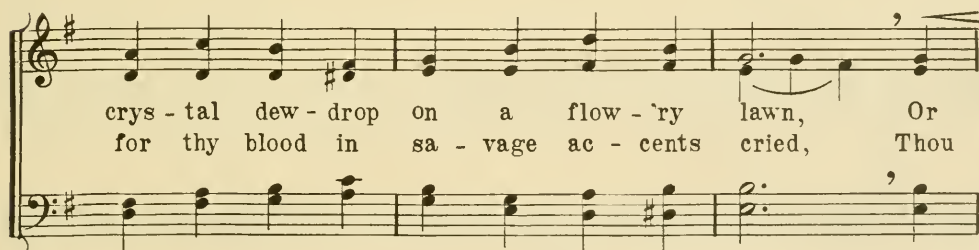
Moderate (♩ = 82)



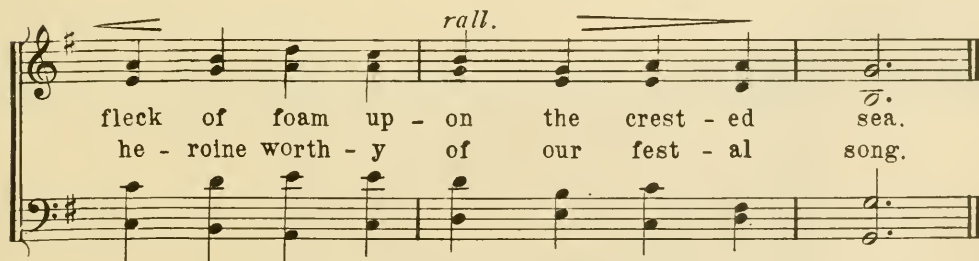
1. Thou art as pure as beam of gold-en dawn Or  
2. Brave child that no - bly pa - gan Rome de - fied And



snow-flake fal - ling on a ver - dant lea, Or  
fear-less stood be - fore the bru - tal throng; That



crys - tal dew - drop on a flow - 'ry lawn, Or  
for thy blood in sa - vage ac - cents cried, Thou



fleck of foam up - on the crest - ed sea.  
he - roine worth - y of our fest - al song.

3.  
White virgin, rose of early Christian days,  
Made red by blood upon the Martyr's block,  
Thy purity the theme of endless praise,  
Thy fortitude a model for the flock.

## Hail, Glorious St. Patrick.

(The Apostle and Patron of Ireland, March 17.)

Rev. FR. FABER.

ED. HURLEY.

Allegretto. (♩ = 100)

1. Hail, glo-rious Saint Pat-rick, dear Saint of our Isle! On us, thy poor  
2. Hail, glo-rious Saint Pat-rick, thy words were once strong A-gainst Sa-tan's

chil-dren, be-stow a sweet smile; And now thou art high in the  
wiles and a her-e-tic throng; Not less is thy might where in

man-sions a-bove, On E-rin's green val-leys look down in thy love.  
heav-en thou art, Oh, come to our aid, in our bat-tle take part.

3.

In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,  
Dear Saint, may thy children resist unto death;  
May their strength be in meekness, in penance, in pray'r,  
Their banner the Cross which they glory to bear.

4.

Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,  
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more;  
And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn bright,  
Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

5.

Ever bless and defend us in this weary life,  
As we labor and toil amid hardship and strife;  
And our hearts shall yet burn, wheresoever we roam,  
For God, and Saint Patrick, and our native home.

# Grateful Notes To Heaven Ascending.

181.

(St. Patrick, March 17.)

\* \* \*

Cantabile (♩ = 92.)

Adapted from Rev. E. BRUNE.

*SemiChorus.*

*mf*

1. Grate-ful notes, to Heav'n as-cend-ing, To the world new joys pro-  
2. Pa-gan priests their dark de-lu-sion Long had o'er Hi-ber-nia

*cresc.*

claim; Faith and love to-geth-er blend-ing, We re-vere our Pat-rick's name.  
spread; Pat-rick came and in con-fu-sion, De-mons from his pres-ence fled.

*CHORUS.*

*mf*

Happy Saint! in bliss a-dor-ing Je-sus, Sav-iour of man-kind, Hear thy

*rall.*

children thee im-ploring; May we thy pro-tec-tion find, May we thy pro-tec-tion find.

3.

Lo! their infant arms extending,  
Erin's children crave his aid;  
To their wants the Saint attending,  
Soon their heav'nly call obeyed.

5.

Sickness flies; his voice obeying,  
Sightless eyes behold the day;  
And the pow'r of God displaying,  
Death, unwilling, yields his prey.

4.

Prisons, insults, every danger  
On our prelate's mission wait;  
Patrick still, to fear a stranger,  
Trusts to bounteous Heav'n his fate.

6.

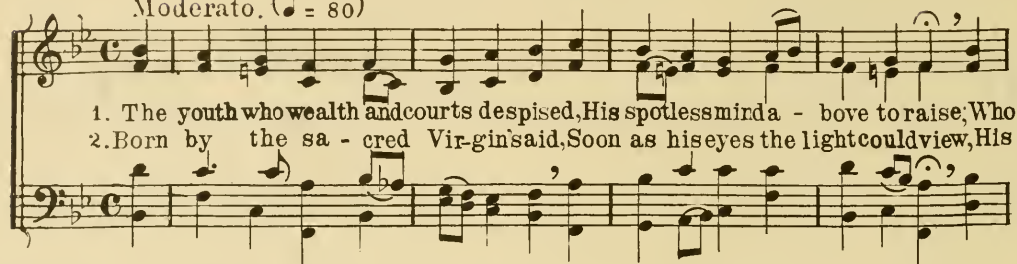
Mortals, with amazement seeing  
Senseless idols prostrate fall,  
Own the author of their being,  
And proclaim Him Lord of all.

# 182. The Youth Who Wealth And Courts Despised.

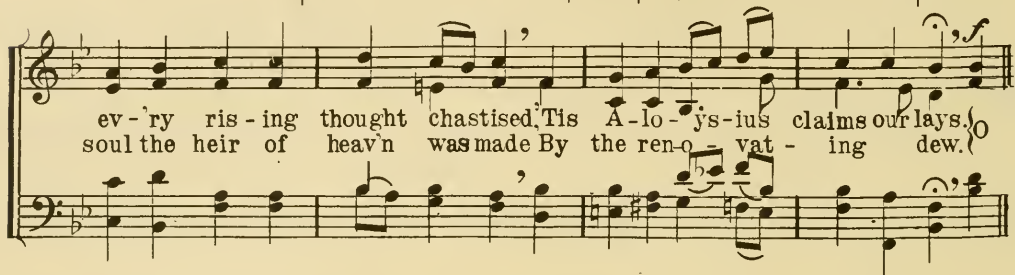
(St. Aloysius Gonzaga, June 21.)

Ad. from HAYDN.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

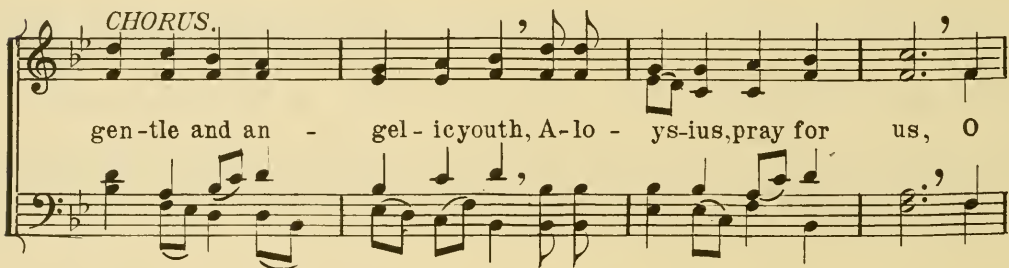


1. The youth who wealth and courts despised, His spotless mind above to raise; Who  
2. Born by the sacred Virgin said, Soon as his eyes the light could view, His

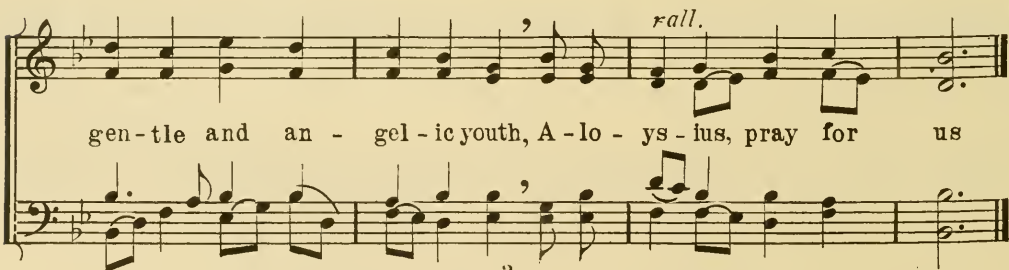


ev-ry ris-ing thought chastised, 'Tis A-lo-y's-i-us claims our lays,  
soul the heir of heav'n was made By the re-nat-ing dew.

CHORUS.



gen-tle and an-gel-ic youth, A-lo-ys-i-us, pray for us, O



gen-tle and an-gel-ic youth, A-lo-ys-i-us, pray for us

3.  
His infant words, the first he frames,  
He utters with a trembling voice,  
"Jesus and Mary," hallowed names,  
Dwell on his lips and speak his choice  
CHORUS. O gentle etc.

4.  
The tenor of high life so bright,  
So pure of angel purity;  
A seraph from the realms of light,  
Dwelling on earth he seems to be. Chorus.



# It Is No Earthly Summer's Ray.

183

Rev. FR. FABER.

(S S. Peter and Paul.)

B. M. J.

Maestoso. (♩ = 76)

1. It is no earth-ly sum-mer's ray That sheds this gold-en bright-ness  
2. Fa-thers of might-y Rome, whose word Shall pass the doom of life or  
'round, Crown-ing with heav-'nly light the day The prin-ces of the Church were  
death, By hum-ble cross and bleed-ing sword Well have they won their lau-rel  
crowned. The bless-ed seer to whom was giv-en The hearts of men to teach and  
wreath, O hap-py Rome, made ho-ly now By those two martyrs' glo-rious  
school, And he that keeps the keys of heav'n For those on  
blood, Earth's best and fair-est cit-ies bow, By thy su-  
earth that own his rule, For those on earth that own his rule.  
pe-rior claims sub-dued, By thy su-pe-rior claims sub-dued.

3.

For thou alone art worth them all,  
City of martyrs! thou alone  
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call  
The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne;  
All honor, power, and praise be given  
To Him who reigns in bliss on high.  
For endless, endless years in heav'n,  
One only God in Trinity.

Andante. (♩ = 62.)

1. Spot-less An-na! Ju-da's glo-ry! Through the Church from East to West, Ev-ry  
2. Saint-ly Kings and priestly sires Blend-ed in thy sa-cred line, Thou in

tongue proclaims thy praises Ho-ly Ma-ry's Moth-er blest,  
vir-tue all be-fore thee Didst ex-cel by grace di-vine.

*REFRAIN a tempo.*  
Gathered round,

Gathered round Gathered round thy sa-cred ban-ner In this house, In this house,

In this house that bears thy name, Mary's Mother, gracious Anna, grace and

help of thee we claim; Mary's Moth-er, grac-ious An-na, grace and help of thee we claim.

Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,  
Thine it was for us to bear,  
By the favor of High Heaven,  
Our auroral Virgin Star.

From thy stem in beauty budded  
Ancient Jesse's mystic rod;  
Earth from thee received the Mother  
Of th' Almighty Son of God.

All the human race benighted  
In the depths of darkness lay;  
When in Anne it saw the dawning  
Of the long-expected day.

Honor; glory, virtue, merit,  
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.

# To Kneel At Thine Altar.

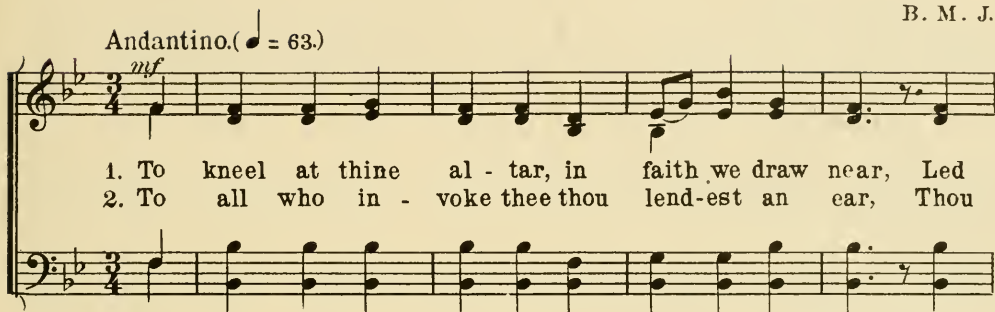
(Saint Ann.)

185.

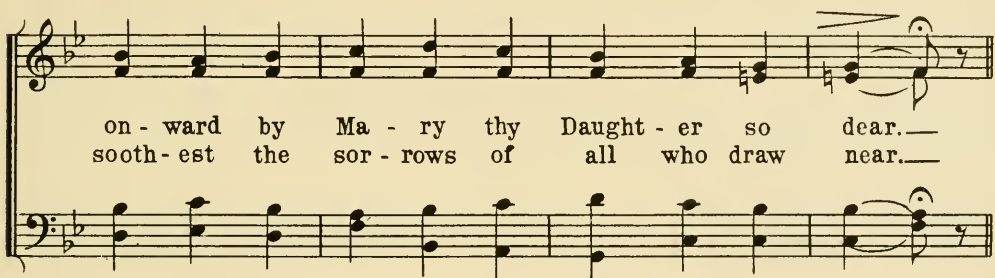
B. M. J.

Andantino. (♩ = 63.)

*mf*



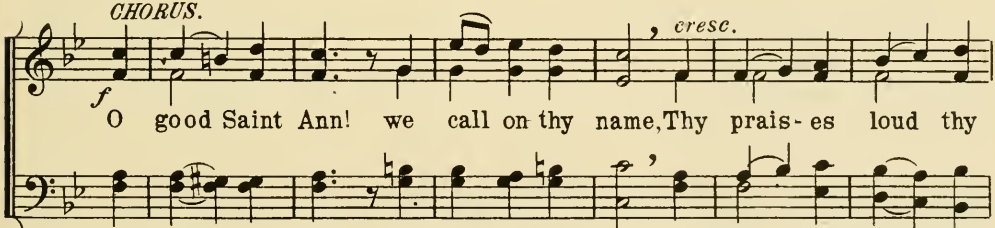
1. To kneel at thine al - tar, in faith we draw near, Led  
2. To all who in - voke thee thou lend-est an ear, Thou



on - ward by Ma - ry thy Daught - er so dear.—  
sooth - est the sor - rows of all who draw near.—

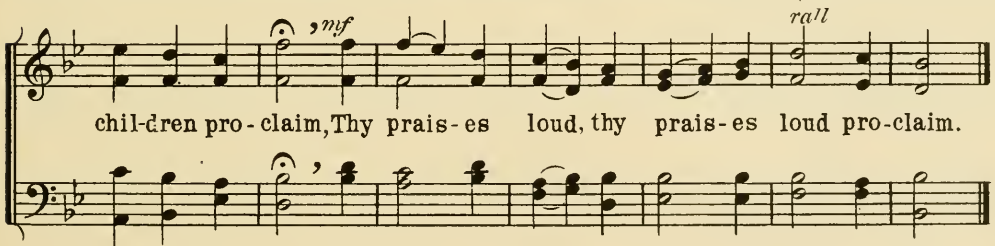
CHORUS.

*f* *cresc.*



O good Saint Ann! we call on thy name, Thy prais-es loud thy

*mf* *rall*



child-ren pro-claim, Thy prais-es loud, thy prais-es loud pro-claim.

3.  
Saint Ann, we implore thee to list to our pray'r,  
In time of temptation, take us in thy care.

CHORUS. O good Saint Ann, etc.

4.  
In this life obtain for us that which is best,  
And bring us at length to our heavenly rest.

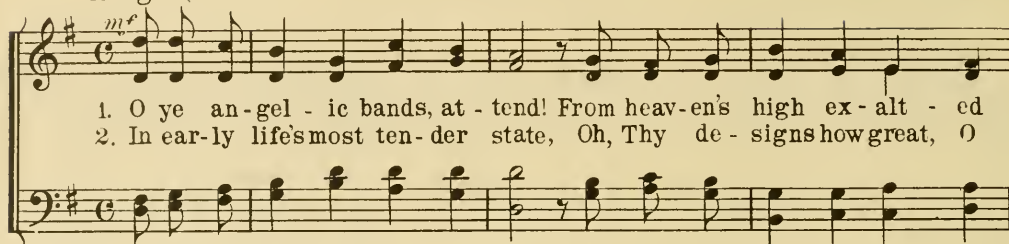
CHORUS. O good Saint Ann, etc.

# O Ye Angelic Bands Attend!

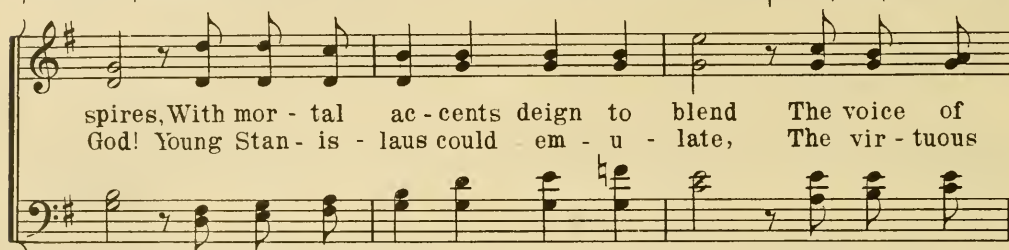
(St. Stanislaus Kotska, November 13)

B. M. J

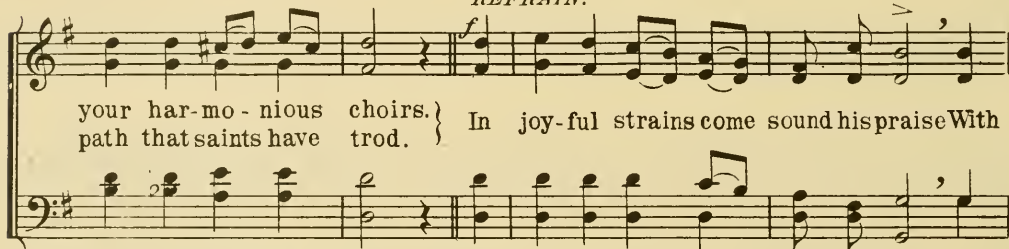
Adagio. (♩ = 63.)



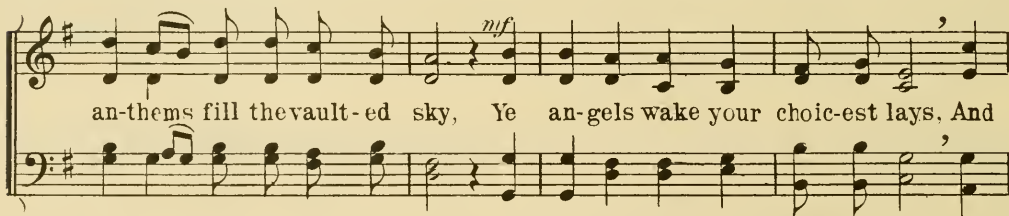
1. O ye an - gel - ic bands, at - tend! From heav - en's high ex - alt - ed  
2. In ear - ly life's most ten - der state, Oh, Thy de - signs how great, O



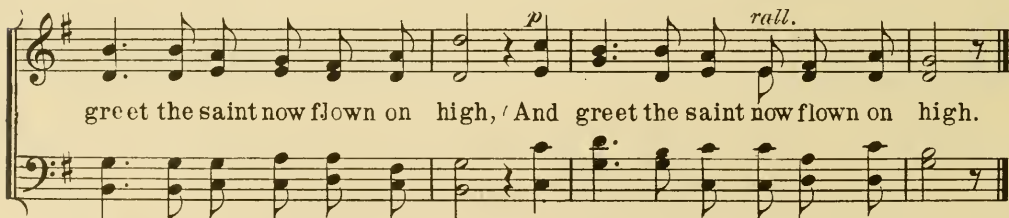
spires, With mor - tal ac - cents deign to blend The voice of  
God! Young Stan - is - laus could em - u - late, The vir - tuous

*REFRAIN.*


your har - mo - nious choirs. } In joy - ful strains come sound his praise With  
path that saints have trod. }



an - thems fill the vault - ed sky, Ye an - gels wake your choic - est lays, And



greet the saint now flown on high, And greet the saint now flown on high.

3. { Thy tenderness, O Virgin bright,  
Places within his youthful arms  
The object of his soul's delight,  
An Infant Saviour's lovely charms. *REFRAIN.*



# Let The Deep Organ Swell The Lay.

187.

Rev. C. PISE.

(Saint Cecilia, V. M. November 22d)

A. LIMAGNE.

Grazioso. (♩ = 84.)

*mf* CHORUS.

VOICES: Let the deep organ swell the lay, In hon-or of this fes-tive day;

ORGAN.

Let the har-mo-nious choirs pro-claim Ce-ci-lia's ev-er bless-ed name.

*rall.* *Fine.*

*Soli. Unison.*

*mf*

1. Rome gave the Vir-gin mar-tyr birth, Whose ho-ly name hath filled the earth:  
2. Then from the world's be-wild-er-ing strife, In peace she spent her ho-ly life,

*cresc.* *rall.*

And from the ear-ly dawn of youth, She fix'd her heart on God and truth.  
Teaching the or-gan to com-bine With voice, to praise the Lamb di-vine.

3. { Cecilia, with a twofold crown  
Adorn'd in heav'n, we pray look down,  
Upon thy fervent votaries here,  
And hearken to their humble prayer. CHORUS.

Moderato religioso. (♩ = 88.)

*mf Soli.*

1. To the shores of dis-tant In-dies Fran-cis Xav-ier takes his  
 2. Clad in poor and low-ly gar-ments, With the cross fast in his

course; Seeks for souls through land and val-leys, Wins all hearts with gen-tle force.  
 hand, Thus he, joy-ful ti-dings bear-ing, Wanders brave from land to land.

*f Tutti.*

Storm-y o-ceans, sav-age na-tions, Naught can daunt him, on he  
 He, the Mast-er's great dis-ci-ple, Holds all dan-gers but a

*mf rall.*

hastens; Stronger was his love's de-sire, In his heart of glow-ing fire.  
 tri-ble! And the great a-pos-tle's word Far in dis-tant climes is heard.

3.

*Soli.* { O Saint Francis, from thy glory,  
 Look upon us here below;  
 Shield us from the demon's fury,  
 Make our hearts like thine to glow.  
*Tutti.* { How thy heart with love was burning,  
 How for souls for ever yearning!  
 Make our hearts then strong and brave;  
 Our weak souls help us to save.

\* Words used by permission of B. Herder, Editor.

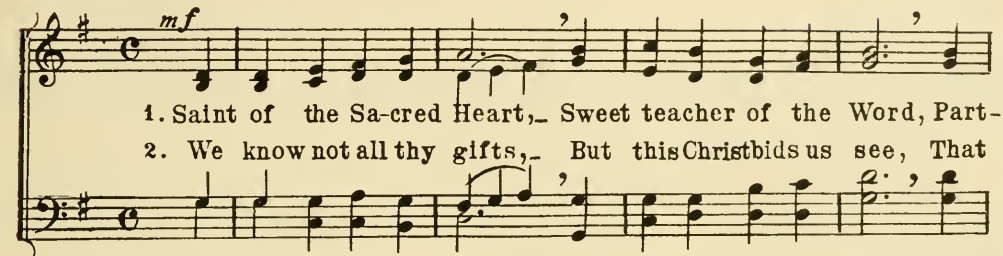
Saint Of The Sacred Heart.  
(St. John The Evangelist, Dec. 27.)

189.

Rev. FR. FABER.

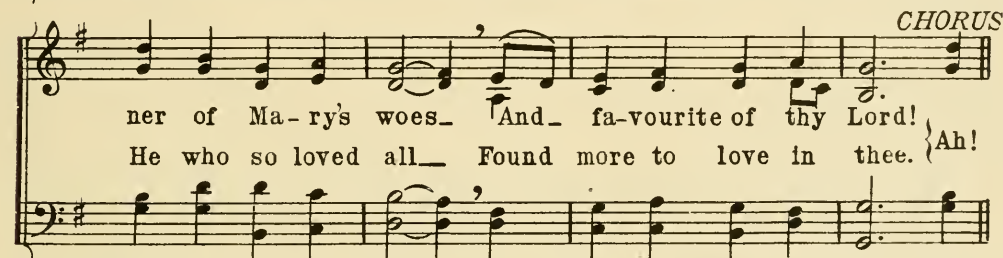
A. C. H.

*mf*



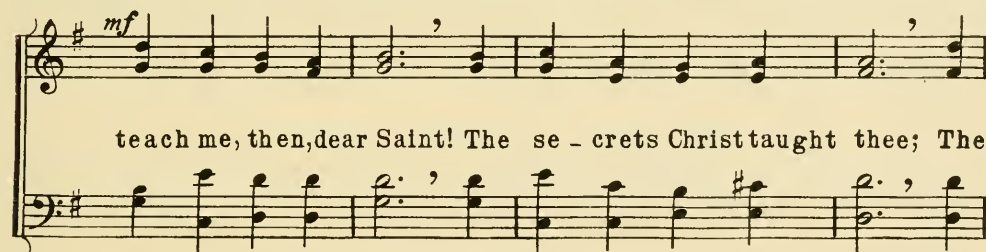
1. Saint of the Sa-cred Heart, Sweet teacher of the Word, Part-  
2. We know not all thy gifts, But this Christ bids us see, That

*CHORUS*



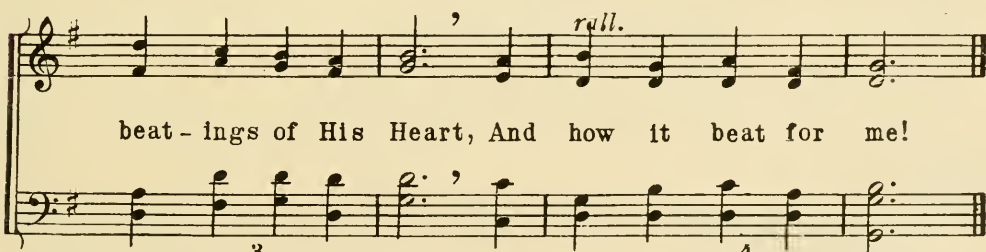
ner of Ma-ry's woes And fa-vourite of thy Lord!  
He who so loved all Found more to love in thee. Ah!

*mf*



teach me, then, dear Saint! The se-crets Christ taught thee; The

*rall.*



beat-ings of His Heart, And how it beat for me!

3.  
When the last evening came,  
Thy head was on His breast,  
Pillowed on earth, where now  
In heaven the Saints find rest.

4.  
Dear Saint! I stand far off,  
With vilest sins opprest;  
Oh, may I dare, like thee  
To lean upon His breast!

5.  
His touch could heal the sick,  
His voice could raise the dead,  
Oh, that my soul might be  
Where He allows thy head!

6.  
The gifts He gave to thee,  
He gave thee to impart;  
And I, too, claim with thee  
His Mother and His Heart.

# 190.

## O Thou, The Martyrs' Glorious King!.

(Rex gloriose Martyrum.)

Rev. E. CASWALL.

Andante.

Melody From H. CLERENS.

1. O Thou, the Mar-tyrs' glo-rious King! Of Con-fes-sors the crown and  
2. By all the praise Thy Saints have won; By all their pains in days gone

prize; Who dost to joys ce-les-tial bring Those who the joys of earth de-spise.  
by; By all the deeds which they have done; Hear Thou Thy sup-pliant peo-ple's cry.

3.

Thou dost amid Thy Martyrs fight;  
Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive;  
May we find mercy in thy sight,  
And in thy sacred presence live.

4.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to His sole-begotten Son;  
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee!  
While everlasting ages run.

# 191.

## Second Tune. (Two Voices.)

Cantabile. (♩ = 76)

B. J.

1. O Thou, the Mar-tyrs' glo-rious King! Of Con-fes-sors the  
crown and prize; Who dost to joys ce-les-tial bring Those who the joys of earth de-spise.

\* This Hymn can be appropriately sung on any Saint's Day.

© R 1913 P. J. K. & S.



# Hail! We Greet Thee, Saint Of Heaven.

192.

Psallite A. ROESLER, S.J. (In Honor Of Any Saint.)

B. M. J.

Andante. (♩ = 70)

*Soli - 1st Semi - Chorus.*

*mf*

VOICES:

(1. Hail we greet thee, Saint of heav-en. Thee who standst by God's own throne. Boundless  
 2. Hail we greet thee, clad in splen-dor, Bathed in seas of pure de-light! An-gel  
 3. How thou art in won-der gaz-ing At the flames of Je-sus' Heart! Which in

ORGAN.

*f* *2d Semi - Chorus.*

joys to thee are giv-en, Which to pil-grims are un-known. Nev-er end-ing peace and  
 voic-es, bright and ten-der, There in joy-ful tunes u-nite. And thou wilt be hap-py  
 light and splen-dor blazing Strikes thy breast with fi-'ry dart. Lost in joy and a-dor-

*mf*

glo-ry, Hap-py Saint, fell to thy share; With thy joys and heavn-ly beau-ty. Noth-ing  
 ev-er, Hap-py in e-ter-ni-ty! Short on earth were work and la-bor, Short the  
 a-tion Dost thou con-tem-plate thy God, Pray that we on life's sad sta-tion Tread the

*Full Chorus.*  
*sforzando.* *rall.*

earthly can com-pare. Pray that once we too may be In those bliss-ful realms with thee.  
 days of mis-er-y: Now thy joys will nev-er end, Down on us God's bless-ing send.  
 paths which thou hast trod. That once hap-py there, like thee We, our God, our Lord may see.

# 193. Hymns For Children's Mass. Sunday School, etc.

## I. Sign of the Cross.

*In the name* of the Father, \* and of the Son, \* and of the Holy Ghost. \*A-men.

## II. Our Father — III. Hail Mary.

*Our Father*, who art in Heaven; \* hallowed be Thy name; \* Thy kingdom come; \*

Thy will be done on earth, \* as it is in Heav - en. \*

Give us this day our daily bread, \* { And forgive us our trespasses, \* as we forgive them, \* that trespass against us, \* }

and lead us not into temptation, \* but de - liver us from e - vil. \* A - - men.

*Hail, Mary*, full of grace, \* the Lord is with thee; \* { blessed art thou among women, \* and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, \* } Je - sus. \*

*Holy Mary*, Mother of God, \* { pray for us sinners, \* now death. \* - A - - men.

# I - Our Father. II - Hail Mary. (Gregorian Melody.)

194.

*mf*

1. *Our Father* \* who art in heaven, \* hallowed be Thy name, \* Thy kingdom come, \*  
Give us this day \* our daily bread, \* and forgive us our trespasses \*  
and lead us not into temp-ta-tion, \* but

2. *Hail Mary* \* full of grace \* the Lord is with Thee \* blessed art thou  
Holy Mary, \* Mother of God \* Pray for us sinners \*

Thy will be done on earth, \* as it is in heav-en, \*  
as we forgive them, that tres-pass a-gainst us, \*  
deliver us from e-vil. \* A-men.

among women, \* and blessed is the fruit \* of thy womb. Je-sus. \*  
now, and at the hour of our death. \* A-men.

## III - I Believe In God. (Gregorian Melody.)

*I believe in God* \* the Father Almighty, \* Creator of heaven and earth, \*

And in Jesus Christ, \* His only Son our Lord, \*

Who was conceived \* by the Holy Ghost, \*  
born of the Virgin Mary \* suffered under Pontius  
Pilate \* was crucified, dead and buried.

He descended into hell \* the third day. \* He  
rose again from the dead \* He ascended into heav-  
en, \* sitteth at the right hand \* of God \* the  
Father Almighty.

From thence He shall come \* to judge the  
living \* and the dead. \* I believe in the Holy  
Ghost;

The Holy Catholic Church, \* the commun-  
ion of Saints, \* the forgiveness of sins,  
the resurrection of the body \* and life \*  
everlasting. Amen.

## IV - Glory Be To The Father.

*Glory be to the*  
*Father* \* and } to the Son, \* And to the Ho-ly Ghost. \*

As it was in the be- } ev-er shall be, \* world with-out end. \* A-men.  
ginning, is now, and }

\* \* \* Moderato (♩ = 80) \* \* \*

1. It is the name of Ma - ry Which we to day pro-claim, Come  
 2. A name of pow'r and sweet-ness, Her name to us so dear, A

all ye, Ma - ry's chil-dren, To sing that love-ly name. Come  
 name of awe and grandeur, But grandeur free from fear. Sweet

sing that name, dear chil - dren, It is your Mother's own, U-  
 name all strong yet ten - der, That name we love so well, The

nite your hearts and praises And waft them to her throne.  
 joy of earth and heav - en, The fear and dread of hell.

3.  
 The first word ever spoken  
 By Jesus when a child,  
 Was thy dear name, O Mother!  
 He spoke it and he smiled.  
 O may thy name, dear Mother.  
 On life's last fearful day,  
 By my last fervent prayer,  
 Be all my hope and stay.



# O Mary, Mother Sweetest Best.

196.

\*\*\*

(Children's First Communion Hymn.)

\*\*\*

Andantino. (♩ = 46.)

*Soli. mf*

1. O Ma-ry, Moth-er sweet-est best, From heav-ens im-mor-tal bow-ers, Do  
2. My lit-tle child, I can ob-tain So bright a wreath for thee, That

*CHORUS. mf*

gath-er for a lit-tle child A bou-quet of sweet flow-ers. I wish my lit-tle  
Je-sus will de-light to come With-in thy heart to be. I'll give thee love-ly

heart to be A cra-dle fair and gay, Where Blessed Je-sus may re-pose. My  
char-1-ty, More warm than ros-es glow, I'll give thee heavenly pu-ri-ty, More

\* (first) communion day; Where Bles-sed Je-sus may re-pose, My first communion day.  
white than lil-y snow; I'll give thee heavenly pu-ri-ty, More white than lil-y snow.

3.

*Soli.* { The violet of humility  
Shall yield a sweet perfume,  
And Jesus will delight to be  
Within thy little room.  
But then remember, dearest child,  
*Tutti.* { The blossoms that I give  
Require the watering of a prayer,  
Or they will cease to live. } *bis.*

4.

*Soli.* { Mother, dearest, tenderest Mother,  
You know how frail I am,  
A very giddy, thoughtless thing,  
A weak and helpless lamb.  
But oh! if thou wilt but send down  
*Tutti.* { Those precious flowers to me,  
I doubt not but with thy good help } *bis.*  
Well watered they will be. }

5.

*Soli.* { Then Mary from her holy hands,  
Those precious flowers sent down,  
As beautiful and pure as those  
That wreath an angel's crown.  
That little soul was richly blest,  
*Tutti.* { In which dear Jesus lay,  
Like the sweet turtle in its nest } *bis.*  
Sweet (first) communion day. }

\* This sweet communion day.

## On Saying The Rosary.

To break the monotony as well as to teach agreeably the mysteries of the Rosary and the lessons attached to them, various methods are recommended. Among the best for children is singing before each Mystery, the verses indicated below.

FR. P. CONWAY, O. P. Hail, Full of Grace and Purity.

Moderato. (♩ = 76.) (THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.)

O

M.H.

Voices. DUO.

*p*

\*1. Hail, full of grace and pu - ri - ty, Meek hand-maid of the  
\*6. Queen of the ho - ly Ro - sa - ry, With ten - der love look

ORGAN.

*p* *mf* *rall.*

Lord; Hail, mod - el of hu - mil - i - ty, Chaste Mother of the Lord.  
down, And bless the hearts that of - fer thee This chap - let for thy crown.

2.

*The Visitation.—Charity to our Neighbor.*

By that pure love which prompted thee  
To seek thy cousin blest,  
Pray that the fire of charity  
May burn within our breast.

3.

*The Birth of our Lord.—Poverty.*  
This blessing beg, O Virgin Queen,  
From Jesus through His birth,  
By holy poverty to wean  
Our hearts from things of earth.

4.

*The Presentation in the Temple.—Obedience.*

Most holy Virgin, Maiden mild,  
Obtain for us, we pray,  
To imitate thy Holy Child  
By striving to obey.

5.

*The Finding of our Lord.—Love of Him and His service.*  
By thy dear Son, restored to thee,  
This grace for us implore,  
To serve our Lord more faithfully,  
And love Him more and more.

\*1. The Annunciation.—Humility.

\*6. Concluding Stanza.

C/R 1913 P.J.K. & S.

# Lord, By Thy Prayer In Agony.

(THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.)

(Same music as No 197.)

198.

1.  
*The Prayer of our Lord.—Prayer.*  
Lord, by Thy prayer in agony,  
On Olivet alone,  
Teach us to pray, resigned like Thee,  
And say, "Thy will be done?"

2.  
*The Scourging.—Mortification.*  
Sweet Saviour, who didst bear for me  
The scourges' pains intense,  
Help me to fly all luxury,  
And mortify each sense.

3.  
*The Crowning with Thorns.—Fortitude.*  
By the sharp thorns so meekly borne,  
And scoffs and buffets rude,  
Teach us to bear all pain and scorn  
With holy fortitude.

4.  
*The Carrying of the Cross.—Patience.*  
Lord, by Thy Cross, Thy people spare,  
And on us pity take,  
Help us our daily cross to bear  
With patience for Thy sake.

5.  
*The Crucifixion.—Spirit of Self-sacrifice.*  
O Jesus, Victim for man's fall,  
Lamb slain on Calvary,  
Accept henceforth our lives, our all,  
In sacrifice to Thee.

6.  
*Concluding Stanza.*  
Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
With tender love look down,  
And bless the hearts that offer thee  
This chaplet for thy crown.

# All Hail, Great Conqueror, To Thee.

(The Glorious Mysteries)

(Same music as No 197.)

199.

1.  
*The Resurrection.—Faith.*  
All hail, great Conqueror, to Thee,  
Arisen from the dead;  
Grant us the light of faith, that we  
May in Thy footsteps tread.

2.  
*The Ascension.—Hope.*  
To heaven Thou dost ascend again,  
Sweet Saviour of our race,  
With hope our fainting hearts sustain,  
To see in heaven Thy face.

3.  
*The Descent of the Holy Ghost.—Zeal for Souls.*  
O Holy Ghost, who didst descend  
In cloven tongues of fire,  
Our souls, which all too earthward tend  
With burning zeal inspire.

4.  
*The Assumption.—Devotion to our Lady.*  
Mother of God, enthroned above,  
Beseech thy Son anew  
To fill our hearts with childlike love  
For thee, our Mother too.

5.  
*The Coronation of our Lady.—Perseverance.*  
All gracious Queen of Angels, deign  
Our last request to hear,  
For us this crowning gift obtain,  
In grace to persevere.

6.  
*Concluding Stanza.*  
Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
With tender love look down,  
And bless the hearts that offer thee  
This chaplet for thy crown.

Moderato. (♩ = 96.)

Old Mel. Harm. By C. HAUSER.

*mf*

1. There is one true and on - ly God, Our Mak - er and our  
*Refrain.* All this and all the Church doth teach, My God! I do be -

*D. C. Refrain.*

Lord, And He cre - at - ed ev - 'ry - thing By His Al - might - y Word.  
*lieve;* For Thou hast bid us hear the Church, And Thou canst not de - ceive

2.

But in this One and only God  
 There yet are Persons Three;  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One Blessed Trinity.  
*Cho.* All this, etc.

3.

The Second Person—God the Son;  
 Came down on earth to dwell;  
 Took flesh, and died upon the Cross,  
 To save our souls from hell.  
*Cho.* All this, etc.

4.

The good, with God in heaven above  
 Will ever happy be;  
 The wicked, in the flames of hell  
 Will burn eternally.  
*Cho.* All this, etc.

CARD. NEWMAN.

(The Same Music Will Suit This Hymn.)

1.

Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine  
 In glory and in grace;  
 This gaudy world grows pale before  
 The beauty of Thy face.

2.

Till Thou art seen, it seems to be  
 A sort of fairy ground,  
 Where suns unsetting light the sky,  
 And flowers and fruits abound.

3.

But when Thy keener, purer beam  
 Is poured upon our sight,  
 It loses all its power to charm,  
 And what was day is night.

4.

Its noblest toils are then the scourge  
 Which made Thy blood to flow;  
 Its joys are but the treacherous thorns  
 Which circled round Thy brow.

5.

And thus, when we renounce for Thee  
 Its restless aims and fears,  
 The tender memories of the past,  
 The hopes of coming years.

6.

Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes  
 Are lighted from above;  
 We offer what we cannot keep,  
 What we have ceased to love.



## General Hymns—Missions, Retreats, etc.

202.

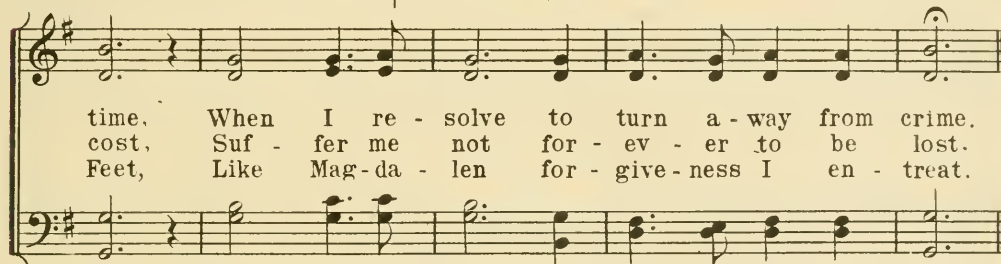
R. Rev. B. CHADWICK (Jesus My God, Behold At Length The Time.)

FR. BRYDAINE.

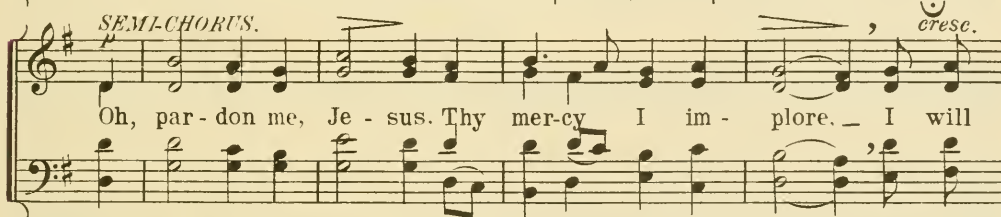
Andante espressivo. (♩ = 40.)

*mf Soli.*

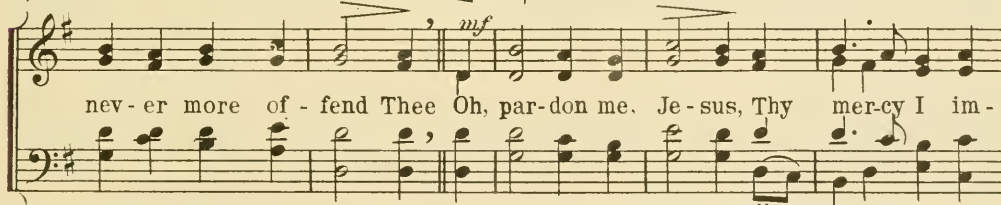

1. Je - sus, my God, — be - hold at length the  
 2. Since my poor soul — Thy pre - cious Blood hath  
 3. Kneel - ing in tears, — be - hold me at Thy



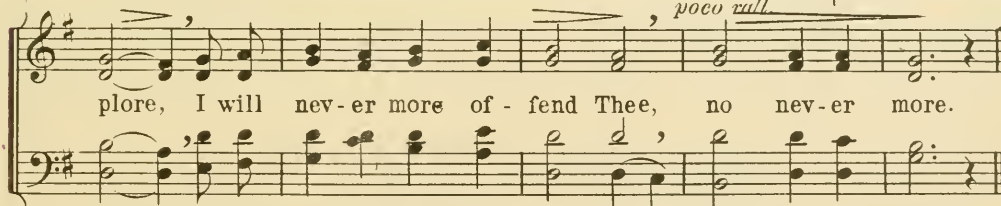
time. When I re - solve to turn a - way from crime.  
 cost, Suf - fer me not for - ev - er to be lost.  
 Feet, Like Mag - da - len for - give - ness I en - treat.



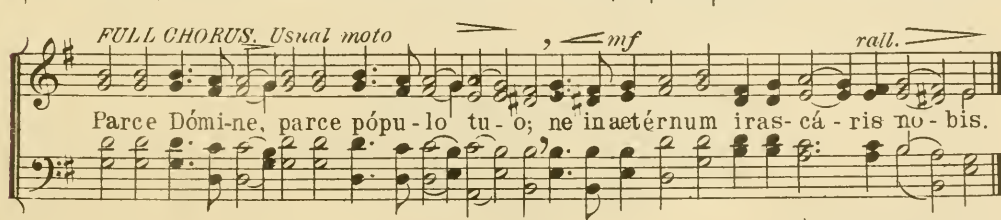
*SEMI-CHORUS.* Oh, par - don me, Je - sus. Thy mer - cy I im - plore. — I will



nev - er more of - fend Thee Oh, par - don me. Je - sus, Thy mer - cy I im -



pl ore, I will nev - er more of - fend Thee, no nev - er more.



*FULL CHORUS. Usual moto* Parce Dómi-ne, parce pópu-lo' tu-o; ne in aetérnum iras-cá-ris no-bis.

# 203. God Of Mercy And Compassion.

Rev. Fr. VAUGHAN C. SS. R. (Act of Contrition.)

B. M. J.

Lento espressivo. (♩ = 52.)

*mf Soli.*

1. God of mer-cy and com-pas-sion, Look with pit-y up-on  
2. By my sins I have de-serv-ed, Death and end-less mis-er-

me.— Fa-ther, let me call Thee Fa-ther, 'Tis Thy child re- turns to Thee.  
y;— Hell, with all its pains and tor-ments, And for all e-ter-ni-ty.

*REFRAIN. Tutti.*

Je- sus, Lord, I ask for mer-cy; Let me not im-lore in

vain; All my sins— I now de- test them, Nev-er will I sin a- gain.

3.  
By my sins I have abandoned.  
Right and claim to heaven above,  
Where the saints rejoice forever,  
In a boundless sea of love.  
Jesus, Lord, etc.

4.  
See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,  
On the Cross of Calvary;  
To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,  
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.  
Jesus, Lord, etc.

# Overwhelmed In Depths Of Sorrow.

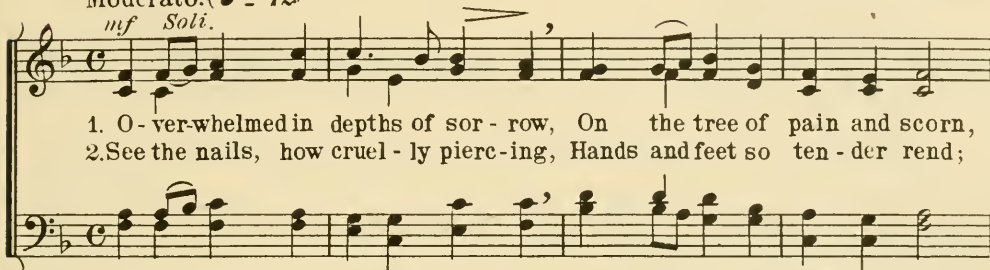
(Second Setting.)

204.

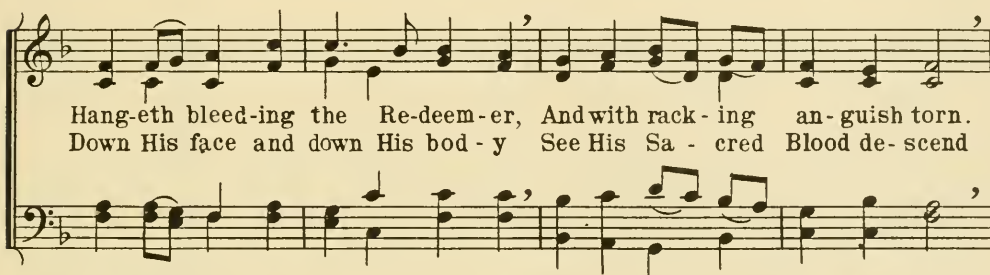
I. MULLER.

Moderato. (♩ = 72)

*mf* *Soli.*



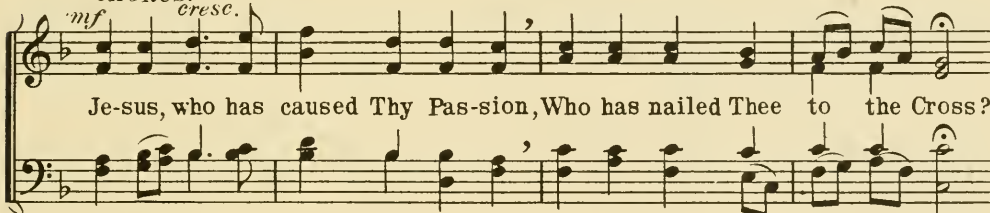
1. O-verwhelmed in depths of sor-row, On the tree of pain and scorn,  
2. See the nails, how cruel-ly pierc-ing, Hands and feet so ten-der rend;



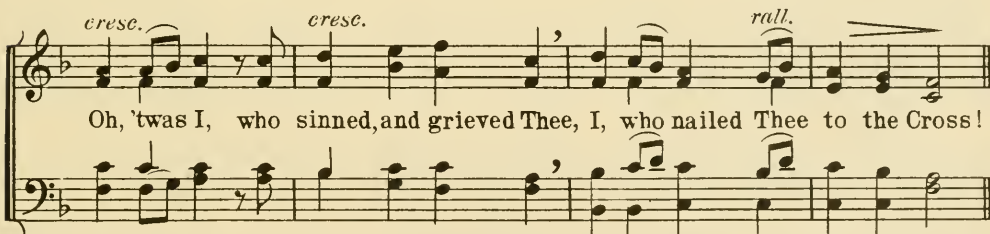
Hang-eth bleed-ing the Re-deem-er, And with rack-ing an-guish torn.  
Down His face and down His bod-y See His Sa-cred Blood de-scend

CHORUS.

*mf* *cresc.*



Je-sus, who has caused Thy Pas-sion, Who has nailed Thee to the Cross?



*cresc.* *cresc.* *rall.*  
Oh, 'twas I, who sinned, and grieved Thee, I, who nailed Thee to the Cross!

3.  
Hearken! with what cry in dying  
Jesus' spirit takes its flight!  
How it pierced the heart of Mary,  
How it whelmed her soul in night.

CHORUS - Jesus, etc.

4.  
See the sun its light withdrawing,  
And the heavens growing pale;  
Bursting rocks the tombs that open,  
All their Maker's death bewail.

CHORUS - Jesus, etc.

5.  
Come, before His cross assemble,  
For, for us He shed His blood;  
Died, of fervent love a victim,  
He, the only Son of God.

CHORUS - Jesus, etc.

Andante moderato. (♩ = 58)

1. Re - turn to God, poor sin-ner, it is meet; De - lay no—  
2. Be - hold, O Lord! this lost and stray-ing sheep Whom Thou didst

more to bend thy reb-el knee. His ho - ly law thou'st  
deign to seek for, oh! how long! A - rous'd at last from

brok-en; I en - treat, — Re - turn to Him, — who seek-eth af-ter  
its long dead-ly sleep. — Guilty, con - fused, — this heart re-pents its

thee, Re - turn to — Him, — who seek - eth af - ter thee.  
wrong, Guilty con - fused, — this heart re-pents its wrong.

3.

*The Good Shepherd.*

Repentant child, thy heart is all I seek,  
And when thy heart is given all to Me,  
My mercy takes thy service, rendered meek,  
And rains down grace and loves unceasingly. (bis.)

4.

*The Sinner.*

My God! how good Thou art to all of those,  
Who with sincere repentance Thee implore;  
With grief and love my swelling heart o'erflows  
Oh, give me grace to love Thee evermore. (bis.)



# Light Dies Away!

206.

Moderato. (♩ = 80.)

Adapted from H. MONPOU.

*mf*

1. Light dies a - way! an - oth - er sun is set - ting!  
2. E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing close a - round us;

How short has been the day that is now done!— O fleet-ing  
La - bor we hard our con-science to pre - pare,— How do the

life! how soon we are for - get - ting, How days and days thus  
stains of guilt and sin con - found us? To prac - tise vir - tue,

hur - ry one by one! How days and days thus hur - ry one by one!  
has it been our care? To prac - tise vir - tue has it been our care?

3.  
If on this night our Sovereign Maker call us  
To stand before His dreadful judgment seat:  
Ah! would His voice with stern reproach appall us?  
Or with meek eyes and tones of kindness greet? (*bis*)

4.  
Oh, let our hearts o'erflow with true repentance;  
And while we weep o'er sin and guilt we've done,  
We shall from us avert the direful vengeance.  
Of endless joys the right we shall have won. (*bis*)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

M. H.

Maestoso. (♩ = 78.)

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. To Christ, the Prince of Peace, And Son of God most high, The  
2. O Je - sus, Vic - tim blest, What else but love di - vine Could

Fa - ther of the world to come, Sing we with ho - ly joy.  
Thee con - strain to o - pen thus That Sa - cred Heart of Thine?

REFRAIN. (Tutti.)

Deep in His Heart for us The wound of love He bore; That

love, where-with He still in - flames The hearts that Him a - dore.

3.  
O Fount of endless life,  
O Spring of waters clear,  
O Flame celestial, cleansing all  
Who unto Thee draw near.

4.  
Hide me in Thy dear Heart,  
For thither do I fly;  
There seek Thy grace thro' life, in death  
Thine immortality.

5.  
Praise to the Father be,  
And sole begotten Son;  
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

# O Jesus, Jesus Throned On High.

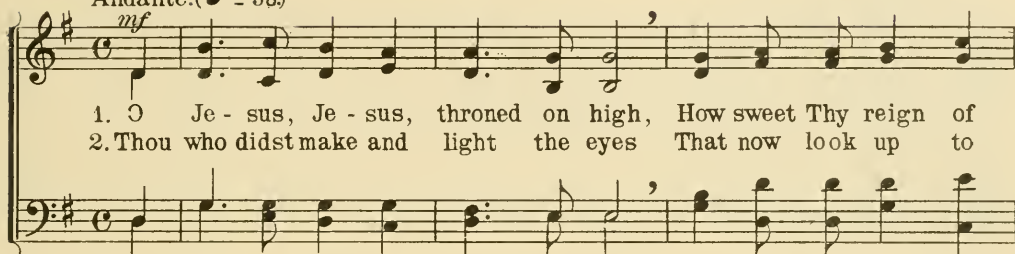
208.

M. S. PINE.

Andante. (♩ = 58.)

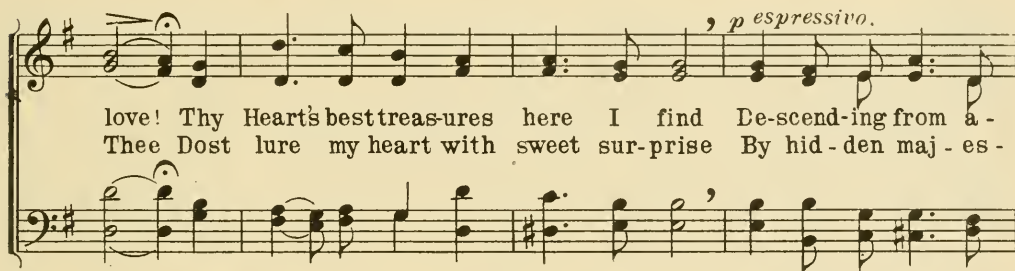
\* \* \*

*mf*



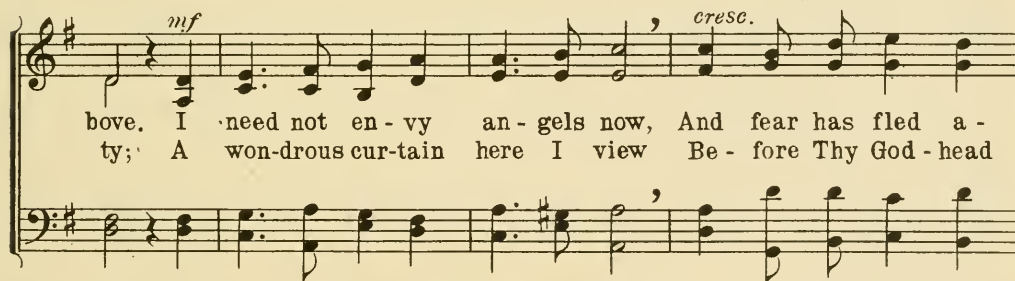
1. O Je - sus, Je - sus, throned on high, How sweet Thy reign of  
2. Thou who didst make and light the eyes That now look up to

*p espressivo.*



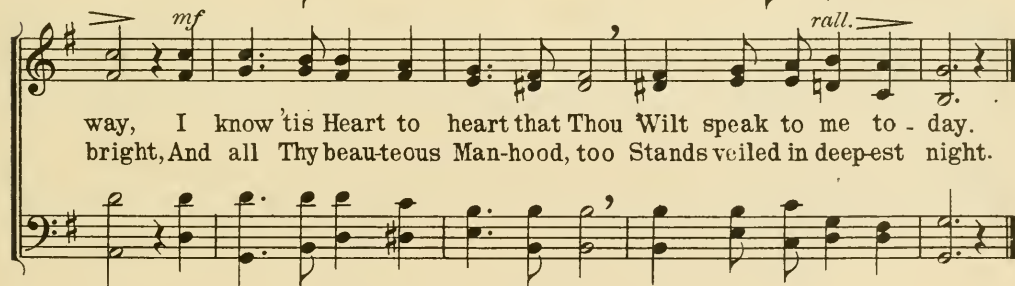
love! Thy Heart's best treas-ures here I find De-scend-ing from a -  
Thee Dost lure my heart with sweet sur-prise By hid-den maj-es-

*mf* *cresc.*



bove. I need not en - vy an - gels now, And fear has fled a -  
ty; A won-drous cur-tain here I view Be - fore Thy God - head

*mf* *rall.*



way, I know 'tis Heart to heart that Thou Wilt speak to me to - day.  
bright, And all Thy beau-teous Man-hood, too Stands veiled in deepest night.

3.  
But Faith beneath the veil doth peer,  
And love draws back each fold,  
Till Thy Heart's beatings she doth hear,  
Like John made overbold.  
She looks into Thy heavenly eyes  
For which the angels pine,  
And drinks the sweetness of the Saints  
In union all divine.

# 209. Through This Vale Of Tears We Wander.

I. WILLIAMS.

Moderato. (♩ = 80.)

I. MÜLLER.

*mf* *Soli.*

1. Through this vale of tears we wan-der, Pil-grims in a far-off land,  
2. Here be-low all things are pass-ing; Night will end our hap-piest day;

*cresc.*

Long-ing ev-er sigh-ing ev-er Just to see and un-der-stand.  
Friends we trust-ed most for-sake us, Pleas-ures van-ish hopes de-cay.

*CHORUS, mf* *f*

Just to see Thy face, my Je-sus, Just to know Thy love di-vine,  
Thou a-lone, oh! Lord art changeless, And Thy love will nev-er cease;

*mf* *f* *rall*

Just to bewith Thee in heav-en, Our heartsshel-tered, Lord, in Thine.  
Lord I pine with love and long-ing, Till I see Thee face to face.

3.

*Soli.* { Stranger in a land of strangers,  
In a land of misery;  
One hope brightens my sad exile  
Hope of heaven, hope of Thee.  
*Chorus.* { Jesus dear, my God and Saviour,  
Deign my comforter to be  
Till my soul in highest heaven,  
Dwells with Thee eternally.



# 'Tis Thy Good Pleasure And Not My Own.

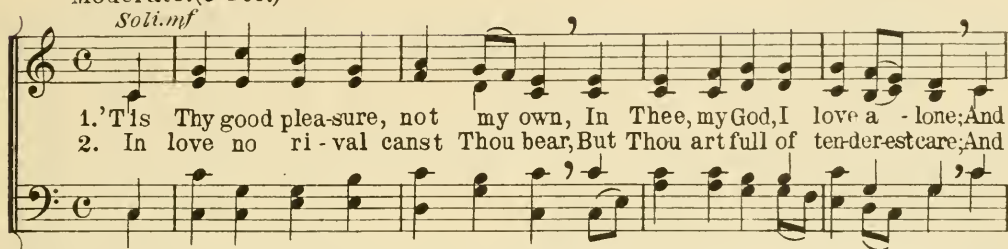
210.

Rev. E. VAUGHAN C. SS. R.

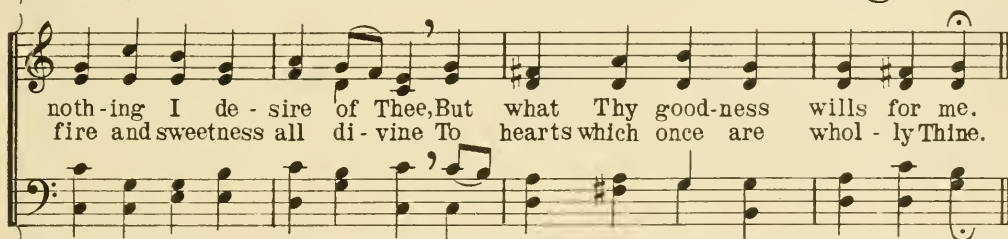
Moderato. (♩ = 66.)

Ancient Melody.

*Soli. mf*

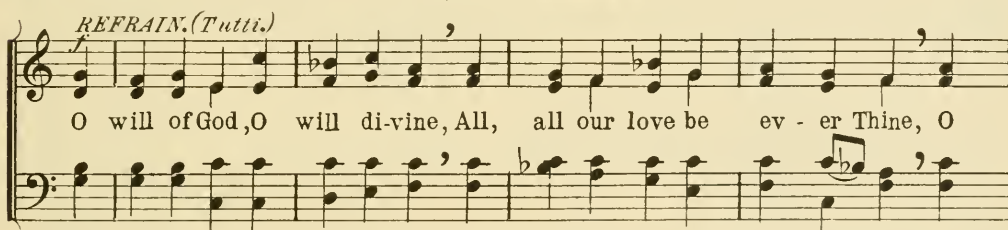


1. 'Tis Thy good plea-sure, not my own, In Thee, my God, I love a - lone; And  
2. In love no ri - val canst Thou bear, But Thou art full of ten - der - est care; And

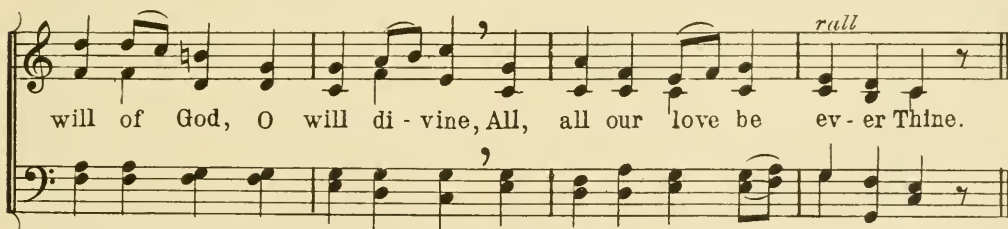


noth - ing I de - sire of Thee, But what Thy good - ness wills for me.  
fire and sweetness all di - vine To hearts which once are whol - ly Thine.

*REFRAIN. (Tutti.)*



O will of God, O will di - vine, All, all our love be ev - er Thine, O



will of God, O will di - vine, All, all our love be ev - er Thine.

3.

In Thee all pure affections live,  
To love, Thou dost perfection give;  
While ever burning with desires,  
The loving soul to Thee aspires.

4.

Thou makest crosses soft and light,  
And death itself seems sweet and bright;  
No cross nor fear that soul dismays,  
Whose will to Thee united stays.

5.

To Thee I consecrate, I give  
My heart and being while I live,  
Jesus, Thy Heart alone shall be  
My love for all eternity.

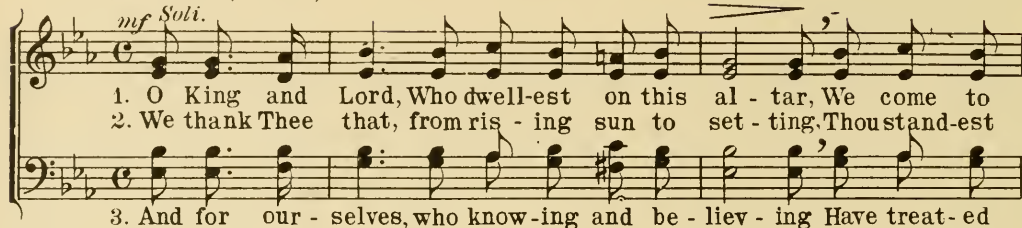
6.

Alike in pleasure and in pain,  
To please Thee is my joy in gain;  
That, O my Love, which please Thee,  
Shall evermore seem best to me.

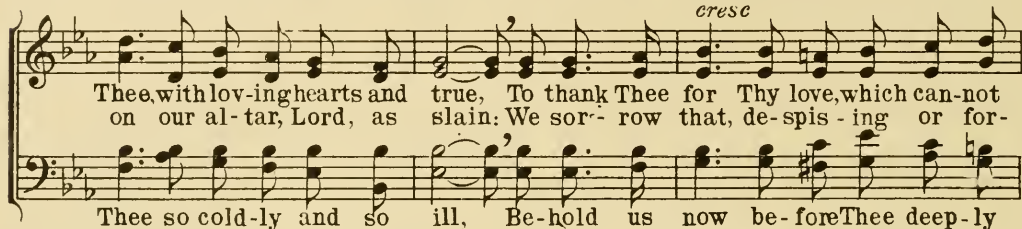
## Final Chorus.

May heav'n and earth with love fulfill,  
My God. Thy ever blessed will!

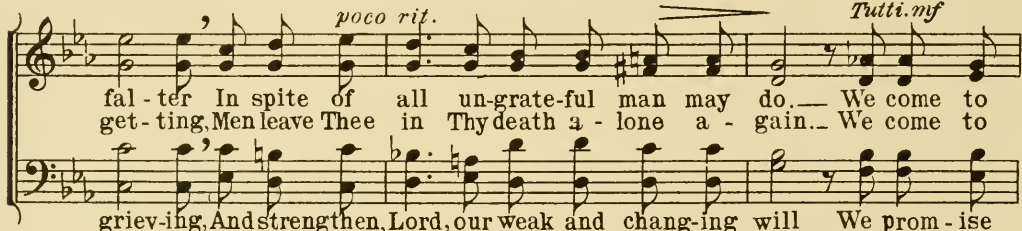
Moderato. (♩ = 66)

*mf Soli.*


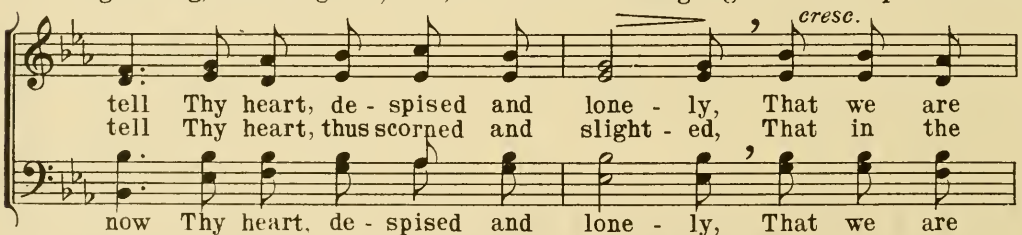
1. O King and Lord, Who dwell-est on this al-tar, We come to  
 2. We thank Thee that, from ris-ing sun to set-ting, Thou stand-est  
 3. And for our-selves, who know-ing and be-liev-ing Have treat-ed



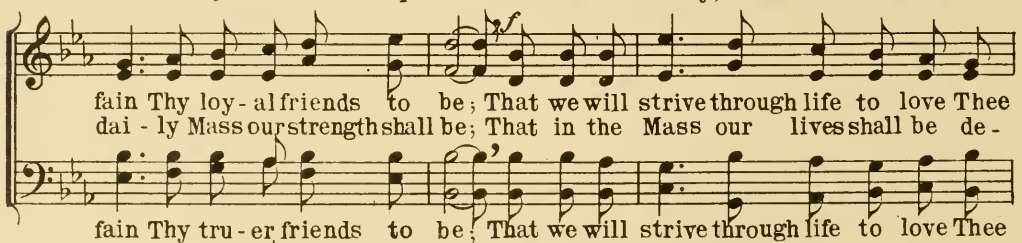
Thee, with lov-ing hearts and true, To thank Thee for Thy love, which can-not  
 on our al-tar, Lord, as slain: We sor-row that, de-spis-ing or for-  
 Thee so cold-ly and so ill, Be-hold us now be-fore Thee deep-ly



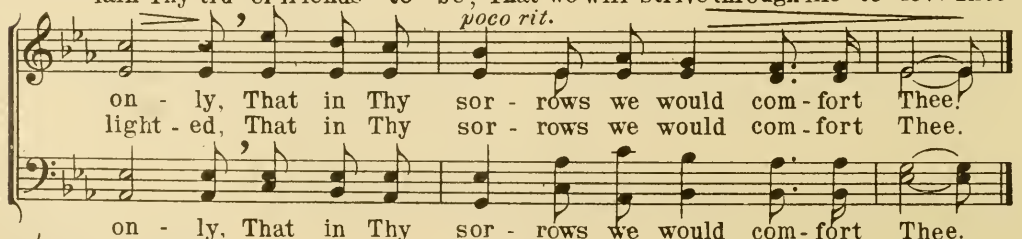
*poco rit.* *Tutti. mf*  
 fal-ter In spite of all un-grate-ful man may do.— We come to  
 get-ting, Men leave Thee in Thy death a-lone a-gain.— We come to  
 griev-ing, And strengthen, Lord, our weak and chang-ing will We prom-ise



*cresc.*  
 tell Thy heart, de-spised and lone-ly, That we are  
 tell Thy heart, thus scorned and slight-ed, That in the  
 now Thy heart, de-spised and lone-ly, That we are



fain Thy loy-al friends to be; That we will strive through life to love Thee  
 dai-ly Mass our strength shall be; That in the Mass our livesshall be de-  
 fain Thy tru-er friends to be; That we will strive through life to love Thee



*poco rit.*  
 on-ly, That in Thy sor-rows we would com-fort Thee.  
 light-ed, That in Thy sor-rows we would com-fort Thee.  
 on-ly, That in Thy sor-rows we would com-fort Thee.



# O Jesus, Jesus, Dearest Lord!

# 212.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

(Most Holy Name Of Jesus.)

Moderato. (♩ = 60)

Ancient Melody Harm. by C. HAUSER.

1. O Je - sus, Je - sus, dear-est Lord, For - give me if I  
2. I love Thee so, I know not how My trans-ports to con -

say For ver - y love Thy sa - cred Name A thousand times a day.  
trol; Thy love is like a burn - ing fire With - in my ver - y soul.

3.  
Oh wonderful, that Thou shouldst let  
So vile a heart as mine  
Love Thee with such a love as this,  
And make so free with Thine.

4.  
For Thou to me art all in all,  
My honor and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
My soul's eternal health.

5.  
What limit is there to thee, love?  
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?  
On, on, our Lord is sweeter far  
To - day than yesterday.

6.  
O love of Jesus, blessed love,  
So will it ever be:  
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,  
No, nor eternity.

## Same Air As Preceding.

# 213.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

1.  
Have mercy on us, God Most High!  
Who lift our hearts to Thee;  
Have mercy on us, worms of earth,  
Most Holy Trinity!

2.  
Most ancient of all mysteries!  
Before Thy throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, most merciful,  
Most Holy Trinity!

3.  
When heaven and earth were yet unmade,  
When time was yet unknown,  
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty  
Didst live and love alone!

4.  
Thou wert not born, there was no fount  
From which Thy Being flowed;  
There is no end which Thou canst reach;  
But Thou art simply God.

5.  
How wonderful creation is!  
The work that Thou didst bless,  
And oh! what then must Thou be like,  
Eternal Loveliness!

6.  
O Majesty most beautiful!  
Most Holy Trinity!  
On Mary's throne we climb to get  
A far-off sight of Thee.

7.  
Oh, listen, then, Most Pitiful!  
To Thy poor creature's heart;  
It blesses Thee, that Thou art God,  
That Thou art what Thou art!

8.  
Most ancient of all mysteries!  
Still at Thy throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, Most Merciful,  
Most Holy Trinity!



Rev. F. W. FABER.

Andantino. (♩ = 54.)

V. NOVELLO.

*mf* *Soli.*

1. Hail, Je - sus, hail, Who for my sake Sweet Blood from Ma - ry's  
2. To end-less ag - es let us praise The pre - cious Blood, Whose

veins didst take, And shed it all for me, And shed it all for me.  
price could raise The world from wrath and sin, The world from wrath and sin;—

*Tutti.*  
*cresc.*

Oh bless - ed be my Sav - iour's Blood, My life, my light, my  
Whose streams our in - ward thirst ap - pease, And heal the sin - ners

*rall.*

on - ly good, My life, my light, my on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty.  
worst disease, And heal the sin - ners worst disease, If he but bath there - in. —

3.  
O sweetest Blood, that can implore  
Pardon of God, and heaven restore.  
The heaven which sin had lost; (*bis.*)  
While Abels blood for vengeance pleads,  
What Jesus shed still intercedes, (*bis.*)  
For those who wrong Him most.

4.  
Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells  
Of Christ's own sacred Blood excels  
Earth's best and highest bliss: (*bis.*)  
The ministers of wrath divine  
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine (*bis.*)  
With those red drops of His.

5.  
Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,  
And hell's despairing courage faints  
When this sweet song we raise: (*bis.*)  
Oh, louder then, and louder still,  
Earth with one mighty chorus fill, (*bis.*)  
The precious Blood to praise.



# What Shall I Render Unto Thee, O Lord?

215.

(Hymn of Thanksgiving.)

Rev. H. VAN RENSSELAER, S.J.

CARL HAUSER.

Allegro Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*p* *cresc.*

1. What shall I ren - der un - to Thee, O Lord, For all the  
2. What is my love? nay, what in - deed my heart? That I should

*f* *p cresc.*

gifts Thy boun - ty doth ac - cord? Naught can I of - fer save my  
dare to of - fer Thee a part. Take it, O Lord, I whol - ly

*mf* *rall.*

love a-lone, Ah, let it, Lord, my thank-less past a - tone.  
give to Thee, My love, my heart, my soul, my en - ti - ty.

3.

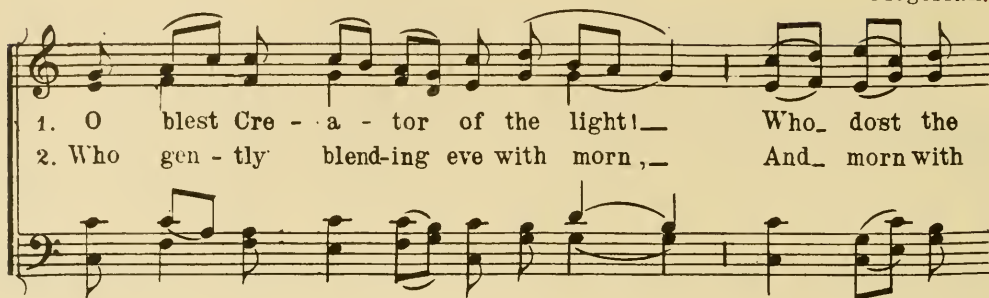
Take what is Thine, for Thou hast given me  
My life with all its glorious destiny.  
Or bid me live that I may spend my days,  
O Sacred Heart, in showing forth Thy praise.

4.

What are my goods? as nothing in thy sight,  
For all belong to Thee, O Lord, by right.  
To Thee their use I humbly dedicate;  
My life, my all, to Thee I consecrate.

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

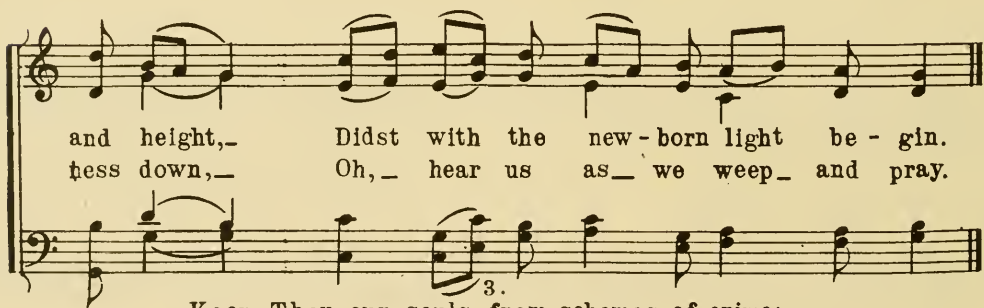
Gregorian.



1. O blest Cre - a - tor of the light!— Who dost the  
2. Who gen - tly blend-ing eve with morn,— And morn with



dawn from darkness bring; And fram - ing na - ture's depth  
eve— didst call them day; Thick flows the flood of dark -



and height,— Didst with the new-born light be - gin.  
tess down,— Oh,— hear us as we weep— and pray.

3.  
Keep Thou our souls from schemes of crime;  
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;  
Nor, thinking but on things of time,  
Into eternal darkness go.

4.  
Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;  
Teach us the prize of life to win;  
Teach us all evil to abhor,  
And purify ourselves within.

5.  
Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

# O Lord Of Hosts!

217

\*\*\*

Moderato. (♩=60)

B. A.M.

*p religioso.* *mf*

1. O Lord of hosts, be mind-ful of our plead-ing, Oh, let our prayer find  
2. O Mast-er dear, we sink, and Thou art sleep-ing; Dark is the night, the

*p* *cresc.* *f*

fa-vor in Thy sight: Hark to Thy Church Tri-um-phante in-ter-ced-ing Pit - y Thy  
waves our ves-sel fill: Wake, wake, O Lord! Thy chil-dren here are weep-ing; Speak to the

*p*

Church that groan-eth in the fight. O God of truth, no bat-tle line can shake her,  
wind and wa-ters: "Peace, be still!" Let not men say Thy prom-is-es are fail-ing,

*mf* *cresc.* *cen - do*

Trust-ing in Thee, we shall not lose our hope: Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt not for-  
Let them not boast Thy Church hath lost her hope: Let them not deem the gates of hell pre-

*f* *1* *2 decrescendo.*

sake her? Hear, then, our pray'r for the Church and the Pope! Church and the Pope!  
vill-ing, Hear, Thou, our pray'r for the Church and the Pope! Church and the Pope!

3.

Shepherd of souls, the wolves are all around us;  
Whisper again, "O fear not, little flock,"  
Jesus, our King, the enemies surround us;  
Tell us Thy fortress stands upon a rock.  
Show us Thine Angels camping round about us,  
Strengthen our hearts in Faith and Love and Hope;  
If Thou art with us, legions shall not rout us,  
None shall prevail o'er the Church and the Pope! (*bis.*)

\*\*\*

Moderato. (♩ = 69)

German Melody, Harm. By C. HAUSER.

*mf*

1. O all ye peo-ple God hath made, Sing glo-ry to His  
2. Praise to the Lord, who all things made; Give glo-ry to His

ho-ly Name: To Him be end-less hon-ors paid; Let  
ho-ly Name: To Him be end-less hon-ors paid; Let

*f* *rall.*  
ev-'ry tongue His praise pro-claim, Let ev-'ry tongue His praise pro-claim.  
ev-'ry tongue His praise pro-claim, Let ev-'ry tongue His praise pro-claim.

3.

O sing His praise, ye heav'nly choirs,  
Who stand around His awful throne;  
Repeat on your immortal lyres,  
That praise belongs to Him alone. (*bis.*)

4.

Thou glorious sun, His image bright  
Who rul'st the seasons and the days,  
And thou, fair moon, who rul'st the night,  
Unite in your Creator's praise. (*bis.*)

5.

Praise Him, ye stars, whose trembling lights  
Like scattered pearls, adorn the sky;  
Your silent course each heart invites,  
To praise the Lord who reigns on high. (*bis.*)

6.

Praise Him, ye mounts, ye hills sublime—  
Ye valleys dressed in living green:  
Ye flow'rs, declare to ev'ry clime,  
His charm to mortal eye unseen. (*bis.*)

7.

Praise Him, ye founts, ye limpid streams,  
Ye rapid rivers in your course;  
Proclaim Him in your murmur'ing themes,  
Of ev'ry good th'exhaustless source. (*bis.*)

8.

Join voices, ye sweet feather'd throng,  
Whose warbling notes to heaven arise;  
Let woods and hills repeat your song,  
And zephyrs waft it through the skies. (*bis.*)

9.

O thou, for whom this wondrous frame,  
And all these creatures were design'd—  
O man! adore and praise His name  
In whom all beauties are combin'd. (*bis.*)



Sostenuto. (♩ = 82)

*mf*

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap - py home! When shall I come to -

2. Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great, They see God face to -

*rall.*

thee? When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
face, They tri - umph still, they still re-joyce, Most hap - py is their case

3.  
There David stands with harp in hand,  
As master of the chair,  
Ten thousand times that man were blest,  
That might this music hear.

4.  
Our Lady sings Magnificat,  
With tune surpassing sweet,  
And all the virgins bear their part,  
Sitting about her feet.

5.  
There Magdalen hath left her moan,  
And cheerfully doth sing,  
With blessed Saints whose harmony  
In every street doth ring.

6.  
Ah, my sweet home Jerusalem!  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see.

\*\*\*

O Brightness of Eternal Light.

220.

(Same Air As Preceding)

1.  
O Brightness of eternal light,  
I worship at Thy feet;  
Though all unworthy in Thy sight,  
Thy mercies I repeat.

2.  
To save our souls from sin and strife  
Is still Thy work divine;  
The gates of everlasting life,  
O gracious Lord, are Thine.

3.  
I love to praise Thee when the sun  
Pours forth his early light,  
And when the bright stars one by one  
Come twinkling out at night.

4.  
If I am free from care and loss,  
I love to praise Thy name;  
If I am called to bear Thy Cross,  
I bless Thee all the same.

5.  
If roses on my path I meet,  
I feel the gift is Thine;  
If thorns spring up to pierce my feet,  
I still will not repine.

6.  
The blessings sent to win my love,  
O Lord, I freely take;  
The trials sent my faith to prove,  
I bear for Thy dear sake.

7.  
Then let me on my journey go,  
And fear not for the end;  
It matters not who is my foe,  
If Jesus be my friend.

8.  
In Thee, sweet Lord, I put my trust:  
Oh guard me while I live;  
And when this dust returns to dust,  
My soul in heaven receive.

## Jerusalem The Golden!

Bernard Of Cluny.

(Urbs Sion aurea.)

M. H.

Andantino. (♩ = 80)

*mf Soli.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey  
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with

blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
song, And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.

*mf CHORUS.*

I know not, — oh, I know not What joys a - wait us  
The Prince is ev - er in them, His light is al - ways

there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
seen, The pas - tures of the bless - ed, Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

3.

*Soli.* { There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast;  
And they, who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
*Cho.* { For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

4.

*Soli.* { O sweet and blessed Country,  
The Home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed Country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy, bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
*Cho.* { Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit, ever blest.

# Jesus, Lord, Be Thou My Own.

222.

St. ALPHONSUS.

Tr. Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

Ancient Melody Harm. by CARL HAUSER.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 50.)

1. Je - sus, Lord, be Thou my own; Thee I long for.  
 2. Life with - out Thy love would be Death, O Sover-eign

Thee a - lone; All my - self I give to Thee; Do what  
 Good to me; Bound and held by Thy dear chains Cap-tive

e'er Thou wilt with me; Do what e'er Thou wilt with me.  
 now my heart re - mains; Cap - tive now my heart re - mains.

3.

Thou, O God, my heart inflame,  
 Give that love which Thou dost claim;  
 Payment I will ask for none;  
 Love demands but love alone. (*bis*)

4.

God of beauty, Lord of light,  
 Thy good will is my delight;  
 Now henceforth Thy will divine  
 Ever shall in all be mine. (*bis*)

# Christ, The Glory Of The Sky.

(Same Tune As Preceding)

223.

Tr. Rev. FR. CAMPBELL.

1.

Christ, the glory of the sky;  
 Christ, of earth the hope secure;  
 Only Son of God most high;  
 Offspring of a maiden pure! (*bis*)

2.

Purest Light, within us dwell,  
 Never from our souls depart;  
 Come, the shades of earth expel,  
 Fill and purify the heart. (*bis*)

3.

Help us now Thy praise to sing  
 Praise for this returning day;  
 Light and life let morning bring,  
 Clouds and darkness flee away! (*bis*)

4.

Faith in Him, Whose name we bear,  
 In our heart of hearts abound!  
 Hope, thy brightest torch prepare;  
 All with holy love be crowned! (*bis*)

5.

Praise the Father; praise the Son,  
 Spirit blest, to Thee be praise!  
 To the eternal Three in One  
 Glory be through endless days! (*bis*)

## Tears On Thy Sacred Face, My God!

Melody by Rev. A. GREAVEN . O . C . C .

Harm. by Rev. P. J. WADE . O . C . C .

Largo (♩ = 56)

*mf*

1. Tears on Thy Sa-cred Face, my God! Long sor-row, told by tears, A  
 2. Grief on Thy Sa-cred Face, my God! The anguish that shall win Hope

*cresc.* *mf*

wreath of tor-ture crowns at last The ag - o - ny of years! Thy  
 for the des - o - late, with peace And par-don for the sin; The

*cresc.*

glo - ry dimmed, Thy beau - ty fled, Thy ten - der, touch - ing grace  
 sin whose dead - ly hands have laid So deep, so sad a trace On

*rall.*

Beams on us now no long - er here, O Sa - cred, suf - fer - ing Face!  
 brow and lips and weep - ing eyes, O Sa - cred, suf - fer - ing Face!

3.  
 Love on Thy Sacred Face my God!  
 The love that liveth on  
 Though light, and loveliness and joy,  
 To sight of earth, are gone;  
 The love that calls us to Thy Feet,  
 And folds in Thine embrace  
 The children of Thy tears, my God!  
 O Sacred suffering Face!

4.  
 We pray Thee for Thy straying sheep  
 We pray Thee for the eyes,  
 The lips, the hearts, that always bid,  
 Thine own hot tear-drops rise,  
 We pray Thee for this world of Thine,  
 Its wandering, wilful race,  
 Lead it kind Shepherd, to Thy Shrine,  
 Thy Sacred, suffering Face!

5.  
 Unclose Thy weary Eyes, my God!  
 Bow down Thy weary Head,  
 Over the souls that prostrate lie,  
 Thy Precious Blood be shed.  
 O royal flood, O golden flood,  
 Of faith, of hope, of grace;  
 Bless Thou the hearts and eyes that seek  
 Thy Sacred, suffering Face!



*Maestoso, non lento.* (♩ = 80)

*mf*

1. I come to Thee once more, my God! No long-er will I  
 2. Rich-es could bring me joy and power, And they were fair to

roam; For I have sought the wide world through, And nev-er found a  
 see; Yet gold was but a sor-ry god To serve in-stead of

*cresc.*

home. Though bright and man-y are the spots Where I have built a  
 Thee. Then hon-or and the world's good word Ap-peared a no-ble

*rall.*

nest, Yet in the bright-est still I pined For more a-bid-ing rest.  
 faith; Yet could I rest on blissthathung And trembl-ed on a breath?

3.  
 The pleasure of the passing hour  
 My spirit next could wile;  
 But soon, full soon, my heart felt sick  
 Of pleasure's weary smile.  
 More selfish grown, I worshipped health,  
 The flush of manhood's power;  
 But then it came and went so quick,  
 It was but for an hour.

4.  
 And thus a not unkindly world  
 Hath done its best for me;  
 Yet I have found, O God! no rest,  
 No harbor short of Thee,  
 For Thou hast made this wondrous soul  
 All for Thyself alone;  
 Ah! send Thy sweet transforming grace  
 To make it more Thine own.

\*\*\* Lento e legato. (♩ = 54.)

Pilgrims' Chorus (XV<sup>th</sup> Century.)

*p* *mf*

1. A - ve Sanc - tis - si - ma, We lift our souls to thee, O - ra pro  
 2. A - ve Sanc - tis - si - ma, List to thy child - ren's pray'r, Au - di Ma -

*cresc.*

no - bis! 'Tis night-fall on the sea, Watch us while shad - ows lie,  
 ri - a! And take us to thy care; O thou whose vir - tues shine,

*p* *rall.*

Far o'er the wa - ter spread, Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine too hath  
 With brightest pu - ri - ty, — Come and each thought re - fine, Till pure like

*a tempo.*

bled. Thou that hast looked on death, Aid — us when death is nigh;  
 thine, Oh! save our souls from ill; — Guard thou our lives from fear;

*f* *REFRAIN.* *rall.* *a tempo.*

Whis - per of heav'n to faith, Sweet Mother, sweet Mother hear, O - ra pro.  
 Our hearts with pleas - ures fill.

*cresc.* *rall.*

no - bis! The wave must rock our sleep, O - ra, Mater, O - ra, Star of the sea!

# O Bright Flower Of Carmel!

227.

Rev. A. GREAVEN, O. C. C.

Harm. by Rev. P. J. WADE, O. C. C.

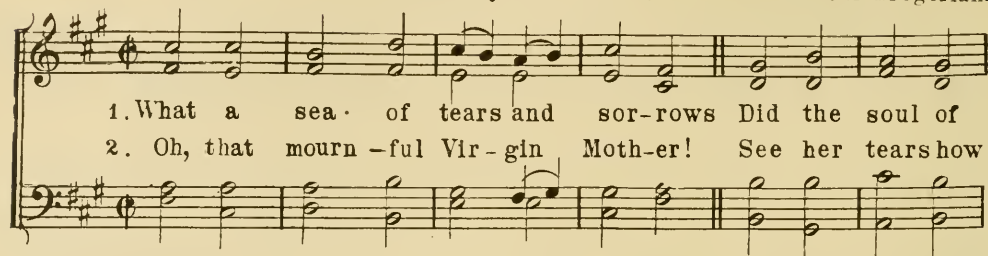
Moderato. (♩ = 88)

1. O bright Flow'r of Car-mel, thou blos-som - ing vine! The  
 2. O Star of the wild sea that shin-eth se - rene, Once

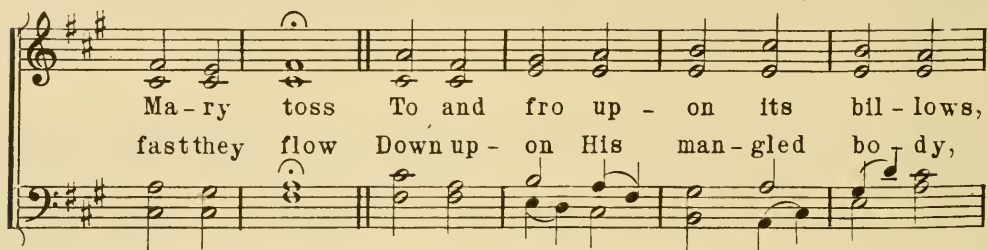
splen - dor of Hea ven, of Je - sus, di - vine! The  
 seen by E - li - as as Car - mel's bright Queen Typi -

Child bear - ing Vir - gin, most stain-less, most mild, Thy  
 fied by the cloud-let that rose o'er the waves Of the

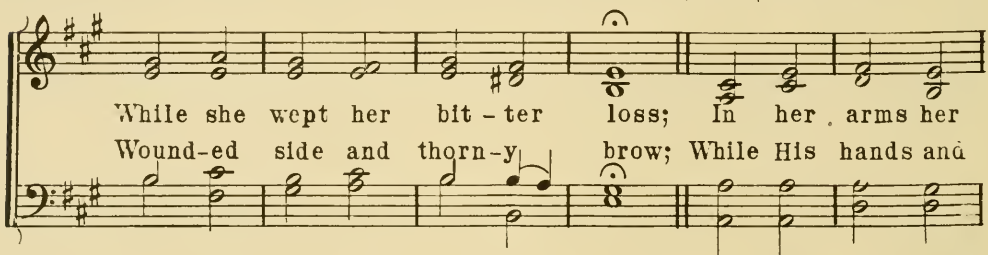
priv - i - lege grant to each Car-mel - ite child.  
 sea that Mount Car - mel's base gen - tly laves.



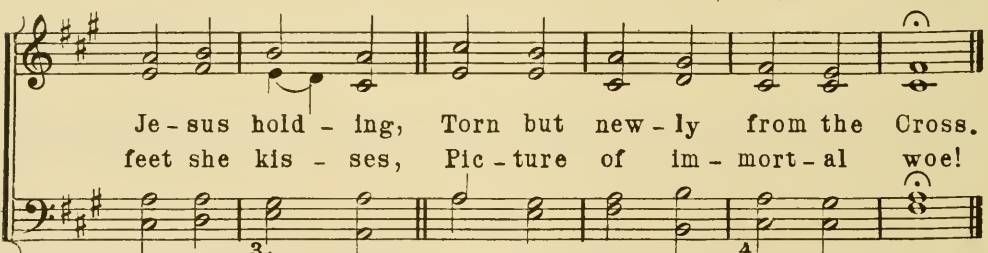
1. What a sea of tears and sorrows Did the soul of  
2. Oh, that mourn-ful Vir-gin Moth-er! See her tears how



Ma-ry toss To and fro up - on its bil - lows,  
fast they flow Down up - on His man-gled bo - dy,



While she wept her bit - ter loss; In her arms her  
Wound-ed side and thorn-y brow; While His hands and



Je - sus hold - ing, Torn but new - ly from the Cross.  
feet she kis - ses, Pic - ture of im - mort - al woe!

3. Oft and oft His arms and bosom

Fondly straining to her own;

Oft her pallid lips imprinting

On each wound of her dear Son,

Till at last, in swoons of anguish,

Sense and consciousness are gone.

4. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,

By thy tears and troubles sore;

By the death of thy dear Offspring;

By the bloody wounds He bore;

Touch our hearts with that true sorrow

Which afflicted thee of yore.

5.

To the Father everlasting,

And the Son, who reigns on high,

With the coeternal Spirit,

Trinity in Unity,

Be salvation, honor, blessing,

Now and through eternity.



# O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(Renewal of Baptismal Vows)

229.

B. M. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 50.)

1. O Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, One God in Per-sons Three, We  
2. But most we thank Thee for the grace Of that thrice bless-èd day, Which

come in faith to count the cost, And give our-selves to Thee.  
sped us in our Christ-ian race, And wash'd our sin a-way.

*CHORUS.*

In hope and love Thy name we bless For count-less mer-cies  
Then we were free from guilt-y stain, Tho' sad and sin-ful

given To make our earth-ly bur-dens less, And smooth our way to heaven.  
now With con-trite hearts we come a-gain To make our sol-enn vow.

3.

*Soli.* { Dear Lord, before Thy wounded feet  
Weeping Thy children fall;  
Hear us, kind Jesus, Saviour sweet,  
Our Life, our Love, our All.  
*Chorus.* { We seek to serve no other king,  
Follow no other guide,  
Nor earth, nor any earthly thing,  
Shall tear us from Thy side.

4.

*Soli.* { We seek to know no other love,  
Save what we love in Thee;  
And Thee we choose all else above  
Our chiefest love to be.  
*Chorus.* { Thy Blood our only treasure is,  
Thy Cross our chosen part;  
Thyself and Mary all our bliss;  
Our home, Thy Sacred Heart.

Andantino. (♩ = 76.)

*mf Soli.*

1. CHRISTMAS comes to bless the earth With its won-drous heavenly birth;  
 2. EASTER with its flam-ing crown Tram-ples all the dark-ness down;

Bright and high the dawn-ing Light Burn-eth through the gloom of night.  
 Ty-rant spectres of the gloom Die be-fore the op-en Tomb.

God hath come with men to dwell, Christ is born in Is-ra-el;  
 Christ hath ris-en, from the grave, Christ hath ris-en, strong to save;

Thrill-ing songs His An-gels sing, Worship-ping their In-fant King.  
 Thrill-ing songs His An-gels sing, Worship-ping their Vic-tor King.

*Soli.* 3. { Thus He reigns beyond the sky  
 In the love that cannot die;  
 Yet with men doth ever dwell,  
 In the midst of Israel.

*Soli.* 4. { Comes the shadow of the tomb,  
 Comes the fearful day of doom;  
 Darkling clouds about us lower;  
 Jesus, save us in that hour.

*Tutti.* { So before His Altar now  
 All His radiant Angels bow;  
 Thrilling songs they ever sing,  
 Worshipping their hidden King.

*Tutti.* { By the Christmas frost and snow,  
 Easter's bright and burning glow,  
 Light around Thine Altar shed,  
 Save us in that hour of dread.

# \*The March Of The Parish Schools.

Rt. Rev. MGR. HENRY *Dedicated to the Pupils of the Parochial Schools*  
A. BRANN, D. D. *in the United States.*

231.

W. RHYS-HERBERT.

Joyfully.

1. Hail, Cross divine! thy vic-tories we sing, For thee our mar-tyrs  
brave and faith-fuldied; To thee in weal and woe we fond-ly cling,—  
Sym-bol of faith in Je-sus cru-ci-fied. Hail, Cross of Christ! though  
un-believers spurn, Our ar-dor glows in meas-ure of their hate: With  
love for thee our hearts for-ev-er burn; Nor scoff, nor blows our ar-dor can a-bate.

2.

3.

Hail, starry flag! by saintly Carrol blessed!	Thy stripes ne'er fall save on the jealous foe,
Unfurled in freedom o'er our hills and plains;	Who dares impede the course of tranquil toil,
To shelter those in other lands oppressed,	Or rebel son who with internal woe
Who, refuge seek from bondage and from chains.	And blood-shed desolates the fertile soil.
Shine brilliant stars, in beauty ever shine!	When Cross and flag united on us call,
To show the road of truth, of peace and love;	A band of patriots rallied let us stand;
These three in union with the Cross, combine	For Cross and flag together fight or fall,
To lead Columbia to the realms above.	The free-born sons of Christ and Fatherland.

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# 232. Cometh A New Year, Buried Is The Olden.

(Lapsus est annus: redit annus alter.)

Tr. REV. H. T. HENRY, Litt. D.

CARL HAUSER.

Andante. (♩ = 58.)

*p* *p cresc.* *f*

1. Com - eth a new year, - bur - led is the old - en:  
2. Joy - ous we praise Thee for its gifts al - lot - ted:

*mf*

Thus, too, our life goes out with pln - ion sleep - ing: Thou, Lord, its  
But for the great - est, Lord, which Thou hast giv - en, Pray we, Thy

*cresc* *rall*

Masi - er; for its course is hold - en Safe in Thy keep - ing.  
chil - dren, keep the faith un - spot - ted, Rent - less, un - riv - en.

3.

\* Give us our daily bread, beseech we lowly:  
Far from our borders drive all sickly humors:  
Shower Thy gifts of peace, and banish wholly  
War and its rumors.

4.

\* Oh, may Thy pardon our misdoing cover:  
Be the endeavors of the bad repressed:  
Grant to the victors, when the strife is over,  
Palms of the blessed.

5.

Sinful affections, sinful acts reproving,  
Offer we, Saviour, hearts with love o'erflowing:  
Make our years fruitful - Thou a Father's loving  
Countenance showing.

6.

Days, years and epochs - Time in all its phases  
Runneth to Thee, Lord, as a mighty river:  
May Thy creation offer worthy praises  
Unto Thee ever.

\* The Stanzas marked \* may be omitted.



# SACRED SONGS.



# In Music's Sweetest Strains We'll Sing.

233.

\*\*\*

Andante. (♩ = 50)

B.M.J.

*mf*

1. In mu-sic's sweet-est strains we'll sing, Our notes to God we'll raise, And  
2. In God's own house we'll sing His praise, For there His glo-ry dwells; To

make His sa - cred tem - ple ring With hymns of love and praise. Our  
Heav'n our hearts and songs we'll raise, In sweet-est ean - ti - cles. As

*cresc.*

tongues ho - san - nas shall pro - claim; Our hearts de - vout - ly pray; Each  
long as we have life and breath, Our Mak - er we will praise; And

*p*

morn - ing and each even - ing theme Shall ech - o through the day.  
when our voice ex - pires in death, Death will per - fect our lays.

*mf* REFRAIN.

In music's sweetest strains we'll sing, Our notes to God we'll raise, And make His sacred

*p* *rall.*

tem - ple ring, With hymns of love and praise, With hymns of love and praise.

## Come, O Divine Messiah!

\*\*\* Andantino. (♩ = 60)

CHORUS.

Adapted from Cabrisseau.

*mf*

1. Come, O Di-vine Mes - si - ah; Oh! haste, we're wear - y  
2. Wilt leave Thy Fa - thers' home, — For us who lan - guish

*poco rall.* *Fine.*

wait-ing Thee; On earth we naught de - sire — Save Thee, sweet One in Three.  
here with love; And heathour fet - ters groan A - wait-ing aid from a - bove.

*Soli. p* *mf*

Oh! quick de - scend, — bid time take wings; — Else  
Oh! come! oh! come! — bid time take wings; — Well

our poor hearts no peace will know. But fierc-er with im - pa-tience glow.  
deck our hearts with bril-liants rare. And wel-come meet for Thee pre - pare.

3.

*Chorus.* { Think not upon our baseness,  
Take vengeance not upon our crimes:  
But with us yet have patience;  
Make us all Thine in time.

*Soli.* { For art not Thou, our Lord and God?  
To whom should we for refuge flee  
If not, O Lord, our 'God, to Thee? *Chorus.* Think not, etc.



# Outside The City Gates They Stand.

235.

I. WILLIAMS.

Andante. (♩. = 69.)

DUO - (2<sup>nd</sup> time CHORUS.)

Adapted from Çabrisseau.

SOP.  
ALTO.

Piano.

*mf*

1. Out - side the cit - y gates they stand, Saint Jo - seph and the  
2. On - ly a lone - ly hill - side shed Can of - fer shel - ter

*Fine.*

Vir - gin blest; Their wear - y feet are trav - el worn, They crave a place to rest.  
till the morn; At mid - night's hour, a cry is heard, Beth - le - hem's Babe is born.

*mf Solo.*

Closed are the gates, no room is there For Jo - seph and the  
He comes to save, He comes to bless, He comes to bring us

Maid - en fair! For Jo - seph and the Maid - en fair! Out -  
hap - pi - ness, He comes to bring us hap - pi - ness. On -

3.

Far up the side of Judah's hills  
The shepherds keep their watch by night;  
When suddenly, with fearful hearts,  
They see a dazzl' g light;

*Solo.*

While in the sky the angels sing,  
And bid them seek their new-born King. (bis)

4.

In wond'ring awe, they hear the song,  
Of heavenly joy and earthly peace;  
Proclaiming far the birth of One  
Whose mercies never cease.

*Solo.*

With grateful hearts, they haste to find  
The Infant Saviour of mankind. (bis)

# 236.

## No Room, No Room For Him.

SR. CLARISSA.  
messenger of the S.H.

Andante (♩ = 63)

B. H. E.

*SOLI (Unison) mf* *cresc.* *espressivo*

VOICES: 1. No room, no room for Him, The Lord who made the earth; The poorest beggar  
2. No room no room for Him, His own re-cel-ve Him not; Re-ject-ed, Sav-iour

(Accompaniment.)

*cresc.*

child finds shel-ter at his birth, But He the King of kings, Bears sil-ent-ly His  
mild, He seeks a low-ly spot — A-part from cru-el men; The cat-tle know their

*cresc.* *f*

*P rall. p* *mf*

doom; Our La-dy meek-ly hears "For Him there is no room," — Our  
God, And earth will not re-fuse The wel-come of its sod, — And

*p* *a tempo*

*rall*

La - dy meek - ly hears "For Him there is — no room?"  
earth will not re - fuse The wel - come of — its sod.

CHORUS. (in harmony) No Room For Him. (Concluded)  
Andante. (♩ = 63)

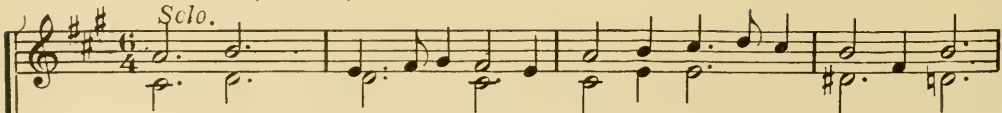
The musical score is written for a vocal part and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a quarter note equal to 63 beats per minute. The score consists of eight systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment line on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Dynamics include *mf*, *f*, *mf*, *p*, *cresc.*, *ff*, and *dim.*. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

No room, no room for Him! My soul, is this thy  
cry? — Has Jo - seph knocked in vain In wear - y days gone  
by? Ah! o - pen, o - pen now the door, Bid  
Ma - ry en - ter in, — Make room, my soul, make  
room! To love thy Love be - gin; Make  
room, my soul, make room! To love thy Love be - gin.

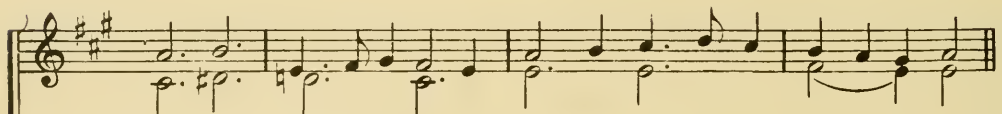
\* \* \*

Moderato. (♩ = 112)

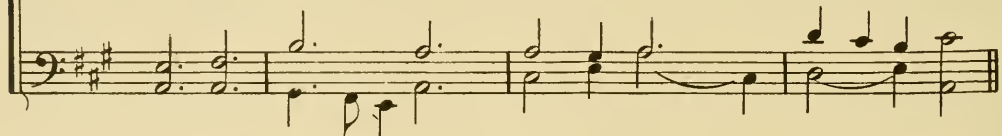
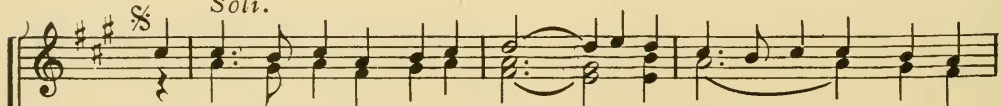
Old English Melody.

*Sclo.*

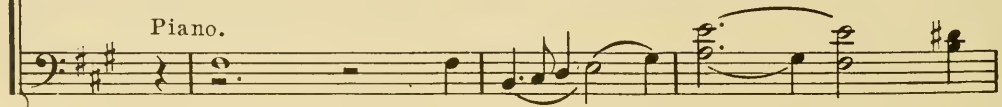
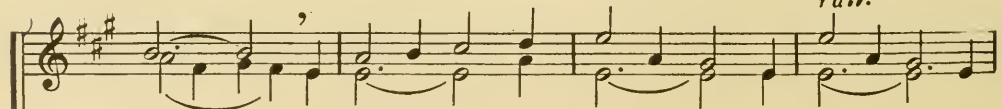
Come, come, come to the manger, Children, come to the children's King;

*(Acc.)*

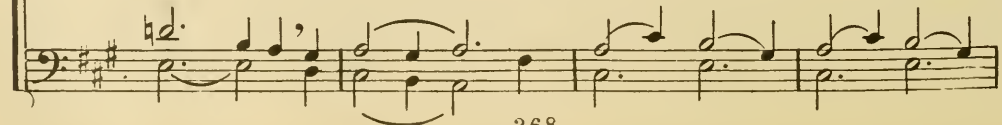
Sing, sing, cho-rus of an-gels, Star of morn-ing o'er Bethle-hem'sing!

*Soli.*

1. He lies 'mid the beasts of the stall, Who is Ma-ker and Lord of us

*Piano.**rall.*

all; — The win-try wind blows cold and dreary, See, He weeps, the





*allegro.*

world is wea - ry, Lord, have pi - ty and mer - cy on me!

CHORUS. (4 Voices)

Come, come, come to the man - ger, Chil - dren come to the

chil - dren's King; Sing, sing, cho - rus of an - gels

*2d & 3d Verses*

Stars of morn - ing o'er Beth - le - hem sing!

2.	3.
He leaves all His glory behind.	To the manger of Bethlehem come,
To be born and to die for mankind;	To the Saviour Emmanuel's home;
With grateful beasts His cradle chooses.	The Heavenly hosts above are singing.
Thankless man His love refuses,	Set the Christmas bells a ringing,
Lord, have pity and mercy on me!	Lord, have pity and mercy on me!
Come, come, &c.	Come, come, &c.

F. X. DOYLE, S. J.

S. H. MESSENGER.

I. MÜLLER.

*Maestoso.* (♩ = 80) *mf*

1. Raise the glo - rious Christ - mas song,  
2. God a Babe at Ma - ry's breast!

*f* Roll it from your souls a - long. *mf* Vaults of Heav - en,  
Sweet - ly held in Love's un - rest; Love Him! Love our

*f* come and sing Em - man - u - el, our new - born King!  
King of kings, — Who to earth re - demp - tion brings. *rall.*

*REFRAIN.* *mf*

Wel - come! Wel - come! Prince of Peace! May Thy King - ship nev - er cease,

*f* May our love be ev - er Thine, *rall.* May we know Thy Heart Di - vine!

3.

Welcome! welcome! Prince of Peace!  
May Thy Kingship never cease,  
May our love be ever Thine,  
May we know Thy Heart Divine!

## The Snow Lay On The Ground.

French Carol.

\*\*\*

Andante. (♩ = 69)

*mf*

1. The snow lay on the ground, The stars shone  
2. She laid Him in a stall, At Beth - le -

bright, When Christ Our Lord was born On Christ - mas  
hem; The ass and ox - en shared The roof with

*p*

night. 'Twas Ma - ry, daugh - ter pure Of ho - ly  
them; Saint Jo - seph, too, was by, To tend the

*cresc.*

Anne, That brought in - to this world The God made  
Child, To guard Him, and pro - tect His Moth - er

*rall.*

Man, That brought in - to this world The God made Man.  
mild, To guard Him, and pro - tect His Moth - er mild.

3.

The angels hovered round,

And sang this song:

"Veníte, adorémus

Dóminum"

And thus the manger poor

Became a throne:

For He Whom Mary bore } (bis.)

Was God the Son.

## Noël! Noël! Chant Angel Voices.

(The Echoes Of Bethlehem.)

Tr. by I. WILLIAMS

A. FOUCAULT.

Adagio. (♩ = 69.)

SOPR. No-ël! No-ël! chant an-gel voice

TENOR. *p* No-ël! No-ël! chant an-gel

ORGAN. *mf*

es, He comes to earth, Em-man-u-el

voice - - es, He comes to earth, to earth, Em-man-u-

And Is-ra-el this day re-joice-

el; And Is-ra-el this day re-

es, For Christ has come, No-ël! No-ël!

joice - - es, For Christ has come, No-ël! No-ël! No-ël!

*rit.*



TENOR I. SOLO. *mf*

What means the song that heav'n-ly choirs are sing - ing? What means the

(Accompaniment.)

CHORUS. *(Acc.)* *p* ..... SOPRANO SOLO. *p*

star that glim - mers in the East? No - ël! No - ël! He comes to

earth, to us sal - va - tion bring - ing; In Beth - le - -

hem, is born the Prince of Peace No - ël! No -

TENOR, II SOLO.  
What palace grand, with halls of purest marble  
And hangings rare, receives the Kingly Child?  
Noël! Noël!

SOPRANO, II SOLO.  
On hillside drear, in poor, deserted stable,  
The Christ is born of Virgin meek and mild.

TENOR, III SOLO.  
No throne has He, this King so great and holy;  
On bed of straw the royal Child is laid;  
Noël! Noël!

SOPRANO, III SOLO.  
To honor Him, come shepherds poor and lowly,  
They know their God, and welcome Mary's Babe.

I. WILLIAMS.

J. SCHUMPF.

Moderato. (♩ = 84.)

*mf*

1. "Glo - ry to God" pro - claim ce - les - tial voic - es,  
 2. Proph - ets of old fore - told in song and sto - ry,

*p* *cresc.*

"Glo - ry to God and peace on earth to men?"  
 The fu - ture King who was to rule all men.

*mf*

Heav - en is glad and all the world re - joic - es,  
 Lo! He has come, but not in pomp and glo - ry,

*f* *Con espressione.*

Je - sus, the Christ, is born in Beth - le - hem,  
 This King of kings, the Babe of Beth - le - hem,

*p* *rall.*

Je - sus, the Christ, is born in Beth - le -  
 This King of kings, the Babe of Beth - le -

REFRAIN.

*mf* *S.*

hem. } Let us ha - sten to the Man - ger Where the Christ Child is  
hem.

*rall.* *Fine.*

laid, To a - dore Him with Saint Jo - seph And with Ma - ry, sweet Maid.

Più lento. (♩ = 63.)

*Soli-Unison - legato.*

*mf*

1. Come all ye choirs of heav - en, Loud let your an - thems ring;  
2. God's might-y voice has spok - en, Sin's wick - ed reign shall cease;

Organ.

To us, this day is giv - en, A Sav - iour and a King,  
Man's fet - ters now are brok - en, Christ brings us grace and peace,

*rall.* *atempo.* *S.*

To us, this day is giv - en, A Sav - iour and a King. } Let us  
Man's fet - ters now are brok - en, Christ brings us grace and peace. }

# 242. Stars Of Glory, Shine More Brightly.

Rev. Dr. HUSENBETH.

B.M. J.

Allegretto. (♩)=116.)

1. Stars of glo - ry, shine more bright-ly, Pur - er be the moon-light's beam,  
 2. See the shep-herds quick-ly ris - ing, Hastening to the hum - ble stall,

Glide ye hours and mo-ments light-ly, Swift-ly down time's deep'ning stream;  
 And the new-born In - fant priz-ing, As the might-y Lord of all;

*cresc.* Bring the hour that ban-ish'd sad-ness, Brought re-demp-tion, down to earth,  
 Low - ly now they bend be - fore Him, In His help-less in-fant state.

*p* When the shep-herds heard with glad-ness Ti-dings of a Sav-iour's birth;  
 Firm-ly faith - ful they a - dore Him And His great-ness cel - e - brate;

*mf cresc.* Ti - dings of a Sav-iour's birth; *p* Ti - dings of a Sav-iours birth. *rall.*  
 And His great-ness cel - e - brate; And His great-ness cel - e - brate.

3.

Hark! the swell of heavenly voices  
 Peals along the vaulted sky;  
 Angels sing, while earth rejoices -  
 "Glory to our God on high!  
 "Glory in the highest heaven,  
 "Peace to humble men on earth;  
 "Joy to these and bliss is given,  
 In the great Redeemer's birth." (Thrice.)



# Star So Fair, Star So Bright!

243.

I. WILLIAMS.

Andante. (♩ = 58)

I. MÜLLER.

CHORUS.

*mf*

1. Star so fair, Star so bright, Shining clear with heav'nly light; Points the way  
2. Seeking near, seeking far, Guided by the mystic star, Leading them

1st time. 2nd time. *rall.* *Fine.*

from the skies, To the manger where He lies. To the manger where He lies—  
till they find Christ, the Saviour of man-kind. Christ the Saviour of man-kind—

*mf* SOLI.

From far-off Eastern country Their precious gifts they  
They seek in state-ly palace, They seek in city

*f* *D.C.*

bring; The Ma-gi, great and mighty, To Him, their Infant King.  
fair; They find, up-on the hill-side, A stable, poor and bare.

3.

CHORUS.

Lo! the star points to them,  
Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem;  
Bending low, they adore  
Him Who reigns for evermore.

SOLI.

Bright gold they place before Him,  
Rare frankincense they bring,  
And costly myrrh they offer,  
Their Master and their King— Chorus  
Lo! etc.

Adapted from A. LIMAGNE.

Maestoso. (♩ = 80)

*f SOLI*

1. Hail! the ho - ly Day of days; High the hymn of tri - umph  
2. Now thy bit - ter Pas - sion done, Thou, the well be - lov - ed

raise. To the Sav - iour's glo - ry tell, — How the Cross has van - quished  
Son Of the Fa - ther throned on high, — Rul - est all be - low the

*mf cresc.*  
hell. By the precious blood are we — Now re - deemed by Christ, and free.  
sky. King of kings, Thy saints u - nite — To the choir of an - gels bright.

*f TUTTI* *legato*  
High thanks - giving, there - fore raise, Sing the great Redeem - er's praise.  
Al - le - lú - ia! Lord, we sing — Je - sus Christ, Redeem - er, King.

Allegretto. (♩ = 96)

*f* CHORUS.

Al - le - lú - ia! Let us sing Je - sus Christ, Our Lord and King, Sound the

great Re - deem - er's praise; High thanks - giv - ing let us raise, Al - le -

lú - ia! Let us sing. Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing,

Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing, Je - sus Christ Re - deem - er King.

sing, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing, Je - sus Christ Redeem - er King. *rall.*

# 245. The Morn Had Spread Her Crimson Rays.

(Aurora Coelum Purpurat)

Trans. by R. CAMPBELL.

M.H.

Moderato. (♩ = 96)

*mf* CHORUS.

With Christ we died, with Christ we rose, When at the font His Name we

chose: Oh, let not sin our robes de - file, And turn to grief the paschal smile.

1. The morn had spread her crim - son rays, When rang the  
2. He comes vie - to - rious from the grave, The Lord om -

skies with shouts of praise; Earth joined the joy - ful  
nip - o - tent to save, And brings with Him to

hymn to swell, That brought des - pair to van - quish'd hell.  
light of day — The Saints who long im - pri - son'd lav.

*D. C.*

3.

Let hymns of joy to grief succeed,  
We know that Christ is ris'n indeed;  
We hear His white-robed Angel's voice,  
And in our risen Lord rejoice. — *Chorus.*



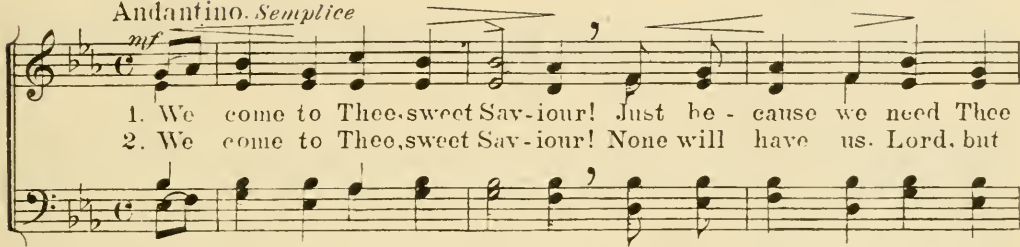
# We Come To Thee, Sweet Saviour!

246.

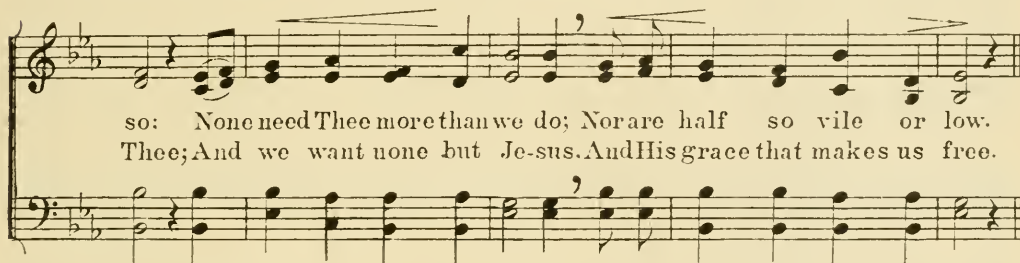
Rev. FR. FABER.

B. N.

*Andantino. Semplice*

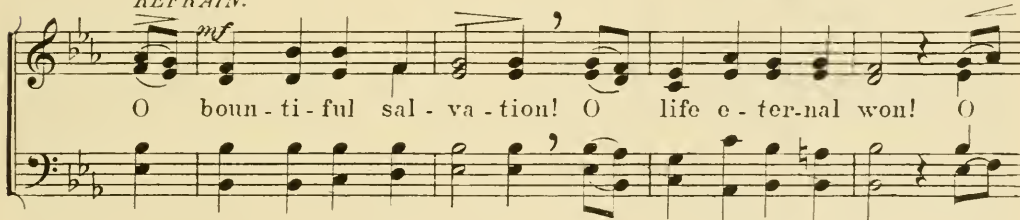


1. We come to Thee, sweet Sav-iour! Just be - cause we need Thee  
2. We come to Thee, sweet Sav-iour! None will have us. Lord, but

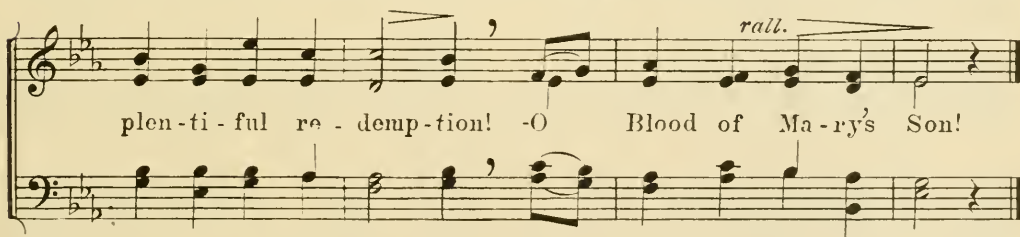


so: None need Thee more than we do; Nor are half so vile or low.  
Thee; And we want none but Je-sus. And His grace that makes us free.

*REFRAIN.*



O boun-ti-ful sal - va-tion! O life e - ter-nal won! O



plen-ti-ful re - demp-tion! -O Blood of Ma-ry's Son!

3.  
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
With our broken faith again:  
We know Thou wilt forgive us,  
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

4.  
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
For to whom, Lord, can we go?  
The words of life eternal  
From Thy lips for ever flow.

5.  
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
We have tried Thee oft before:  
But now we come more wholly,  
With the heart to love Thee more.

6.  
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
And Thou wilt not ask us why.  
We cannot live without Thee,  
And still less, without Thee die.

# 247. Holy Ghost, Come Down Upon Thy Children.

Rev. FR. FABER.

Moderato. (♩ = 96)

CHORUS.

LABAT.

*mf*

Ho-ly Ghost, come down up-on Thy chil-dren, Give us grace, and make us  
Thine: Thy ten-der fires with-in us kin-dle, Bless-ed Spir-it! Dove Di-  
vine! Thy tender fires with-in us kin-dle, Bless-ed Spir-it! Dove Di-vine!

END.

*DUO or QUARTET.*

*mf*

1. For all with-in us good and ho-ly Is . from Thee, Thy pre-cious  
2. For Thou to us art more than fa-ther, More than sis-ter, in Thy  
gift; In all our joys, in all our sorrows, Wist-ful hearts to Thee we lift.  
love. So gen-tle, pa-tient and for-bearing, Ho-ly Spir-it! Heav-nly Dove!

*D.C.*

3.  
Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit,  
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;  
And still our sins, new every morning,  
Never yet have wearied Thee.

4.  
Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited  
While our hearts were slowly turned!  
How often hath Thy love been slighted,  
While for us it grieved and burned.

5.  
Now if our hearts do not deceive us,  
We would take Thee for our Lord:  
O dearest Spirit! make us faithful  
To Thy least and slightest word.

# Strike The Harp In Praise Of God!

248.

(Hymn of Thanksgiving)

LABAT.

Moderato. (♩ = 92)

CHORUS.

Strike the harp in praise of God! Wake the tim-brel's loud-er

mirth! Glo-ri-ous the song must be Of the Great Cre-a-tor's worth.

1. Na-ture in her ealm-ness rais-es Strains of  
2. Hon-or Him, ye hosts of heav-en! Wor-ship

glad-ness, peace, and love; Man re-ech-oes forth her  
Him, ye realms of— love! Not with out-ward form a-

prais-es, Glo-ry to the God a-bove.  
lone, — But with hearts that pure-ly glow.

3.

He who rules the earth, the ocean,  
Keepeth silent watch o'er thee,  
He can tell with what devotion,

Bows the heart or bends the knee. — Chorus — Strike. etc.

# 249. Thy Will Be Done As 'Tis In Heaven.

I WILLIAMS.

(Fiat Voluntas tua.)

F. X. MOREAU.

Marcia. (♩ = 88)

SOLO. (Unison)

1. Thy Will be done as 'tis in heaven, By ev - 'ry creature here be -  
2. When from our hearts all joy seems fading, When griefs and tri - als, one by

low; Thy Will be done, most loving Father, From Whom all grace and blessings flow.  
one, O'er-whelm our souls; then in our sorrow, Teach us to say: "Thy Will be - done."

REFRAIN. (2 or 4 Voices)

E - ven to highest Heav - en, Loud let our voic - es ring; Thy Will be

done, Thou art our Fa - ther; Thy Will be done, Thou art our King. Thy Will be

done, Thou art our Fa - ther, Thy Will be done, Thou art our King!

3.

In joy or grief, what'er befall us,  
E'en till the sands of life be run,  
In life and death, this is our watchword;  
"Thy Will be done, Thy Will be done."



# Life Offers Me One Only Good, One Treasure. 250.

I. WILLIAMS.

(Second Tune.)

Rev. L. COMIRE, S.J.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*Unison.*

1. Life of-fers me one on-ly good, one treasure, My Savi-our dear, my God whom I a-  
2. Tis God a-lone our deepest wound can heal, And be to us a re-fuge safe and

dore. 'Tis He a-lone can turn all grief to pleas-ure, 'Tis He Who  
sure, None oth-er can such wondrous love re-veal, — To sanc-ti-

*cresc.* holds my heart for ev-er-more. { *REFRAIN. (2 or 4 Voices.)* Re-peat, re-peat, my — soul, This re-  
fy the ho-ly soul and pure.

frain so true, so — sweet: This cry of love and joy sincere and deep; Tis God a-

lone can give true hap-pi-ness, 'Tis God a-lone can give true hap-pi-ness.

3.  
What sorrow, then, need heart of mortal fear,  
Whose loving hope and trust are all in Thee?  
What grief need trouble us when Thou art near,  
For Thou our gentle Comforter wilt be.

I. WILLIAMS.

\*\*\*

Moderato. (♩ = 76)

SOLI. (Unison)

1. Oh! works of the Most High, ere - at - ed by His pow'r, Glo - ri -  
 2. Oh! hap - py an - gels blest who praise His ho - ly Name, Glo - ri -

fy the Lord; All crea - tures great and small, pay hom - age at this  
 fy the Lord; Oh! o - ceans wide and deep, Oh! fir - ma - ment a -

hour, Ex - tol His might - y word, ex - tol His might - y word.  
 flame, Ex - tol His might - y word, ex - tol His might - y word.

3.

Oh! sun which makes the day, thy rays dispelling night,  
 Glorify the Lord;  
 Oh! stars of gold whose fires are sparkling clear and bright,  
 Extol His mighty word, extol His mighty word.

4.

Oh! hills and mountains grand, from lofty peaks of snow,  
 Glorify the Lord;  
 Oh! fruits and harvests rare, sweet gifts of vale below,  
 Extol His mighty word, extol His mighty word.

5.

Oh! birds on soaring wing who cleave through azure space,  
 Glorify the Lord;  
 Oh! eagle fierce and bold, whose flight no eye can trace,  
 Extol His mighty word, extol His mighty word.

# Thrice Happy And Thrice Blest.

252.

I WILLIAMS.

Traditional Tune.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 80)

1. Thrice hap - py and thrice blest are The ho - ly souls and  
 2. The fer - vent soul rests ev - er In sim - ple, child - like

pure, Where fer - vor reigns for - ev - er, Un - trou - bled and se - cure.  
 faith; And trusts in Je - sus, mer - cy, And fears nor life nor death.

*REFRAIN.*

The fervent soul possesses Tran - quill - li - ty and peace, All gifts that God can  
 A faith that never falters, A hope that can not fade, Sweet char - i - ty un -

ren - der, A joy with - out sur - cease, A joy with - out sur - cease.  
 dy - ing, The fer - vent soul per - vade, The fer - vent soul per - vade.

*rall.*

3

To her, all pain and crosses  
 Are dearer far than gold;  
 The Cross on Calv'ry's summit  
 Brings peace a thousand fold.

*REFRAIN.*

Thrice happy and thrice blest are  
 The holy souls and pure  
 Where fervor reigns forever,  
 Untroubled and secure. (*bis*)

## 253.

## Full In The Panting Heart Of Rome.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

(Roman Pilgrims' Song.)

A. KUNC.

Cantabile. (♩ = 66)

*mf* Voices, Unison.

1. Full in the pant-ing heart of Rome, Be-neath the A-pos-tles' crown-ing dome, From  
 \* 2. The golden roof, the mar-ble walls, The Vat-i-can's ma-jes-tic halls, The

pil-grims lips that kiss the ground Breathes in all tongues one on-ly sound:—  
 note re-doubles, till it fills— With echoes sweet the sev-en hills;

*mf* REFRAIN.  
 God bless our Pope, the great, the good! God bless our Pope, the great, the

*cresc.* good! — *SOLO* God bless our  
 God bless our Pope, the great, the good! *f*

Pope, the great the good! *rit.*  
 God bless our Pope, the great the good! God bless our Pope, the great, the good!

\* Syllables sung to one beat of the music.



# When Morning Gilds The Skies.

(Laudetur Jesus Christus.)

254.

Rev. E. CASWALL.

B. M. J.

Moderato (♩ = 66)

*mf*

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing  
2. The sa - cred min - ster bell, It peals o'er hill and

*p*

cries; May Je - sus Christ be praised! May Je - sus Christ be  
dell; May Je - sus Christ be praised! May Je - sus Christ be

*mf*

praised! A - like at word and prayer, To Je - sus I re -  
praised! Oh! hark to what it sings, As joy - ous - ly it

*f cresc* *ff rall*

pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised! May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
rings: May Je - sus Christ be praised! May Je - sus Christ be praised!

3.

When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs;  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4.

Be this while life is mine,  
My canticle divine;  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Be this th'eternal song,  
Through all the ages on;  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Rev. E. VAUGHAN. C. SS. R.

Simplice amoroso. (♩. = 60)

Adapted from Rev. PERRARD.

*p Soli.*

Voices 1. When the lov - ing Shep - herd, Ere He left the earth,  
2. Ere He makes us part - ners Of His realm on high,

ORGAN.

*cresc.* *mf*

Shed, to pay our ran - som, Blood of price - less worth, —  
Hap - py and im - mor - tal With Him in the sky, —

*mf Tutti.*

These His lambs so cher - ished, Pur - chased, for His own. —  
Love im - mense, stu - pen - dous, Makes Him here be - low, —

*cresc.* *p* *rall.*

He would not a - bandon In the world a - lone, In the world a - lone.  
Part - ner of our ex - ile In the world of woe, In the world of woe.

3.  
*Soli.* { Jesus, food of Angels!  
Monarch of the heart,  
Oh, that I could never  
From Thy face depart!  
Yes, Thou ever dwellest  
*Tutti.* { Here for love of me,  
Hidden Thou remainest.  
God of Majesty! (*bis.*)

4.  
*Soli.* { Soon I hope to see Thee,  
And enjoy Thy love,  
Face to face, sweet Jesus,  
In Thy heaven above.  
But on earth an exile,  
*Tutti.* { My delight shall be  
Ever to be near Thee  
Veiled for love of me. (*bis.*)

# Earthly Delights Are Calling To Me Ever. 256.

I. WILLIAMS.

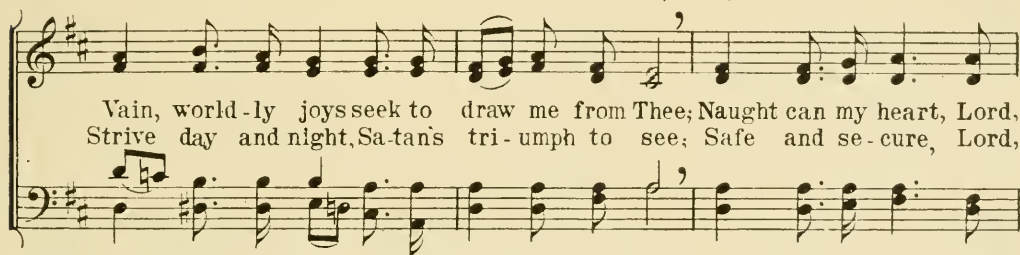
B. M.

Andantino. (♩ = 72)

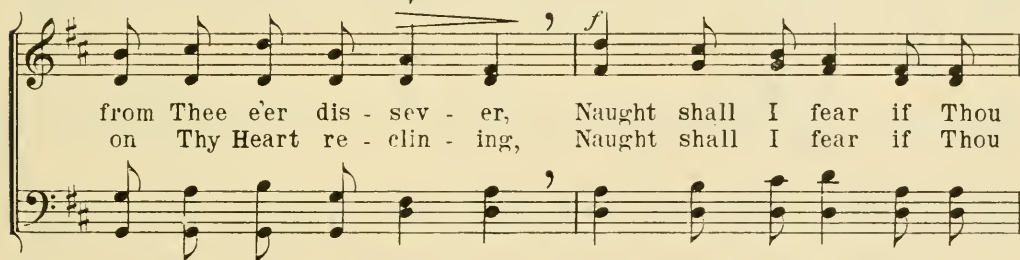
*mf*



1. Earth - ly de - lights are call - ing to me ev - er,  
2. Foes of my soul in cease - less war com - bin - ing,



Vain, world - ly joys seek to draw me from Thee; Naught can my heart, Lord,  
Strive day and night, Sa - tan's tri - umph to see; Safe and se - cure, Lord,



from Thee e'er dis - sev - er, Naught shall I fear if Thou  
on Thy Heart re - clin - ing, Naught shall I fear if Thou

*mf* *cresc.* *rall.*



art with me. Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me.  
art with me. Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me.

3.

Foes from within, my spirit's peace assailing,  
Foes from without, strive my masters to be;  
Come to mine aid, Lord, with Thy might prevailing;  
Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me,  
Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me.

4.

Close to Thy Side, my Jesus, keep me ever,  
Thy loving Heart my asylum will be;  
Safe shall I rest in the love of my Saviour;  
Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me,  
Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me.

# 257. Thou Knowest, Master, That My Heart Is Thine.

Rev. W. P. TREACY.

H.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

*mf*

1. Thou know-est, Mast-er, that my heart is Thine, Proud, weak, and sin-ful, though it  
2. Oh! haste, sweet Lord, possess my throbbing heart, Or give me wings to seek Thy

*cresc. firma voce*

be; Thy Sa-cred Heart for-ev-er must be mine, I'll live in Thee, and Thou in  
sky; It seems to me that I have Ma-ry's part, I burn with love, of love I

me;— My cho-sen One art Thou, O! spot-less Dove; For Thee I've  
die.— Thou art my par-a-a-dise, O! pur-est Lord, Thy name brings

*cresc. mf*

longed and wept and sighed; When can I meet Thee, Whom my soul does love? Why from mine  
peace and joy to me; In lov-ing Thee I find a sweet re-ward, Oh! what a

*rall.*

eyes Thy beau-ty hide? Why from mine eyes Thy beau-ty hide?  
bliss Thy Face to see! Oh! what a bliss Thy Face to see!

3.

Thy sorrows flood my heart with bitter grief;  
Thy tears to me seem never dry;  
In weeping o'er my sins I find relief,  
If tears come not, I know I'd die.—  
No more I'll waste my love on fading flowers,  
No more I'll love earth's cup of dross;  
In thoughts of Thee alone, I'll spend my hours,  
Sole treasure now for me— Thy Cross. (*bis*)



# I Need Thy Heart, Sweet Jesus.

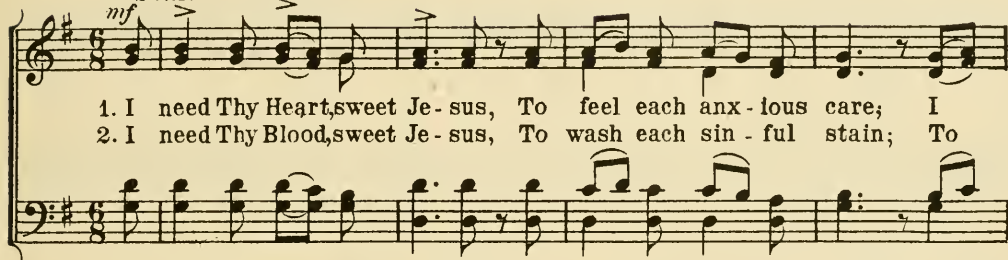
258.

"A Voice from the Tabernacle."

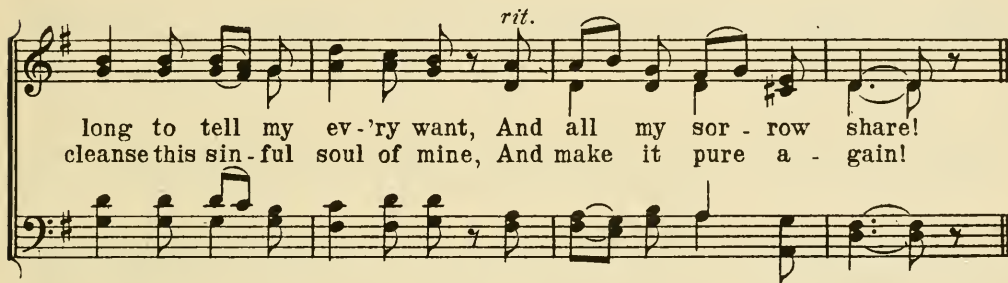
Rev. L. COMIRE, S. J.

Lentissimo. (♩ = 50)

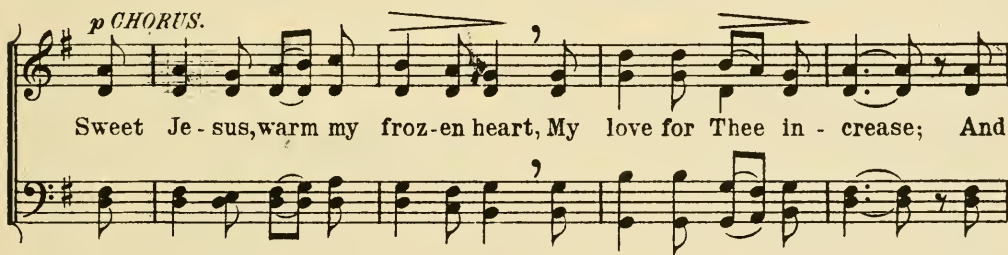
*mf SOLI.*



1. I need Thy Heart, sweet Je - sus, To feel each anx - ious care; I  
2. I need Thy Blood, sweet Je - sus, To wash each sin - ful stain; To



long to tell my ev - 'ry want, And all my sor - row share!  
cleanse this sin - ful soul of mine, And make it pure a - gain!



*p CHORUS.*  
Sweet Je - sus, warm my froz - en heart, My love for Thee in - crease; And



say to me ere I de - part: "My child, go thou in peace!"

3.

I need Thy Wounds, sweet Jesus,  
To fly from perils near;  
To shelter in their hallowed clefts,  
From ev'ry doubt and fear!

4.

I need Thee, sweetest Jesus,  
In Thy Sacrament of love;  
To nourish this poor soul of mine,  
With the treasure of Thy love!

5.

I'll need Thee, precious Jesus,  
When death's dread hour draws nigh,  
Then hide me in Thy Sacred Heart,  
'Till wafted safe on high!

293.

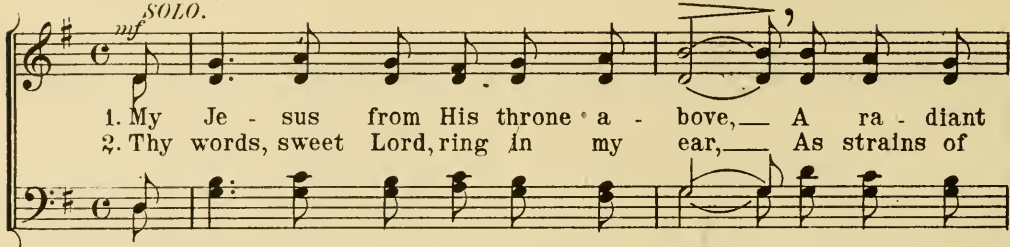
C/R 1913 P. J. K. & S.

# 259. My Jesus From His Throne Above.

(First Communion Hymn.)

Moderato. (♩ = 80) .  
*SOLO.*

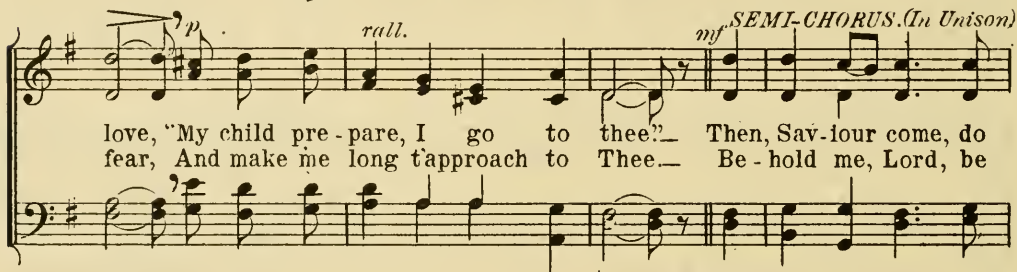
Adapted from Rev. FR. GIELY.



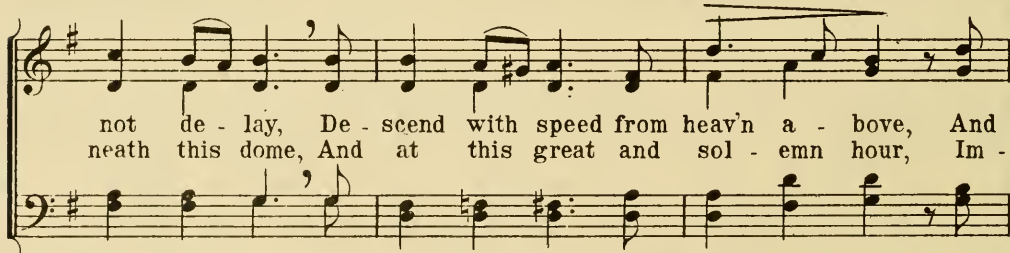
1. My Je - sus from His throne a - bove, — A ra - diant  
2. Thy words, sweet Lord, ring in my ear, — As strains of



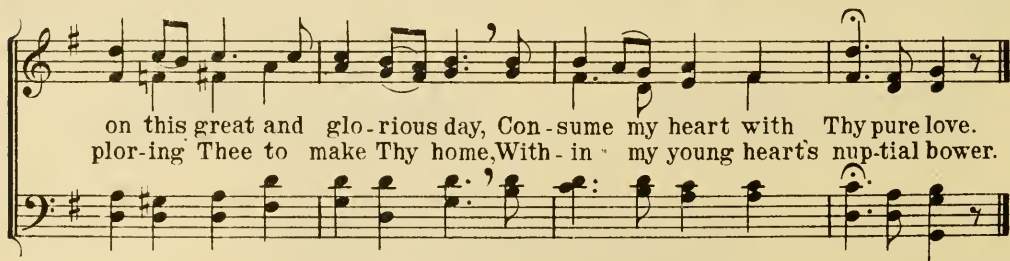
look casts down on me; — And seems to say with fond - est  
soft - est mel - o - dy; — They raise my hope, they calm my



love, "My child pre - pare, I go to thee." Then, Sav - iour come, do  
fear, And make me long t'approach to Thee. — Be - hold me, Lord, be



not de - lay, De - scend with speed from heav'n a - bove, And  
neath this dome, And at this great and sol - emn hour, Im -



on this great and glo - rious day, Con - sume my heart with Thy pure love.  
plor - ing Thee to make Thy home, With - in my young heart's nup - tial bower.

CHORUS. (In harmony)

*f*  
Then, Saviour come, do not de-lay, De-scend with speed from heav'n a-bove, And

*rit.*  
on this great and glorious day, Con-sume my heart with Thy pure love,

*mf cresc.*  
And on this great and glorious day, Consume my heart with Thy pure love,

*cresc.* *rall.*  
And on this great and glorious day, Consume my heart with Thy pure love.

3.

SOLO. { As for the cool and limpid stream,  
The hart doth pant incessantly;  
So, dearest Lord, with love supreme,  
My soul breathes forth her sighs to Thee.  
Oh, deign to hear my suppliant prayer.  
SEMI-CHORUS. { Oh, come, allay my parching thirst;  
No worldly love, no earthly care,  
Within my youthful heart is nursed. *Chorus.* Then, Saviour, etc.

4.

SOLO. { My voice I'll blend with Heaven's sweet choir,  
In hymns of mellow symphony;  
To fitly praise my heavenly Sire,  
Who deigns to come and dwell with me.  
From this day hence, my Lord divine,  
SEMI-CHORUS. { I consecrate myself to Thee;  
Oh! may I be forever Thine,  
In time and in eternity. *Chorus.* Then, Saviour, etc.

I. WILLIAMS.

Adapted from Rev. F. X. MOREAU.

Moderato. (♩ = 80)

Voices-Unison.

1. I'm Thine, dear Lord; Thine, dear-est Sav-iour; Naught but Thy love I  
 2. I'm Thine, dear Lord; Thine, dear-est Sav-iour; Vic-tim of love, Thou

PIANO.

ask of Thee. Oh! take my heart, keep it, Lord, for-ev-er, Since Thou hast  
 comst to me; Could fee-ble mortal ask a great-er favor, Than that a

giv'n Thy Heart to me. } A-rise, my soul, sa-lute thy Maker, His  
 God his guest should be?

CHORUS. (4 Parts.)

never ceas-ing won-ders sing; Re-peat, re-peat with fer-vent lov-ing

ar-dor, I'm Thine dear Lord, I'm Thine dear Lord, Thou art my King!

rit.

3.

I'm Thine, dear Lord; Thine, dearest Saviour;  
 When on my heart life's burdens weigh,  
 In darkness lost, far from Thee I wander,  
 Then change, dear Lord, my night to day.

4.

I'm Thine, dear Lord; Thine, dearest Saviour;  
 Thou wilt my guide and helper be,  
 Guard Thou my heart from dross of sinful pleasure,  
 Keep it, my Jesus, all for Thee.



# Jesus, Gentlest Saviour!

261.

Rev. FR. FABER.

M. H.

Moderato. (♩ = 54)

1. Je-sus, gentlest Saviour, God of might and pow'r, Thou Thyself art dwell-ing  
2. Out beyond the shining Of the farth-est star, Thou art ev-er stretching

*dim.* In us at this hour, Thou Thyself art dwell-ing, In us at this hour.  
In-fi-nite-ly far, Thou art ev-er stretching In-fi-nite-ly far. *rall.* END.

*mf SOLI.* Na-ture can-not hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait,  
Yet the hearts of chil-dren Hold what worlds can-not,

For Thine end-less glo-ry, And Thy roy-al state.  
And the God of won-ders, Loves the low-ly spot. *rall.* D.C.

3.

Oh, how can we thank Thee  
For a gift like this,  
Gift that truly maketh  
Heaven's eternal bliss?  
Ah, when wilt Thou always  
Make our hearts Thy home?  
We must wait for heaven  
Then the day will come.

4.

Now at least we'll keep Thee  
All the time we may;  
But Thy grace and blessing  
We will keep alway.  
When our hearts Thou leavest,  
Worthless though they be,  
Give them to Thy Mother  
To be kept for Thee.

# 262. My Soul, What Can I Render The Lord?

S. M. PINE.

(For two or four Voices.)

Andante espressivo. (♩ = 69)

Adapted from Rev. FR. HERMANN.

1. My soul, what can I ren-der the Lord For all His mercies sweet and ten-der? For  
 2. This Sav- iour Divine gives to man His Sacred Body and His Blood;— To

love ev-er watch-ful and true, What gifts can I poor weak one ren-der? He  
 nourish our souls un-to life His love prepares this wondrous Food.— The

left the glo-ry of His Heav'n To grace our pov-er-ty and sorrow: He  
 Blood flows from His Sa-cred Heart, That we may drink and live for - ev-er; His

came all our sufferings to borrow: My soul, what can I render the Lord? He  
 love o-ver-flows like a riv-er! My soul, what can I render the Lord? His

came all our sufferings to borrow; My soul, My soul, what can I render the Lord?  
 love o-ver-flows like a riv-er! My soul, My soul, what can I render the Lord?

3.

My soul, what can I render the Lord?  
 I take the chalice of salvation—  
 The chalice my sweet Saviour drank  
 Of suffering in His Sacred Passion.  
 Exhaustless be my love and pure;  
 Unblemished be my soul before Him;  
 Like angels would I might adore Him!  
 My soul, what can I render the Lord?  
 Like angels would I might adore Him!  
 My soul, My soul, what can I render the Lord?

# Take Back. Receive, O! Master Of My Heart. 263.

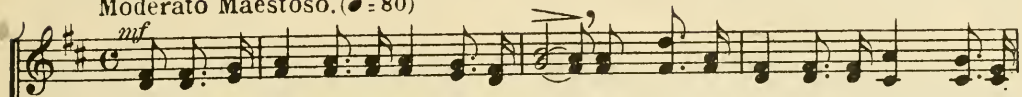
Suscipe of St. Ignatius.

(For 2 or 4 Voices.)

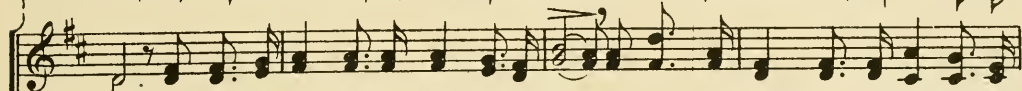
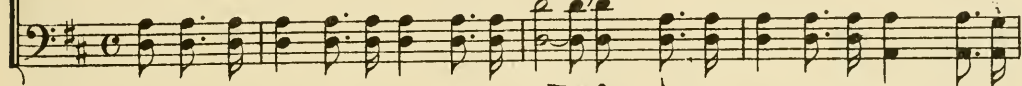
I. WILLIAMS.

Adapted from CH. GOUNOD.

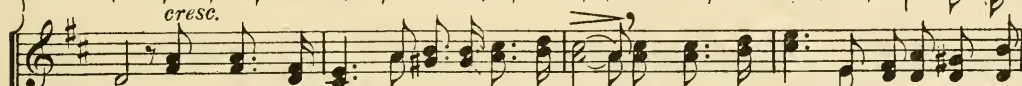
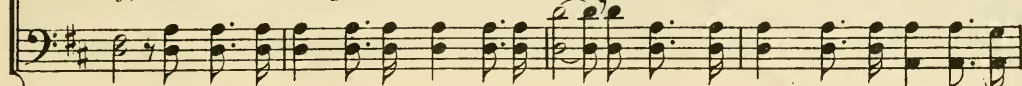
Moderato Maestoso. (♩ = 80)



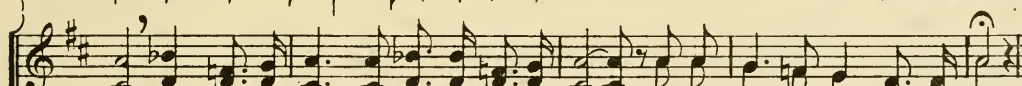
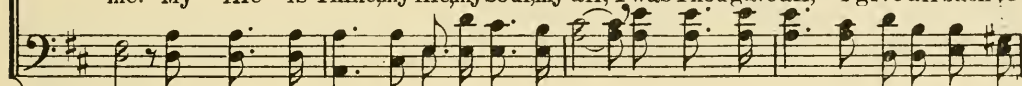
1. Take back, O! Lord, and receive all the gifts Which Thy dear love has be-stowed up-on  
2. Take back, O! Lord, all my soul's facul - ties, My mind, my will, my en-tire lib-er-



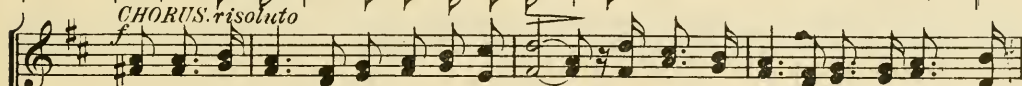
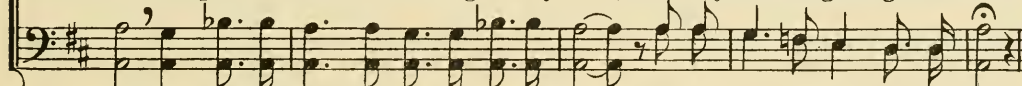
me; My heart, my soul, ev'ry thing I possess, I give all back, O! my Saviour, to  
ty; Leave me but one precious gift for my own. Thy love, Thy grace, these suffice, Lord, for



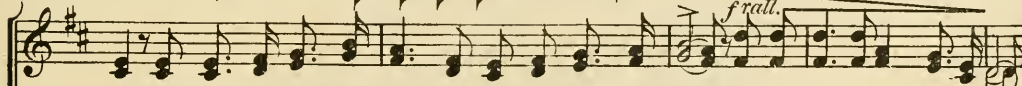
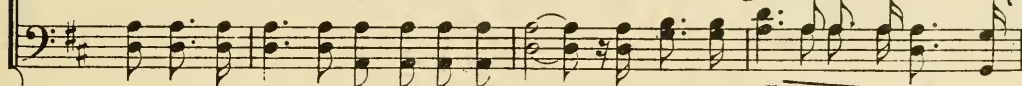
Thee! 'Twas Thou Who gave me all I am or have, I now, dear Lord, give it all back to  
me. My life is Thine, my life, my soul, my all, 'Twas Thou gave all, I give all back to



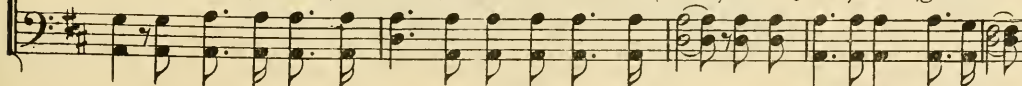
Thee. Grant me, I beg, but Thy love in re - turn, Just Thy love, O Lord, give to me!—  
Thee. Dis-pose of them ac-cording to Thy will, But Thy love and grace give to me!—



Take back, re-ceive, O! Mast-er of my heart, Take back the gifts I have received from



Thee, Take back, receive, dear Lord, do with me what Thou wilt, But Thy love, O Lord, give to me.





# 264. Close Veiled In That Sweet Sacrament.

S. N. D.

M. H.

Andante affettuoso. (♩ = 69)

1. Close veiled in that sweet Sac-ra-ment, Our Je-sus' Heart, our treasure, lies; Lov'e's  
 2. Love is not loved! O an-gels, weep; Ye vir-gins chaste, breathe bit-ter sighs; O  
 price-less, dear-est tes-ta-ment Is shroud-ed in that mys-tic guise. Our  
 earth, be clothed in mourning deep; With-draw your light, ye ra-diant skies: For  
 Jesus left His realms of light, On wings of love to earth He's flown, To dwell with us 'tis  
 all our soul's dear Spouse hath died, For all, His Heart with love doth burn, Yet this meek Saviour  
 His delight, He makes our heart His dearest throne, He makes our heart His dearest throne.  
 renderide. And for His love make no re-turn, And for His love make no re-turn.  
 mf REFRAIN. cresc.  
 O Sa-cred Heart, how sweet 'twould be, If we could die for love of Thee! O  
 Sa-cred Heart, how sweet 'twould be, If we could die for love of Thee!

3.

That Heart for us could do no more,  
 In anguish deep it sighed and bled;  
 A spear His sacred Bosom tore,  
 For us His last life's Blood was shed;  
 That spear, O Jesus, pierced Thy Heart  
 That we within its depths might flee,  
 Oh, wound our own with love's sweet dart,  
 Let us expire for love of Thee. (Twice)



## "Sweet Sacred Heart!"

Words from "The Voice of the Tabernacle."

M. H.

Adagio religioso. (♩ = 44)

*mf*

1. "Sweet Sa-cred Heart!" Oh! let it not be spok-en As tho' the  
2. O Sa-cred Heart! on earth our on - ly Treas-ure; Of Love Di

words meant on - ly some light thing; They mean a Heart by  
vine Thou art the hu - man throne; O Heart, Whose love no

love and sor-row bro-ken, From Whose deep Wound, From Whose deep Wound, all  
lim-it hath nor measure, Be Thou for us, Be Thou for us, on

grace and life would spring.— Sweet Sacred Heart! Sweet Sacred Heart!  
earth our on - ly home.— Sweet Sacred Heart! Sweet Sacred Heart!

3.

Sweet Sacred Heart! our hearts within us burning  
Love and adore Thee with the Saints above;  
O Heart Divine! by Whom we're ever learning  
To know our God (*twice*) and that our God is Love.—  
Sweet Sacred Heart! Sweet Sacred Heart!

ENGLISH MESSENGER.

J. GOSSEC.

Andantino. (♩ = 76)

*mf*

1. All for Thee, O Heart of Je - sus, All for Thee e - ter - nal-  
 2. All the hopes once fond - ly cher-ish'd, One by one I've seen de-

*cresc.*

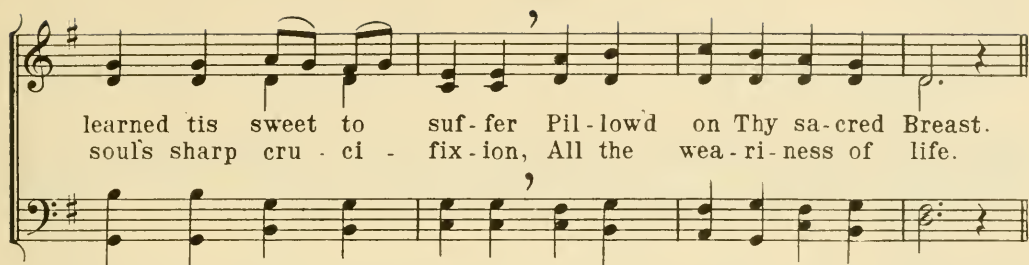
ly; Nought for me, O Heart of Je - sus, Save to  
 part; Now life has for me no sun - shine, Save with -

*mf*

be be - lov'd by Thee; Thou hast taught me in my  
 in Thy Sa - cred Heart. All for Thee. O Heart of

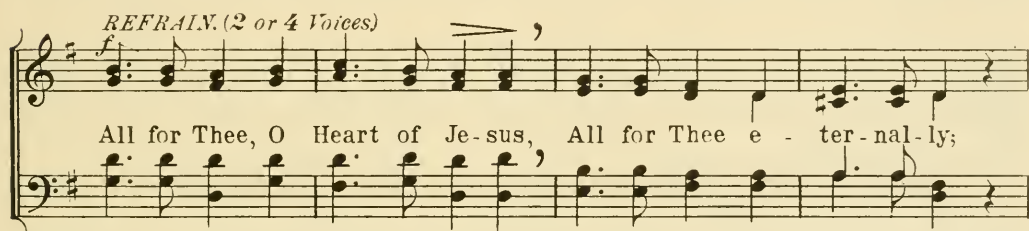
sor - rows Where a - lone the heart finds rest; I have  
 Je - sus, All the dai - ly in - ward strife, All the

\*The Stanza may be sung also in unison by the full choir, and the Refrain in harmony.

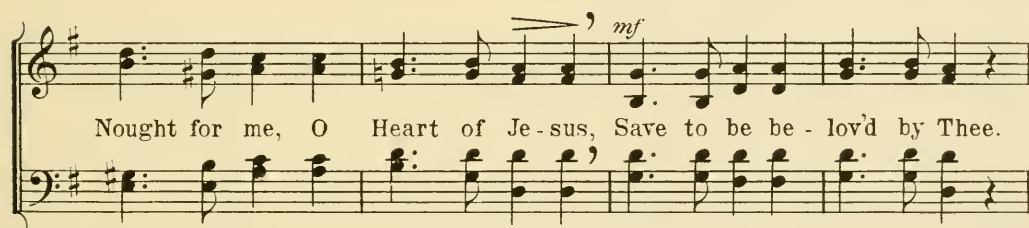


learned tis sweet to suf-fer Pil-low'd on Thy sa-cred Breast.  
soul's sharp cru-ci-fix-ion, All the wea-ri-ness of life.

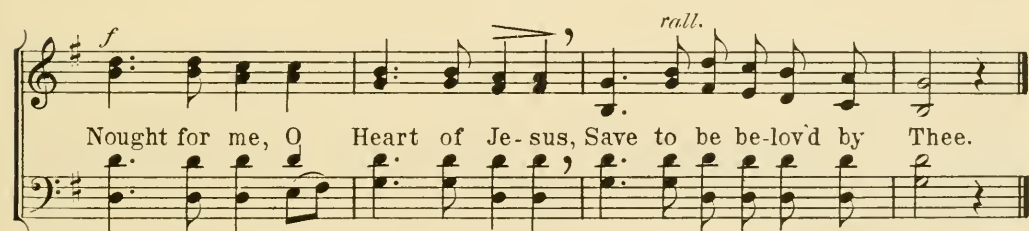
*REFRAIN. (2 or 4 Voices)*



All for Thee, O Heart of Je-sus, All for Thee e-ter-nal-ly;



Nought for me, O Heart of Je-sus, Save to be be-lov'd by Thee.



Nought for me, O Heart of Je-sus, Save to be be-lov'd by Thee.

3.  
Should my efforts prove successful,  
All the glory be to Thee;  
Honor, praise, to Thee be given,  
Thee alone— and none for me;  
All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,  
All for Thee in life and death;  
All for Thee, dear Heart of Jesus,  
Till my latest dying breath. *Refrain.*

V. HUNTER S. H. MESSENGER.

A. THIBAUT.

Larghetto. (♩ = 44)

*p* *DUO.*

VOICES

1. Dear Sa - cred Heart, I of - fer Thee — My -  
 2. My ev - 'ry word, my ev - 'ry breath — All

*cresc.*

self un-worthy though I be; — Thy burn-ing love to sa - ti -  
 pains and suf - f' rings till my death, Give me Thy grace the sov - reign

ate, Through Ma - ry's heart — Im - mac - u - late. —  
 balm, In grief and care — a heav'n - ly calm. —

SOLI. REFRAIN. *espressivo.*

1st VOICE. *p* That I — may love Thee more! That

2nd VOICE. O Je - sus! I im - plore, O Je - sus! I im -

I — may love Thee more, — love Thee more! O

plote, — That I — may love Thee more! O



Je - sus! I im - plore! (*Accompaniment.*)

Je - sus! I im - plore!

*REFRAIN. (Tutti, in harmony)*  
Cantabile.

*mf* I kiss the cross that weighs me down; I choose to wear the thorny

crown; Coming from Thee, Sweet Lord 'tis best, To Thy fond Heart I leave the

rest; Sweet Lord 'tis best, To Thy fond Heart I leave the rest.

3.

My hands' best efforts, small and great,  
Sorrows and joys, I consecrate;  
Success and failure, trials that smart,  
I place them all within Thy Heart. *Refrain. Soli and Tutti.*

4.

To Thee my heart I now resign,  
It bleeds, is broken, but is Thine,  
The while this one request I make,  
From me all love of creatures take. *Refrain. Soli and Tutti.*

# 268. When Far From Thee, My Way I've Wended.

I. WILLIAMS.

A. THIBAUT.

Andante. (♩ = 58)

*SOLI.*

*p*

1. When far from Thee my way I've wend-ed, By Sa-tan's wicked wiles be-  
 2. When lured by vain and worldly pleasure, I, all Thy mer-cy did for-  
 3. When o'er my head dark clouds did low - er, And life seem'd naught but toll and

*mf*

set, When sin and doubt my soul have rend - ed, I  
 get And turned from Thee, my on - ly treas - ure, I  
 fret, Weak and for-get-ful of Thy pow - er, I

*f*

*pp* *rall.*

wept bit-ter tears of re-gret, bit-ter tears of re-gret..  
 wept bit-ter tears of re-gret, bit-ter tears of re-gret..  
 wept bit-ter tears of re-gret, bit-ter tears of re-gret..

Duo - Chorus.

*mf Più animato.*

*cresc.*

But see to - day my soul is shriven, Oh! Lamb of  
But Thou, O Lord, who art in heaven, Oh! Lamb of  
But see to - day all clouds have van-ished, Oh! Lamb of

*mf*

*cresc.*

*f*

God, par - don and bless; My pray'r is heard, I am for-  
God, par - don and bless; To me once more Thy grace is  
God, par - don and bless; Thy lov-ing voice all care has

*, largando a piacere.*

*Lento.*

giv - en, Let me weep a - gain, weep with hap - pi - ness, Let me weep a -  
giv - en, Let me weep a - gain, weep with hap - pi - ness, Let me weep a -  
ban - ished, Let me weep a - gain, weep with hap - pi - ness, Let me weep a -

*Più Lento.*

*, fa tempo.*

*prall.*

gain, Weep with hap - pi - ness, Let me weep a - gain, weep with hap - pi - ness.  
gain, Weep with hap - pi - ness, Let me weep a - gain, weep with hap - pi - ness.  
gain, Weep with hap - pi - ness, Let me weep a - gain, weep with hap - pi - ness.

M. S. PINE.

(Solo and Duo.)

Mel. of Rev. FR. LIGONNET.

Acc. by J. HEYNEN.

Andante Lento.

*Soli. mf*

1. God of peace and of love, Thou art the Light of light!  
 2. Why may I not a - bide in Thysweet pres-ence Lord?  
 3. Lift my spir - it to Thee from earth - ly toil and tears.

*(Accompaniment.)*

Word whose splendors di - vine — all the Heav-ens out-shine;  
 As the ser-aphs in heav'n — gaz-ing ev - er, on Thee;  
 Show Thy beau - ty, O Lord! — hide me safe in Thy breast;

*p espressivo*

I a - dore Thee con-cealed 'neath faith mys-te - rious night,  
 As the gold lamp a - flame — be - fore Thy Heart a - dored,  
 Rapt in ar - dors of love — shall pass a thou-sand years,



*mf cresc*

*rall*

Veil - ing Thee from my sight! Vell - ing Thee from my sight!  
Join us, Heav-en's bright choir, Join us, O Heav'n's bright choir.  
Like an hour with the blest, Like an hour with the blest.

**REFRAIN.**

*DUO. mf*

Ah, my God, who will give words with love o - ver - flow-ing, Words that seraphs in

*cresc*

*mf*

Heav'n sing in language of fire; Voice an-gel-ic and lips with the

*rall*

al-tar coals all glow-ing! Join us, Heav-en's bright choir! Join us, O Heav'n's bright choir!

Larghetto cantabile. (♩ = 44)

*mf*

1. Close to Thy Heart, up - on Thy love pre - sum - ing,  
2. Close to Thy Sa - cred Heart so kind, so ten - der,

Fa - vors un - numbered could I ask of Thee; One on - ly gift, Thy love, di -  
Keep me my Sav - iour, let me ne'er de - part; There will I yield my soul in

*p*

vine, con - sum - ing, I beg Thee, Lord, to grant to me.  
full sur - ren - der, Close to Thy Heart, Thy Sa - cred Heart.

3.

Close to Thy Heart, though earthly pleasures call me,  
Close to Thy Heart, my heart would ever be;  
Close to Thy Heart, whatever may befall me,  
Keep me, my Saviour, close to Thee.

4.

Close to Thy Heart, upon our altars dwelling,  
Into my heart steals a peace seldom known,  
Thy loving voice does whisper words of comfort,  
Close to Thy Heart, my fear is flown.

5.

Close to Thy Heart, by holy path and pleasant,  
Tread the pure souls and sinful souls forgiv'n;  
T'wards the bright palace where our God is present,  
Close to Thy Heart, they'll throne in heav'n.

# O Sacred Heart With Burning Love.

271.

B. M. J.

Allegretto. (♩ = 120)

*mf* *SOLI.*

1. O Sa - cred Heart, with burn - ing love, On Thee en - raptured an - gels  
2. Thou, Heart of Je - sus, art the throne Of mer - cy, Thou the fount of

gaze; To Thee tri - umphant Saints a - bove, For - ev - er sing their grateful praise.  
grace; Our hope of heav'n from Thee a - lone, Sole refuge of our fall - en race.

*CHORUS.*

O Sa - cred Heart, may we a - dore, And love Thee ev - er more and

more. O Sa - cred Heart, may we a - dore, And love Thee

ev - er more and more, And love Thee ev - er more and more.

*rall.*

3.

O Lamb of God! meek Victim slain  
For us, let not the stream that flowed  
From Thy piercd Heart have flowed in vain,  
Oh, cleanse us with Thy precious Blood.

4.

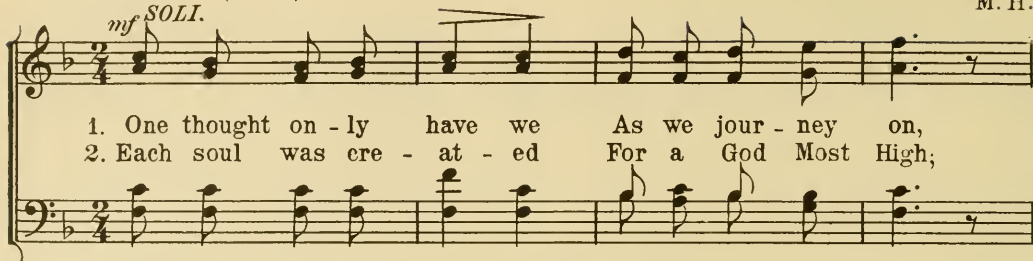
God's Mother! Virgin ever blest!  
Thy heart and His are always one;  
Plead thou our cause; thy sweet request  
Is never slighted by thy Son.

I. WILLIAMS.

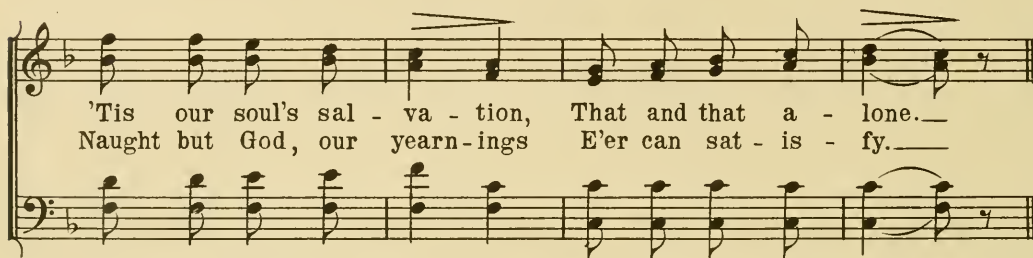
Moderato. (♩ = 66)

M. H.

*mf* *SOLI.*

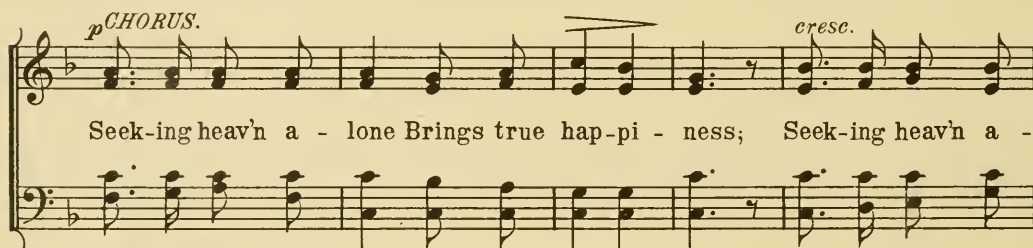


1. One thought on - ly have we As we jour - ney on,  
2. Each soul was ere - at - ed For a God Most High;

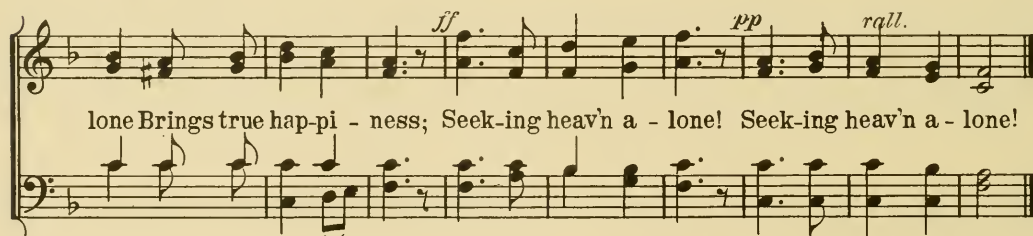


'Tis our soul's sal - va - tion, That and that a - lone.  
Naught but God, our yearn - ings E'er can sat - is - fy.

*p* *CHORUS.*



Seek - ing heav'n a - lone Brings true hap - pi - ness; Seek - ing heav'n a -



lone Brings true hap - pi - ness; Seek - ing heav'n a - lone! Seek - ing heav'n a - lone!

3.  
Life on earth is passing  
Vanity and show;  
God alone is changeless,  
God alone is true. *Chorus.*

4.  
Though we gain the whole world,  
Poor indeed are we,  
If we lose our Jesus  
For eternity. *Chorus.*

5.  
Seek then, but salvation,  
Seek that peace and joy  
Which endure forever,  
Bliss without alloy. *Chorus.*

6.  
Maiden Mother, lead me  
To my Saviour's throne;  
Keep and guard and guide me,  
Make me all His own. *Chorus.*



# O Paradise!

273.

Rev. FR. FABER.

(Second Setting.)

Rev. FR. A. SCHUBIGER.

Allegretto. (♩ = 92)

*mf*

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who does not crave for  
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wear - y wait - ing

*cresc.*

rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?  
here; I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near.

*f* REFRAIN.

Where loy - al hearts and true — Stand ev - er in the light, All

*p* *rall.*

rap - ture through and through In God's most ho - ly sight!

3.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more.  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore.

4.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me.

5.  
O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I feel 'twill not be long;  
Patience! I almost think I hear  
Faint fragments of thy song.

## Yes, Heaven Is The Prize!

Tr. E. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

B. M. J.

Andante più. (♩ = 54)

*mf*

1. Yes, heav - en is the prize My soul shall strive to gain; One  
 2. Yes, heav - en is the prize! My soul, oh, think of this; All

*f sostenuto* *mf*

glimpse of par - a - dise Re - pays a life of pain.— Yes,  
 earth - ly good de - spise For such a crown of bliss.— Yes,

*p*

heav - en is the prize!— Yes, heav - en is the prize!—  
 heav - en is the prize!— Yes, heav - en is the prize!—

3.

Yes, heaven is the prize!  
 When sorrows press around,  
 Look up beyond the skies,  
 Where hope and strength are found,  
 Yes, heaven, *etc.*

4.

Yes, heaven is the prize!  
 Oh! 'tis not hard to gain;  
 He surely wins who tries,  
 For hope can conquer pain.  
 Yes, heaven, *etc.*

5.

Yes, heaven is the prize!  
 Death opens wide the door;  
 And then the spirit flies;  
 To God forevermore.  
 Yes, heaven, *etc.*

# Joy Of My Heart!

275.

Rev. FR. FABER.

Adapted from A. GIELY.

Allegretto. (♩ = 104.)  
*mf*

1. Joy of my heart! oh, let me pay To thee, thine own sweet  
2. Ma - ry! make haste thy child to win From sin, and from the

month of May. Ma - ry! one gift I beg of thee, My soul from  
love of sin; Moth - er of God! let my poor love A Moth - er's

sin and sor - row free, My soul from sin and sor - row free.  
prayrs and pit - y move, A Moth - er's prayrs and pit - y move.

3.  
Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,  
The starlight of this earthly strife;  
Oh! for my own and other's sin,  
Do thou, who canst, free pardon win,  
Do thou, who canst, free pardon win.

4.  
O Mary! when I come to die,  
Be thou, thy spouse and Jesus nigh;  
When mute before the Judge I stand,  
My holy shield be Mary's hand,  
My holy shield be Mary's hand.

5.  
Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,  
Make me as thou wert here below,  
O Queen of Heaven! obtain for me  
Thy glory there one day to see,  
Thy glory there one day to see.


## Holy Mary, Sweetest Music!

NAZARETH CHIMES.

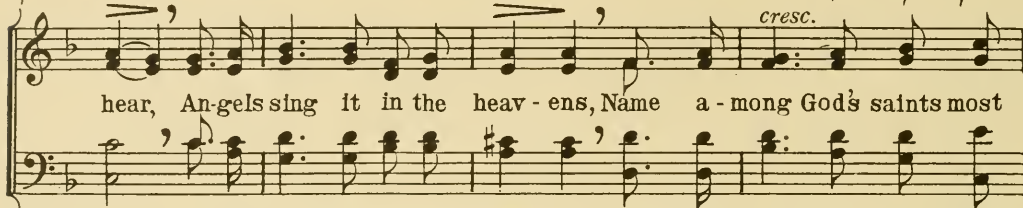
(Our Lady's Holy Name.)

B. A.

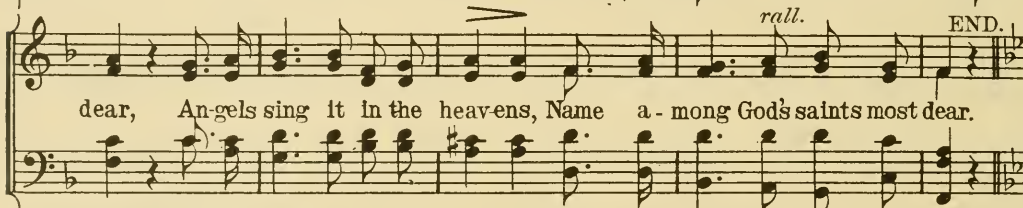
Moderato. (♩ = 84.)

*mf* CHORUS.


Ho - ly Ma - ry, sweet - est mu - sic! That my listh - ing ear can



hear, Angels sing it in the heav - ens, Name a - mong God's saints most



dear, Angels sing it in the heavens, Name a - mong God's saints most dear.



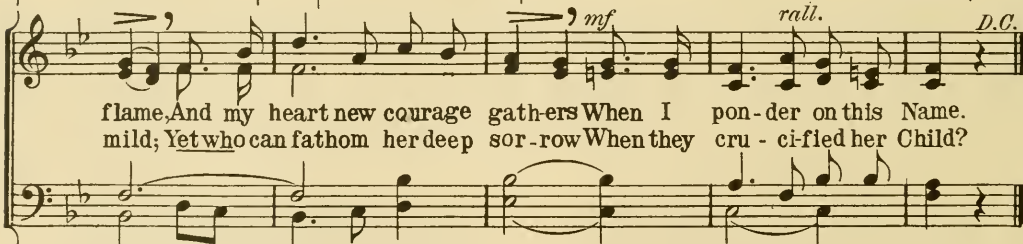
*mf* SOLI. (Unison)

VOICES.

1. Grows my soul at its fond men - tion, All a - glow with ho - ly

2. Joys di - vine had Ho - ly Ma - ry Moth - er of our Sav - our

ORGAN.



flame, And my heart new courage gathers When I pon - der on this Name.

mild; Yet who can fathom her deep sor - row When they cru - ci - fied her Child?

3.

She is crowned the Queen of Heaven  
 Since that fair Assumption Day,  
 And flourish now in glory  
 She oft hears her children say: *Chorus.*

4.

Through her hands to us are given  
 Heavens choicest gifts of grace,  
 In her power with our dear Saviour  
 All our confidence we place. — *Chorus.*

5.

No one ever called to Mary  
 But she heard the faintest prayer,  
 So I trust my soul's salvation  
 To my loving Mother's care. *Chorus.*



## All Ye Choirs Of Heaven, Join Us In Our Lay.

I. WILLIAMS.

Rev. FR. COMIRE, S. J.

Andante. (♩ = 60.)  
*mf* SOLI. *f* TUTTI. (two parts.)

1. All ye choirs of heav'n, Join us in our lay; Let us praise, let us  
 2. Hap-py bird in air, Lamb-kin gay and free; Let us praise, let us  
 3. Clouds of sun-set gold, Breeze of even-ing mild; Let us praise, let us

mf *f* TUTTI.

SOLI. (unison)

bless our sweet Moth - er, Glad our voic-es ring,  
 bless our sweet Moth - er, Crea-tures of the earth,  
 bless our sweet Moth - er, Moun-tain, hill and vale,

SOLI.

*f* TUTTI. *dim.* *p*

Ev-er night and day; Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Moth - er.  
 Crea-tures of the sea; Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Moth - er.  
 Waves of o-cean wild; Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Moth - er.

*f* TUTTI. *dim.* *p*

4.  
 SOLI. { We whom Jesus saved,  
 { Children of the King;  
 TUTTI. Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother,  
 SOLI. { Unto her our Queen,  
 { Loving anthems sing,  
 TUTTI. Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.

Poco lento. (♩ = 60.)

*mf*

1. Moth - er Ma - ry at thine al - tar We thy lov - ing chil - dren  
2. Thou wilt love us, thou wilt guide us, With a moth - er's fond - est

kneel; With a faith that can - not fal - ter, To thy good - ness we ap -  
care; And our Fa - ther, God a - bove us. Bids us fly for ref - uge

*p*

peal. We are seek - ing for a moth - er, O'er the earth so waste and  
there. Life's temp - ta - tions are be - fore us, We must min - gle in the

*mf* *rall*

wide, And from off the Cross our Broth - er Points to Ma - ry by His side.  
strife; If thy fond - ness watch not o'er us, All un - safe will be our life.

3.

So we take thee for our Mother,  
And we claim our right to be,  
By the gift of our dear Brother,  
Loving children unto thee;  
And our humble consecration  
Thou wilt surely not despise,  
From thy high and lofty station  
Close to Jesus in the skies.

4.

Mother Mary, to thy keeping  
Soul and body we confide,  
Toiling, resting, walking, sleeping  
To be ever at thy side.  
Cares that vex us, joys that please us,  
Life and death we trust to thee;  
Thou wilt make them all for Jesus,  
And for all eternity.

# O Purest of Creatures, Sweet Mother, Sweet Maid! 279.

REV. FR. FABER.

(Immaculate Conception.)

B. M. J

Moderato. (♩ = 88.)

1. O pur-est of crea-tures, sweet Moth-er, sweet Maid! The  
 2. To sin-ners what com-fort, to an-gels what mirth; That  
 one spot-less Womb where-in Je-sus was laid! Dark night hath come  
 God found one crea-ture un-fall-en on earth; One spot where His  
 down on us, Moth-er, and we Look out for thy shin-ing, sweet  
 Spir-it un-trou-bled could be, The depths of thy shin-ing, sweet  
 Star of the Sea! Look out for thy shin-ing, sweet Star of the Sea!  
 Star of the Sea! The depths of thy shin-ing, sweet Star of the Sea!

3.

Oh, shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine;  
 \*For the greatest of honors, dear Mother, is thine;  
 "Conceived without sin," thy new title shall be,  
 Clear light from thy birthspring, sweet Star of the Sea! (*bis*)

4.

So worship we God in these rude latter days;  
 So worship we Jesus our Love, when we praise  
 His wonderful grace in the gift He gave thee,  
 The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea! (*bis*)

5.

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother, deep night,  
 And we need more than ever the guide of thy light;  
 For the darker the night is, the brighter should be  
 Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea! (*bis*)

\*Syllables which have the sign — placed under them are sung to one beat of the music.

Moderato. (♩ = 92)

VOICES. *mf*

1. Hail ev-er-bless-ed Day! our Vir-gin Moth-er glo-ri-ous,  
*sol.* 2. If earth-ly pleas-ures come and lead us to temp-ta-tion,  
 3. Though hell it-self should rise and set its snares a-round me,

*mf* (Accompaniment.)

Lends from the high-est Heav'n, her ear un-to our vows: Her  
 Trust-ing in thee, our Queen, thy pow'r o'er Je-sus' Heart, We  
 Thou at my side, I brave its fu-ry its de-ceit; Thou

*dolce.*

chil-dren un-to death she signs our hearts and brows. Be-  
 shall not fear our foe though Sa-tan fling his dart; For  
 didst its pow-er crush, the ser-pent's art de-feat: O

*mf* *f*

neath her ban-ner, see! we on-ward march vic-to-ri-ous.  
 all our hearts are thine and thou shalt bring sal-va-tion.  
 Vir-gin, to thy heart love has for-ev-er bound me!

*rall.*



REFRAIN, DUO.

*risoluto. f*

Vowed un-to Ma-ry pure, our hearts to her are giv'n; In her love all se-

cure we march to vic-tory fear-less. Let the earth and the heav'ns re-

peat our vow to win:— War till death to the world! War to

Sa-tan and sin! Love, love to Ma-ry Vir-gin peer-less! War till

death to the world! War to Sa-tan and sin! Love, love to Ma-ry Vir-gin peer-less!

(Assumption.)

M.H.

Andantino. (♩ = 72)

*mf* *Soli.*

1. Un-fold, un-fold, ye gold-en gates of heav-en, She comes the Queen of all the shin-ing  
2. Be-hold her Son de-light-ed has gone down, - To meet His moth-er, taint-less from her

host, — The moon be - neath, her crown twelvestars of e - ven, The sun a -  
birth, — She for - ward glides, while glo - ry from her crown, Streams on her

*rall.*

bove in her great glo - ry lost, The sun a - bove in her great glo - ry lost.  
ex - iled chil-dren here on earth, Streamson her ex - iled chil-dren here on earth.

*CHORUS. mf Firma voce.* *cresc.*

The Cher-u-bim, the Ser-aph-im, And heav-en's host, now swell this glad re-frain, that Ma-ry

lov'd, Our Moth-er Ma - ry, Queen of heav-en, shall reign, Queen of heav-en shall reign.

3.  
Mother of Jesus, hail our heav'nly Queen,  
Ten thousand harps swell through the azure dome,  
O blessed earth, where one so fair was seen,  
More blessed Heav'n to which our Queen has come.

4.  
Hail Mary, Queen of mercy, grant our Lord  
May look with pity on thy children here,  
That humbly trusting in His holy word,  
Our souls at last may in thy courts appear.

C/R 1913 P. J. K. &amp; S.

5.  
We walk the vale of sorrow thou hast known,  
Give us from Him the grace to walk as thou,  
The seed along thy blessed pathway sown,  
Brought lovely flow'rs, bright garlands

6. for thy brow,  
Obtain for us thy rare humility,  
That ev'ry act may spring from God's pure love,  
Then all thy glory we may hope to see,  
Where He assumed thee in His house above.

# O Mother Pure, Our Hymns To Thee Ascending. 282.

B.M.

B.M.

Risoluto, (♩ = 88)

*CHORUS.*

*mf*

1. O Mother pure, our hymns to thee as-cend-ing, Pro-claim thee Queen of the e-ter-nal  
2. O Queen of sor-rows, for our fol-lies griev-ing, We cast our-selves distressed be-fore thy

*cresc.*

years; Oh, let our hearts earth's joys and sor-rows blend-ing, Place at thy throne; 'Tis thou hast taught our lips to still be weav-ing, The words of

*rall.* *END.* *Soli. a tempo.*

feet their ro-sa-ry of tears.— A-wake, my soul, list to the an-gels  
hope a-mid the words of moan.— We have no hope, a-las! of e'er re-

rend-ing The vault of heavh with joy that stills all fears; A-wake my  
triev-ing Our ways, un-less thou keep us as thine own; We have no

*rall.*

soul, list to the an-gels rend-ing The vault of heavh with joy that stills all fears.  
hope, a-las! of e'er re-triev-ing Our ways, un-less thou keep us as thine own.

*D.C.*

3.

*CHORUS.* { O Lady Queen, behold thy children praying  
To be received beneath thy mantle's fold;  
Thou wilt not frown upon our late essaying  
To wrest our sinful hearts from Satan's hold.  
*SOLO.* { Oh, stay our wilful feet from wayward straying, } (bis.)  
And bind them fast to thee with love's pure gold. }



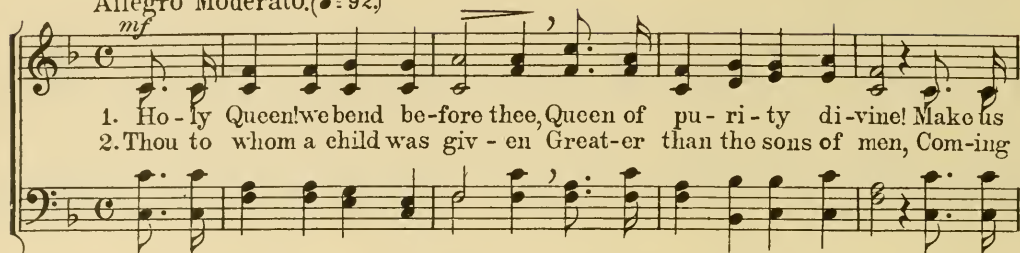
# 283. Holy Queen! We Bend Before Thee.

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

M. H.

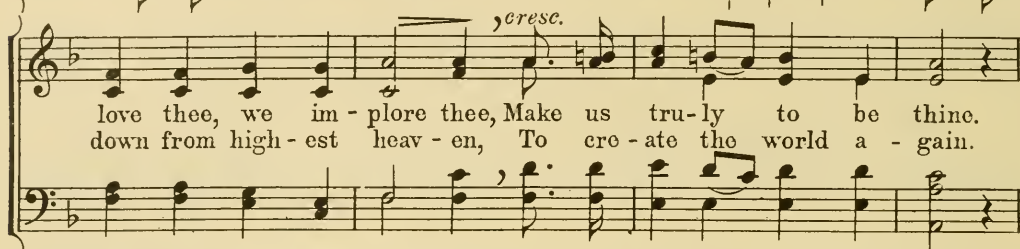
Allegro Moderato. (♩ = 92)

*mf*



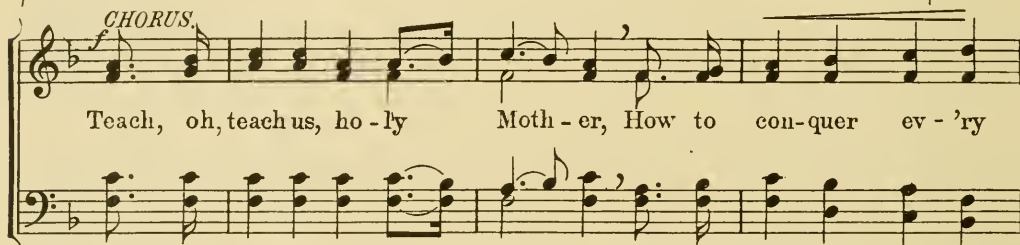
1. Ho - ly Queen! we bend be - fore thee, Queen of pu - ri - ty di - vine! Make us  
2. Thou to whom a child was giv - en Great - er than the sons of men, Com - ing

*eresc.*

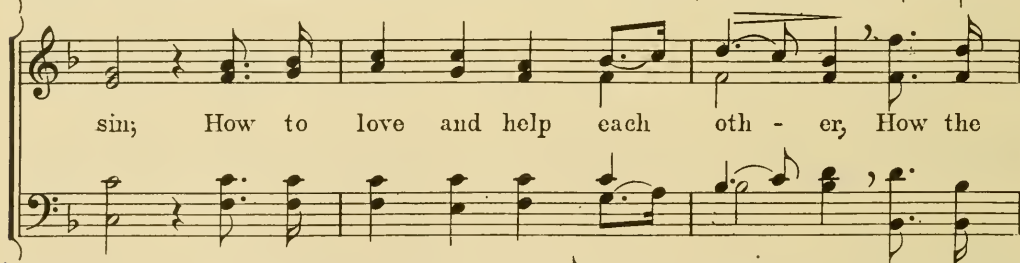


love thee, we im - plore thee, Make us tru - ly to be thine.  
down from high - est heav - en, To cre - ate the world a - gain.

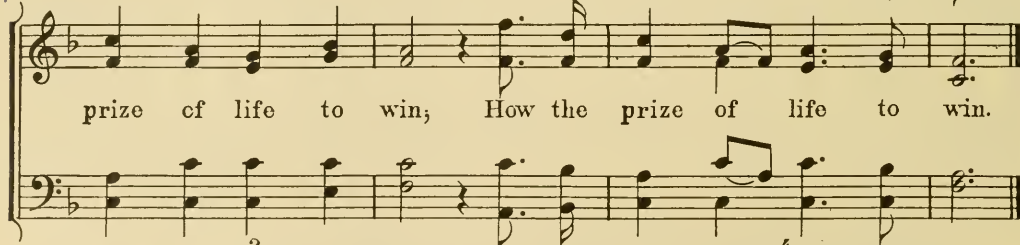
*CHORUS.*



Teach, oh, teach us, ho - ly Moth - er, How to con - quer ev - 'ry



sin, How to love and help each oth - er, How the



prize of life to win, How the prize of life to win.

3.  
Oh! by that Almighty Maker,  
Whom thyself, a Virgin bore!  
Oh! by thy supreme Creator,  
Link'd with thee for evermore!  
Teach, oh, teach us, etc.

4.  
By the hope thy name inspires!  
By our doom reversed through thee  
Help us, Queen of Angel-Choirs!  
To a blest eternity!  
Teach oh, teach us, etc.



# Meet Me, Mother Mine, To-day.

284.

Words by S.N.D.

Music by S.N.D.

Moderato.

*mf*

1. Moth-er, Moth-er, I am com-ing Home to Je-sus  
2. Oft-en-times my skies are cloud-ed, I can see nor

and to thee, But my coun-try's hills are dis-tant  
sun nor star, And the road is rough and nar-row,

And their light I can-not see; Moth-er heark-en as I pray,  
And the end seems ve-ry far; Lest perchance my feet should stray,

Meet me on my homeward way, Meet me, Mother mine, to-day,—  
Meet me, Mother, on my way, Meet me, Mother mine, to-day,—

*rall.*

Meet me on my homeward way, Meet me, Mother mine, to-day.  
Meet me, Mother, on my way, Meet me, Mother mine, to-day.

3.  
I must cross the burning desert,  
I shall thirst, O Mother mine,  
Fill thy vessel at the fountain  
Of thy Son's sweet Heart Divine;  
Lest I faint upon the way,  
Tender Mother, stoop, I pray,  
Give my soul to drink to-day. (bis.)

4.  
Do not wait until to-morrow,  
For I need thee here and now;  
Wait not till I come to meet thee—  
Rather, Mother, meet me thou—  
Oh! in all I do or say,  
Come and meet me on my way,  
Mother Mary, every day. (bis.)

## Hail! Heav'nly Queen!



\*\*\*

Cantabile. (♩ = 63)

Adapted from GOULE.

*Soli.*

*mf*

1. Hail, heav'n-ly Queen! Hail, foam-y o-cean Star! Oh! be our guide, dif-  
 2. Hail, "full of grace!" with Ga-briel we re-peat; Thee, Queen of Heav'n, from

fuse thy beams a - far; Hail, Moth-er of God! a - bove all vir-gins blest,  
 him we learn to greet; Then give us peace which Heav'n-a-lone can give,

CHORUS. (Tutti.)

Hail, hap-py Gate. of Heav'n-se-ter-nal rest! { Hail, foam-y o-cean Star!  
 And dead thro' Eve, thro' Ma-ry let us live!

*cresc.*

Hail, heav'n-ly Queen! Oh, be our guide to end-less joys un-seen. — seen.

3.

4.

Oh, break our chains, our captive souls release; Our lives unstain'd in purity preserve;  
 Oh, give us light, and let our darkness cease; Nor e'er permit our ways from truth to swerve;  
 Let ev'ry ill that preys upon our hearts, That when our time has rolled its rapid round,  
 Fly at thy voice, which every good imparts. We may, with Christ, in heav'nly bliss be crown'd.

Moderato. (♩ = 76.)

B. M. J.

*mf* *Soli.*

1. We — greet thee, Ma - ry, pur - est Vir - gin, To thee with  
2. O Queen of glo - ry, Queen of heav - en, To thee with

fond - est love we turn; How — ra - dant is the crown of  
joy - ful heart we sing; O — Vir - gin fair, to thee was

glo - ry Which thou through spot - less life didst — earn. — Oh,  
giv - en To bear thy God, th'E - ter - nal — King. — A -

CHORUS.

hear our pray'rs thou help of Chris - tians, Re - fresh our hearts, give strength and joy, That  
round thee saints and an - gels gath - er, And hail thee, Ma - ry, as their Queen, Oh

we, by thy pro - tec - tion aid - ed, May Sa - tan's dire - ful sway de - stroy.  
turn, thou meek and gen - tle Moth - er, On us be - low, thy glance se - rene.

3. { Hail! noble Lady, great and mighty,  
Thy soul is wrapt in joys untold;  
Thou marvel of th'eternal City,  
Thy vesture beams with gems and gold.  
Oh, hear us now thy praises singing,  
Oh, lead us to the place of rest;  
Lead us, to thee our Mother clinging,  
Safe to the dwellings of the blest.

B.M. Allegretto. (♩ = 106)

B.M. J.

VOICES - Duo.

Sweet-est month of the year, Ma - ry's month ev - er - dear,

ORGAN

Hearts and voic - es join to praise, While our hymns - to her we raise;

Hearts and voic - es join to praise, While our hymns - to her we raise.

*mf Soli, a tempo.*

1. This month of all the fair - est, The sun - lit month of May, Is  
 2. All na - ture now is breath - ing A - round thee sweet per - fume; Her

*Soli.*

ded - i - cate for aye To thee, Heav'n Flow'r the rar - - est.  
 paths are all a - bloom With gar - lands for thee wreath - ing.

*D.C.**D.C.*



## Mother Of God! My Life, My Hope, My Treasure.

\*\*\*

Adagio, (♩. = 63.)

(SECOND TUNE.)

Rev. H. VALIQUET.

*mf*

1. Moth - er of God! my life, my hope, my treas-ure, Look on thy  
2. Moth - er of God! my child-hood days ca - ressing, Fond - ly thy

child and hear me from a - bove;— Moth - er of God! what  
hands my steps have home-ward led;— Moth - er of God! each

*cresc*

joy, what un - told pleas-ure, Thrill thro' the soul that thinks on all thy love.  
mo-moment counts a bless-ing, Which o'er my soul thy watch-ful love has shed.

*CHORUS.* *rall.*

Moth-er of Je-sus! Moth-er most fair! Show to thy chil-dren a moth-er's love and care.

3.  
Angels of Heav'n! in choirs sublime adoring,  
Mark this my vow in Heav'n's bright sphere above;  
Mother of God! my grateful heart's outpouring  
Is pledg'd to thee in everlasting love.

CHORUS.

4.  
Mother of God! if e'er my heart forgetting,  
Thy love unceasing that has guarded me;  
Mother of God! Oh, then, may deep regretting  
Recall my soul to love of God and thee.

CHORUS.

C|R 1913 P. J. K. &amp; S.

Andante. (♩ = 69)

1. Hail, thou re-splen-dent star,— Which shin - est o'er the  
 2. Hail, hap - py gate of bliss,— Greet - ed by Ga - briel's

main: — Blest Moth - er of our God,— And ev - er Vir - gin  
 tongue; Ne - go - ti - ate our peace,— And can - cel E - va's

Queen; Blest Moth - er of our God,— And ev - er Vir - gin Queen.  
 wrong; Ne - go - ti - ate our peace, And can - cel E - va's wrong.

3.  
 Loosen the sinner's bands,  
 All evils drive away;  
 Bring light unto the blind, } *bis.*  
 And for all graces pray.

4.  
 Exert the mother's care,  
 And thus thy children own:  
 To Him convey our prayer, } *bis.*  
 Who chose to be thy Son.

5.  
 O pure, O spotless Maid,  
 Whose meekness all surpass'd  
 Our lusts and passions quell, } *bis.*  
 And make us mild and chaste

6.  
 Preserve us pure and chaste,  
 Through life our safety be,  
 Till Jesus' sight be given, } *bis.*  
 And endless bliss with thee.

7.  
 Praise to the Father be,  
 With Christ His only Son,  
 And to the Holy Ghost, } *bis.*  
 Thrice blessed Three in One.

# Mother Of Christ.

(Mater Christi.)

290.

Words by S. N. D.

Music by S. N. D.

*Lento.*

1. Mother of Christ, Moth- er of Christ, What shall I ask of thee? I  
 2. Mother of Christ, Moth- er of Christ, He was all, all to thee\_ In

*Piano.*

do not sigh for the wealth of earth, For the joys that fade and flee. But,  
 Winter's Cave, in Na - za - reth's Home, In ham-lets of Ga - li - lee; So,

*CHORUS.*

Moth- er of Christ, Moth- er of Christ, This do I long to see, - The  
 Moth- er of Christ, Moth- er of Christ, He'll not say nay to thee, When He

*Slower.*

bliss un-told which thine arms en-fold, The treasure up-on thy knee.  
 lifts His Face to thy sweet embrace, Speak to Him, Mother of me. -

## We Come To Thee, Sweet Lady.

I. WILLIAMS.

(Our Lady of Perpetual Help.)

M.H.

Andante, (♩ = 58)

*Soli.*  
*mf*

1. We come to thee, sweet La-dy, To us thine aid im-part; Our  
2. We come to thee, sweet La-dy, Thy mer-cy knows no end; For

need of help and com-fort Will move our Moth-er's heart.  
us beg grace and par-don Thou art the sin-ner's friend.

CHORUS.

*mf* *Espressivo.*

In all doubts, in all tri-als we ha-sten To our Queen of per-pet-ual help;

Ma-ry, sweet Mother, we place our trust in thee; Ma-ry, sweet Mother, our re-fuge be!

Turn on us now thine eyes of pit-y and love, For help, for help, we cry to thee.

3.

We come to thee, sweet Lady,  
Our souls' true helper be;  
Until we rest in heaven  
With Jesus and with thee.

CHORUS.



# Mother Mary To Thee.

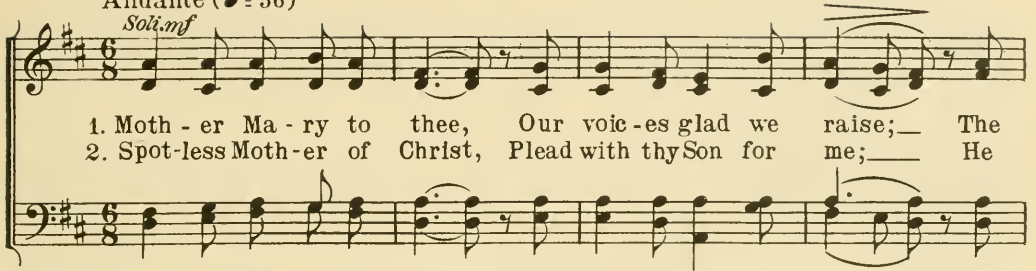
292.

I. WILLIAMS.

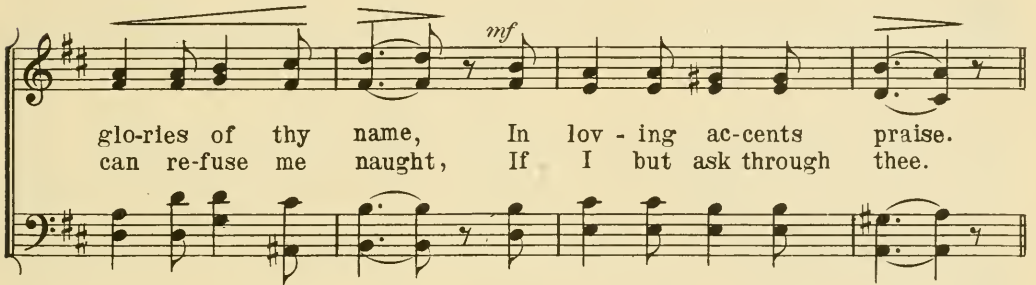
B. M. J.

Andante (♩ = 56)

*Soli. mf*

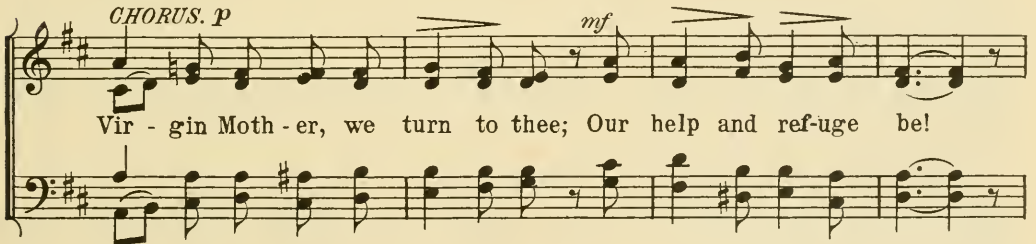


1. Moth - er Ma - ry to thee, Our voic - es glad we raise;— The  
2. Spot-less Moth - er of Christ, Plead with thy Son for me;— He

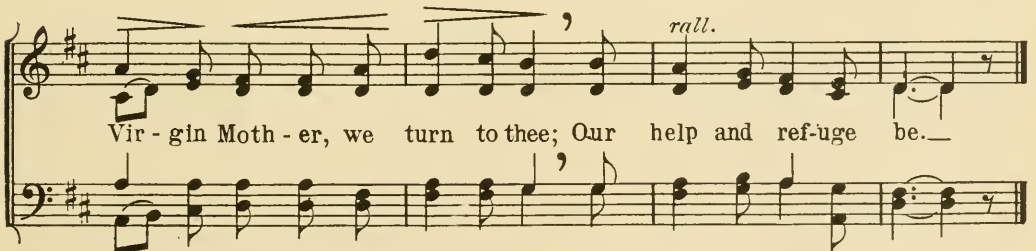


glo-ries of thy name, In lov - ing ac - cents praise.  
can re - fuse me naught, If I but ask through thee.

CHORUS. *p*



Vir - gin Moth - er, we turn to thee; Our help and ref - uge be!



Vir - gin Moth - er, we turn to thee; Our help and ref - uge be.—

3.

Angels claim thee as Queen,  
To me thou art more dear;  
Not only Queen art thou,  
But Mother dear, most dear.

4.

Gentle star of the sea,  
Thy faithful guiding ray  
Shines ever bright and clear,  
And heav'nward points the way.

Moderato. (♩ = 72)

*mf Soli.*

1. O! Ma-ry! Moth-er Ma-ry! We place our trust in thee, Our  
2. The gris-ly form of ter-ror, Now ris-es on our way, Now

faith shall nev-er va-ry, Though weak the flesh may be.  
more se-duc-tive er-ror. Would lead our feet a-stray.

*CHORUS. mf* Too oft with steps un-wa-ry, From du-ty's path we bent: O!  
Sa-tan is strong and wa-ry But thou wilt crush his might, O!

*f* Ma-ry! Moth-er Ma-ry! Thou teach us to re-pent.  
*rall.* Ma-ry! Moth-er Ma-ry! Strength-en us in the fight.

3.  
*Soli.* { From dangerous occasions,  
That blind imprudent eyes,  
From treach'rous persuasions,  
That point not to the skies.  
*Chorus.* { From mirth too light and airy,  
From thought too sad and deep:  
O! Mary! Mother Mary!  
Thy little children keep.

4.  
*Soli.* { Let us remember ever,  
The presence of the Lord;  
To serve Him let's endeavor,  
In thought, in deed, in word,  
As monster or as fairy,  
*Chorus.* { Satan may take the field;  
But, Mary! Mother Mary!  
Thy name will be our shield.

# Sweet Mother, Here Once More We Haste.

294.

B. M.

(Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin.)

C. STAMATY.

Andantino. (♩ = 72)

*mf* *DUO.* *cresc*

VOICES. 1. Sweet Mother, here once more we haste To seek a ref-uge near to  
2. Im-mac-u - late! O Queen di-vine! Our heart, our soul, our life are

Piano.

*p*

thee; Thy face with heav'nly brightness graced, Thy eyes so meek, We come to  
thine; All that we are and e'er shall be, We con - se - crate, we give to

*mf* *mf*

see; We speak to thee and all our woe Is straight for - got - ten. Oh, how sweet, Dear  
thee. Oh, guard for us with ten - der care, Thou lov - ing Queen, thou spotless dove, The

*allargando*

*f* *rall.*

Queen! to let our love o'er flow, As from a vase, here at thy feet.  
lil - y flow' so white, so fair, Oh, keep us pure assaints a - bove.

# 295. We Leave Thy Shrine, O Mother Cherished.

M. S. PINE

Maestoso (♩ = 88)

M. H.

*REFRAIN.*

*p*

We leave thy shrine, O Mother cherished! Watch o'er us still, — we thee im-

*mf* *rall.* *End.*

plore; Thy children guard, O sweetest Ma-ry! Keep us from sin for ev-er - more.

*espressivo amoroso*

*mf* *Soli unison or harmony.*

*cresc.*

1. Ye leave me then my shrine so ho - ly, A-dieu, my  
2. Oh, guard for me your hearts all spot-less; My chil - dren

*cresc.*

chil - dren, ev - er dear to me! Where' - er ye go ye find my  
dear, God has in His em - brace; I would your souls were pure as

al - tars, And I, your Moth - er, ev' - ry - where will be.  
lil - ies, Em - balmd with o - dors of ce - les - tial grace.

3.

When hell its snares shall stretch before you,  
My children dear, in that distressing hour,  
Remember me, how I have loved you.  
Be strong in love and trust your Mother's power.

4.

If you should fall in that dark conflict,  
My children dear, oh, raise to me your arms;  
Yet sinful should you e'er forget me!  
My love shall hold for you a mother's charms.



# Dear Guardian Of Mary.

296.

Fr. FABER

Moderato (♩ = 80.)

Mel. of B. M. J. Harm by R. de DION.

♩ CHORUS.

Dear guard-ian of Ma-ry! dear nurse of her Child! Life's

ways are full wear-y, the des-ert is wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no

home can we see; Sweet Spouse of our La-dy, we lean up-on thee.

DUO.

*mf*

1. For — thou to the pil-grim art fa-ther and guide, And  
2. When the treas-ures of God were un-shel-tered on earth, Safe  
Piano.

Je-sus and Ma-ry felt safe by thy side; Ah, blessed Saint Jo-seph, how  
keep-ing was found for them both in thy worth, O fa-ther of Je-sus, be

safe I should be, Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! if thou wert with me. *D.C.*  
fa-ther to me, Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! and I will love thee.

Oblessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth,  
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,  
The father of Jesus, ah! then wilt thou be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me?

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary, wilt thou  
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?  
There's no Saint in heaven, Saint Joseph, like thee;  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! Ah, deign to love me!

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M. S. PINE.

Adapted from B. A. of M.

Moderato. (♩ = 69.)

*mf* *Soli.* *cresc.*

1. With Je - sus, Ma - ry's name, — there is an - oth - er  
2. O dear - est names that earth — can chant to Heav - en's

blest — That earth to high - est Heav'n — each mo - ment says with  
ear, — Je - sus and Ma - ry sweet, — and Jo - seph charm the

*mf* *cresc.*

love; — The babe that name doth lisp up - on its moth - er's  
soul — This trip - le bond of love the Church has wo - ven

*dolce* *rall.*

breast; The dy - ing breathes it soft — and takes his flight a - bove. —  
here, — Its glo - ries we shall sing — while end - less a - ges roll. —

*CHORUS. Legato.* *cresc.*

'Tis ho - ly Jo - seph's name, name of my fa - ther glorious!  
Praise to the bless - ed names! Praise to the names we love! —

*p* Ser-aph-im, chant it loud, touch-ing your harps of light;— 0  
 Ser-aph-im, chant a - loud, touch-ing your harps of fire;— 0

*mf*

blend with our weak prayers Your hallowed strains vic - torious, And  
 blend with our weak hymns—Tri - um-phant strains a - bove! To

*cresc.* sing All hail, O Spouse— of God's dear moth - er bright!  
 Je - sus, Ma - ry, Joseph,— oh, sing, ye heavn - ly choirs.

*rall.*

*FINAL CHORUS.*  
*mf* 0 ye an - gel - ic bands, who there in Heav - en know

*cresc.*

His glo - ry and his power, with trans - ports all di - vine,— The

*mf* name of Jo - seph bless. Christ's cho - sen guide be - low,— While

*cresc.*

*rall.* we our hymns up - raise be - fore his ho - ly shrine.—

## Holy Patron! Thee Saluting.

Rev. P. J. NICHOLAS.

\* \* \*

Andante (♩ = 88)

*mf*

1. Ho - ly Pa - tron! thee sa - lut - ing, Here we meet with hearts sin -  
2. World - ly dan - gers for them fear - ing, Youth - ful hearts to thee we

*cresc.*

cere; Blest saint Jo - seph, all u - nit - ing, Call on thee to hear our prayer.  
bring; Grant, in vir - tue per - se - ver - ing, Vicemay ne'er their bos - om sting.

*CHORUS.* *p* *mf*

Hap - py Saint, in bliss a - dor - ing Je - sus, Sav - iour of man -

*cresc.* *rall.*

kind, Hearthy chil - dren thee im - plor - ing, May we thy pro - tec - tion find.

3.  
Thou who faithfully attended,  
Him, whom heav'n and earth adore:  
Who with pious care defended  
Mary, Virgin ever pure.  
Happy Saint, etc.

4.  
May our fervent pray'rs ascending,  
Move thee for our souls to plead;  
And thy smile of peace descending,  
Benedictions on us shed.  
Happy Saint, etc.

5.  
Through this life, oh! watch around us,  
Fill with love our every breath,  
And, when parting fear surrounds us,  
Guide us through the toils of death.  
Happy Saint, etc.



# Saint Joseph, See Us At Thy Feet.

299.

The Sunday Companion.  
Bro. O.S.F.

B. M. J.

Andantino. (♩ = 66)

*mf*

1. Saint Jo-seph, see us at thy feet; O, dear-est fa-ther, thee we greet! We  
2. Ex - alt-ed was thy state on earth As spouse of Ma-ry who gave birth To

*cresc.* *rall.*

ten-der thee our heart-felt praise, In love our hearts to thee we raise.  
Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour dear, Who thee, as fa - ther, did re - vere.

*CHORUS.* *f*

Our hearts to thee we raise; To thee we pray; we sing thy

*rall.*

praise; Oh! cast from heav'n a - bove; On us a glance of love.

3.  
Thou didst protect and foster Him,  
Who is adored by Seraphim;  
And He, our Saviour, destined thee  
The patron of His Church to be.

4.  
O glorious saint! we here below,  
Like those in heav'n, due honor show  
To thee who art our Patron dear!  
Oh! deign our fervent pray'r to hear.

5.  
We pray to thee with confidence;  
Oh come, dear saint to our defense;  
Assist us till our latest breath,  
That we may die a happy death!

Andantino. (♩ = 120)

C. STAMATY.

*mf Soli.*

VOICES. 1. Ce - ci - lia, Vir - gin held so dear By Christians true of ev - ry  
2. While here on earth, thy psalms of praise As - cend - ed to the Sav - iours

(Accompaniment.)

land Whose pi - ous hymns thy name re - vere In mod - est chap - els, temples grand  
throne, To whom in rap - tures thou didst raise Thy soul, be - queathed to Him a - lone.

*f Tutti.*

To hon - or thee, sweet strains of love As - cend to God in realms a -  
Oh! help us, too, with hum - ble heart Em - ploy sweet mu - sic's ho - ly

*rall.*

bove, To hon - or thee, sweet strains of love As - cend to God in realms a - bove.  
art! Oh! help us, too, with hum - ble heart Em - ploys sweet music's ho - ly art.

3.  
Dear, happy Saint, obtain that we  
May sing with the celestial choir,  
In holiest, sweetest harmony,  
Those psalms that love of God inspire  
And lift the soul to Him on high  
For whom on earth we live and die.

# St. Ann In Heaven Shining.

(July 26)

301.

F. B.

M. H.

Poco lento (♩. = 54.)

*mf* CHORUS.

Saint Ann in heav - en shin - ing, There in thy glo - rious

home, Towrd thee our hearts in - clin - ing, Bless us where e'er we roam.

*Soli—Unison. mf*

1. White star a - bove the o - cean, Guide thou, Saint Ann, our bark; Lead  
2. Sweet Moth - er, with thy heal - ing, Thou dost the lame re - store; The

us in pure de - vo - tion Safe through the tem - pest dark.  
blind be - fore thee kneel - ing Be - hold heavns light once more.

3.  
Cure then our fervor halting,  
To our blind hearts give sight;  
Through Mary's love exalting,  
Bring us to Jesus' light.

4.  
To wounded soldiers lying  
Lone on the battle field;  
And sailors storm defying.  
Thy help and comfort yield.

## The Youth Who Wealth and Courts Despised.

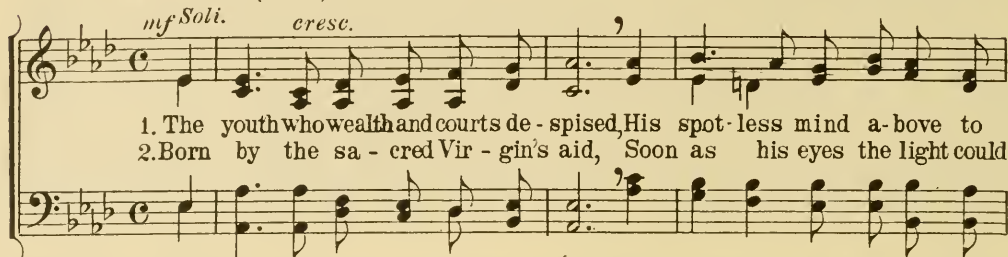
(St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of Youth, June 21.)

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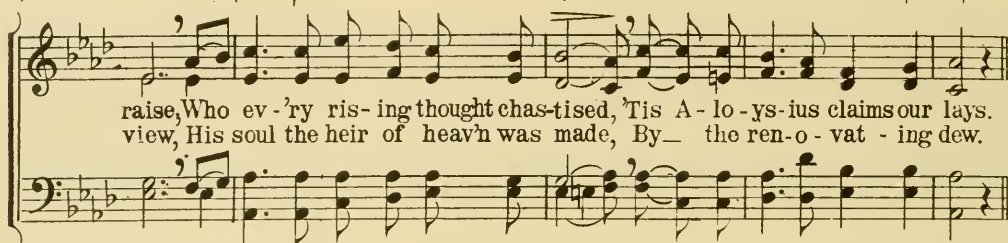
Moderato. (♩ = 80)

B. ALOYSIUS. M.

*mf Soli. cresc.*

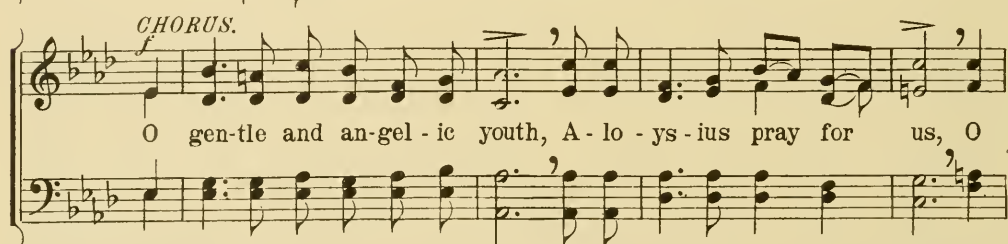


1. The youth who wealth and courts de-spised, His spot-less mind a-bove to  
2. Born by the sa-cred Vir-gin's aid, Soon as his eyes the light could



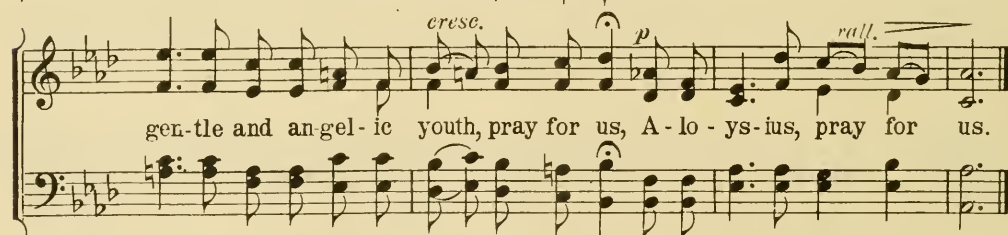
raise, Who ev-'ry ris-ing thought has-tised, 'Tis A-lo-ys-ius claims our lays.  
view, His soul the heir of heav'n was made, By the ren-o-vat-ing dew.

*CHORUS.*



O gen-tle and an-gel-ic youth, A-lo-ys-ius pray for us, O

*cresc. p. rall.*



gen-tle and an-gel-ic youth, pray for us, A-lo-ys-ius, pray for us.

3.

His infant words, the first he frames,  
He utters with a trembling voice,  
"Jesus and Mary," hallowed names,  
Dwell on his lips and speak his choice.  
*CHORUS.* O gentle, etc.

4.

The tenor of high life so bright,  
So pure of angel purity;  
A seraph from the realms of light,  
Dwelling on earth he seems to be.  
*CHORUS.* O gentle, etc.



# Jesus Is God.

303.

Rev. FR. FABER.

B. M. J.

Andante mosso. (♩ = 63)

1. Je-sus is God; the sol-id earth, The o-cean broad and bright, The  
2. Je-sus is God; the glo-rious bands Of gold-en an-gels sing Songs  
count-less stars, like gold-en dust That strew the skies at night, The  
of a-dor-ing praise to Him, Their Mak-er and their King: He  
wheel-ing storm, the dread-ful fire, The pleasant whole-some air, The  
was true God in Beth-lehem's crib, On Calvary's Cross true God, He  
sum-mer's sun, the win-ter's frost, His own cre-a-tions were.  
Who in heav'n e-ter-nal reigned, In time on earth a-bode.

3.  
Jesus is God; alas, they say  
On earth the numbers grow  
Who His divinity blaspheme  
To their unfailing woe:  
And yet, what is the single end  
Of this life's mortal span,  
Except to glorify the God  
Who for our sakes was Man?

4.  
Jesus is God; let sorrow come,  
And pain and every ill;  
All are worth while— for all are means  
His glory to fulfil;  
Worth while a thousand years of life  
To speak one little word,  
If only by our faith we own  
The Godhead of our Lord.

5.  
Jesus is God; oh, could I now  
But compass land and sea  
To teach and tell this single truth,  
How happy should I be!  
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,  
I would proclaim aloud.  
Jesus the Good, the Beautiful.  
Is everlasting God.

English Messenger of the S.H.

Lento Religioso. (♩ = 69)

Ancient Melody

Harm. by CARL HAUSER.

*DUO.*  
*mf*

VOICES. Thy wound O Heart of Je - sus, The tro - phy of Thy

*Piano.*

love — Thou bear - est it in heav - en, To plead our cause a -

bove; — The an - gels all a - dore it, And songs of praises sing, — And

with Thy dear Heart's tri - umph, The courts of heav - en

ring; — And with Thy dear Heart's tri - umph, The courts of heaven ring.

3.  
Though formed of choirs of angels,  
Thy guard of honor there,  
'thoult not disdain the sinners  
Who guard Thy altars here.  
We envy not the angels,  
All blessed tho' they be;  
They cannot suffer for Thee, } *bis.*  
O Sacred Heart, as we.

4.  
In prayers with Thee uniting,  
O Heart of God, our love;  
With Thee upon our altars,  
With Thee in heav'n above;  
With Thee on earth, midst suff'ring,  
The Father's will adore;  
With Thee enthroned in glory, } *bis.*  
That will, praise ever more.

Rev. Fr. FABER.

## Oh, Vision Bright!

(Regina Angelorum.)

Rev. Fr. A. CARRA.

Simplice. (♩ = 64.)

*mf* CHORUS DUO.

1. Oh, Vi-sion bright! The land of light Beams gold-en - ly. be-yond the  
3. Oh, Vi-sion bright! The-ter - nal light Of the dear Son may we de-

(Acc.)

sky; 'Mid heav-en-ly fires, O'er an - gel-choirs, Ma-ry, our Moth-er, reigns on high.  
sery: Where, bright-er far Than moon or star, Ma-ry, our Moth-er, reigns on high.

*rall.* *End.*

2. Oh, Vi-sion bright! The Fa - ther's might, All 'round His Daugh-ter's throned oth  
4. Oh, Vi-sion-bright! In soft-est flight The Dove a - round His Spouse doth

*Andante.*  
*Solo. Ad libitum.*

lie, Where, in that balm of end-less calm, Ma-ry, our Moth-er, reigns on high.  
fly, Where, in that height of match-less light, Ma-ry, our Moth-er, reigns on high.

*rall.* *D. C.*

5.  
Oh, vision bright!  
Oh, land of light!  
Thou art our home beyond the sky:  
'Tis grand to see  
How gloriously  
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

6.  
Oh, vision bright!  
Life's darkest night  
Is fair as dawn when thou art nigh;  
Where 'mid the throng  
Of psalm and song  
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

# 306. The Vow Is Made, O Mary Queen Divine!

(Children's Consecration.)

B. M.

B. J. F.

Maestoso, non lento. (♩ = 80)

CHORUS. *mf*

The vow is made, O Ma - ry Queen di -

vine! — In life, in death, we'll be e'er true to thee; Oh, guard our

hearts, make them as pure as thine, From ev-'ry stain, O Moth - er keep them

free! Oh, guard our hearts, make them as pure as

thine, — From ev - 'ry stain, O Moth - er keep them free!



Andante. (♩ = 60)

*Soli. espressivo. mf*

1. Young flowers in dew - y morn,      their pet - als fair un -  
2. To thee, O Moth - er fair,      the prime of years we're

(Acc.) *cresc.*  
clos - ing,      In glow - ing sun, how pure — they  
bring - ing;      We will not seek the world — to

*mf*  
shine!      Our youth - ful hearts, O Queen!      be - neath thy sway ex -  
please;      Our gra - cious La - dy dear!      with love and joy we're

(Organ) *p*      *cresc.*      *D.C.*  
pand - ing,      Pro - test we are for - ev - er      thine.  
serv - ing:      For us 'tis hon - or, wealth and      ease.

3.

O Queen Immaculate! Upon thy aid relying  
Against the world we war with thee;  
In spite of Satan's rage in thy pure heart abiding  
Thy sons, O Mary! chaste will be.

4.

When life of trial is past, when from this vale departing,  
Our sweet delight in death will be  
To list our Mother's voice, our soul above inviting  
To sing her praise eternally.

Words by S.N.D.

Andante (♩ = 63.)

*p* Solo. (SOP.)

M. B

1. O Mys-tic\_ Rose, Christ's gar-den glows\_ With count-less  
 2. O Mys-tic\_ Rose, The blood that flows\_ From that dear

ORGAN.

blos-soms grace hath borne;\_ More sweet and fair Than an-y there\_ Art  
 Heart which love hath torn;\_ Hath dyed thee to An-oth-er hue;\_ Thou

*mf*

*Solo. (ALTO.) cresc.*

thou that bloom-est 'mid the thorn.\_ O Mys-tic Rose, Than driv-en  
 bloom-est, crim-son 'mid the thorn.\_ O Mys-tic Rose, The great Kings'

*mf*

snows\_ More daz-zling fair on win-ter's morn;\_ No speck, no  
 foes,\_ Our gar-dens of thy bloom have shorn,\_ And waste she

soil, Thy pet - als spoil; Thou bloom - est white a - mid the thorn.  
lies Be - neath the skies, That lost the Rose and kept the thorn.

*CHORUS.*  
*a tempo, mf*

And Mys - tic Rose, when shad - ows close, — Up - on our life, and breaks the

*cresc.*

morn: Then blossom thou on ev - ry brow, — O fade - less Rose with - out a

*rit.*

thorn, Then blossom thou on ev - ry brow, — O fade - less Rose without a thorn.

*mf* 1<sup>st</sup> CHORUS. Unison.

1. In the morn-ing when I wak - en, With the Cross I sign my -  
 2. When 'tis even-ing, kneel-ing hum - bly, My night prayers I say to

(Acc.)

self, And say, "Je-sus, Ma-ry, Jo - seph, I give you my heart and life."  
 God; Then my con-science I ex - am - ine, And ask pardon for my sins.

*mf* 2<sup>nd</sup> CHORUS. Unison.

Then when drest I kneel de-vout - ly And I say my morn-ing  
 When in bed I think of Je - sus, And my arms fold like a

prayers; With the cross I ask a bless-ing, Both be - fore and af - ter meals.  
 cross, And say "Je-sus, Ma-ry, Jo-seph, I give you my heart and soul."



*Tutti. DUO. f*

In the morn - ing when I wak - en, With the Cross I sign my  
When 'tis even - ing knee - ling hum - bly, My night prayers I say to  
self, And say "Je - sus, Ma - ry, Jo - seph, I give you my heart and soul."  
God, Then my con - science I ex - am - ine, And ask par - don for my sins.

3.  
1st { With this prayer each work I'll offer:  
"Jesus, I do all for Thee;"  
"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help me!"  
In temptation my cry be.  
2nd { From occasions that are sinful  
And bad company I'll fly;  
Than offend Thee mortally,  
Dearest Lord, I'd rather die. (*Duo.*)

4.  
1st { Should I ever thus offend Thee,  
I will ask without delay  
Thy forgiveness;— to confession  
If I can, I'll go straightway.  
2nd { In that Sacrament of Mercy,  
Dearest Lord, I'll humble be,  
Telling all without concealment  
To the priest as though to Thee. (*Duo.*)

5.  
1st { Once a month, at least, for pardon  
Of my sins, though great or small,  
I will seek, that in confession  
Thy dear Blood may cleanse them all.  
2nd { Then unto the Holy Table  
Where Thou giv'st Thy Flesh and Blood,  
I will go, with fervor, striving  
Preparation may be good. (*Duo.*)

6.  
1st { Holy Mass I must devoutly  
Hear on Sundays, holydays;  
And I should, at Catechism,  
Learn my God to know and praise.  
2nd { Vespers or sweet Benediction  
By my fault should ne'er be lost,  
Thinking what great grace is given  
By our God there in the Host. (*Duo.*)

7.  
1st { Every day, If I am able,  
Glad I'll be the Mass to hear,  
And I'll not forget to visit  
Jesus' tabernacle dear;  
2nd { Then, before our Mother's picture,  
For her blessing, I will pray;  
For her sake I'll seek to crown her  
With the Rosary every day. (*Duo.*)

8.  
1st { For God's sake my neighbor loving,  
"Golden Rule" I'll try to keep;  
Parents, teachers, and superiors  
Love, obey, with reverence deep.  
2nd { Morning, noon, and night, I'll daily  
The sweet "Angelus" recite,  
And I'll often read in good books  
That to love of God excite. (*Duo.*)

9.  
1st { Thus will I, with God's assistance,  
Faithful keep this Rule of Life,  
Till my God bids me come to Him  
From this world of sin and strife.  
2nd { With Last Sacraments then strengthened,  
Humbly trusting, I'll depart,  
Jesus' Sign upon my forehead  
Jesus' Name within my heart. (*Duo.*)

I. WILLIAMS.

B. M. J.

Andante. (♩ = 63)

*mf*

1. A - las, grief fills my heart, tears fall like rain, Far from heav'n and  
 2. Ah! me, lost is my God, lost high-est heav'n, Sold for pass - ing

God am I, A - las, grief fills my heart, tears fall like rain, Lost in sin I  
 vain delight; Ah! me, lost is my God, lost high-est heav'n, All is darkest

stray, Gone the joy of the days de - part-ed, In - no - cence, peace and happi-  
 night, Far from God, lost in torments end-less, Far from Him for e - ter-ni-

ness,— A - las, grief fills my heart, tears fall like rain, Lost in sin I stray.  
 ty;— Ah! me, lost is my God, lost high-est heav'n, All is lost to me.

*rall.*

3.

But lo! what light is this breaks through the gloom?  
 Hope once more o'ercomes despair.  
 But lo! what light is this breaks through the gloom?  
 Hope so sweet and fair.  
 'Tis the thought that my Saviour loves me,  
 'Tis the thought that He will forgive;  
 But lo! what light is this breaks through the gloom?  
 He will pardon me.

4.

Behold, on Calvary's height, nailed to the Cross,  
 Precious Blood was shed for me;  
 Behold, on Calvary's height, nailed to the Cross,  
 Jesus died for me!  
 Jesus dear, in His love and mercy,  
 Will forgive deepest, darkest crimes;  
 Behold, on Calvary's height, nailed to the Cross,  
 Jesus died for me!

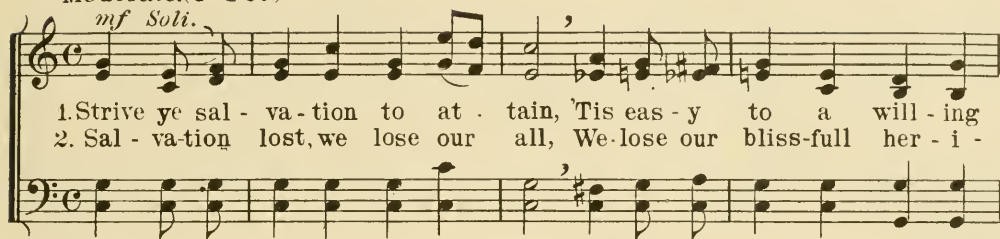
# Strive Ye Salvation To Attain.

310.

L. FOULON.

Moderato. (♩ = 80.)

*mf Soli.*



1. Strive ye sal - va - tion to at - tain, 'Tis eas - y to a will - ing  
2. Sal - va - tion lost, we lose our all, We lose our bliss - full her - i -

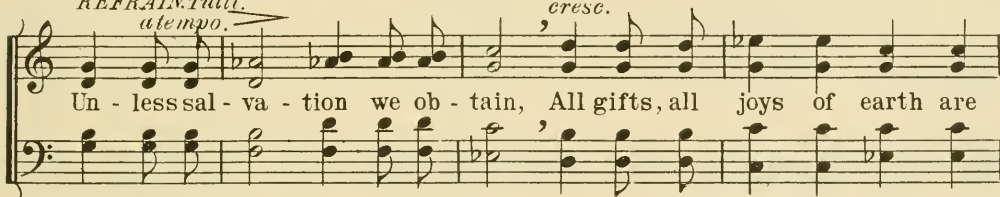


mind, To ev - 'ry Chris - tian high - est gain; Seek, then pur - sue it till ye find.  
tage, In hell's dark depths we're doomed to fall, Oh! may this all our thoughts en - gage.

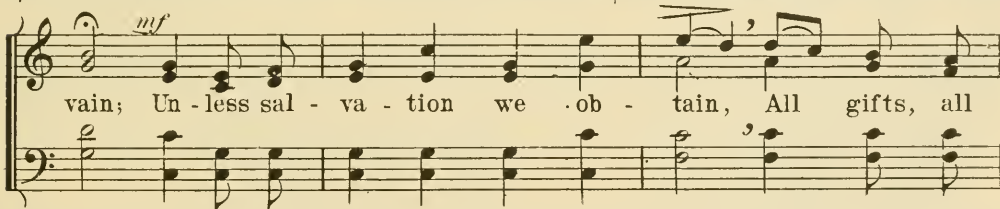
REFRAIN *Tutti.*

*al tempo.*

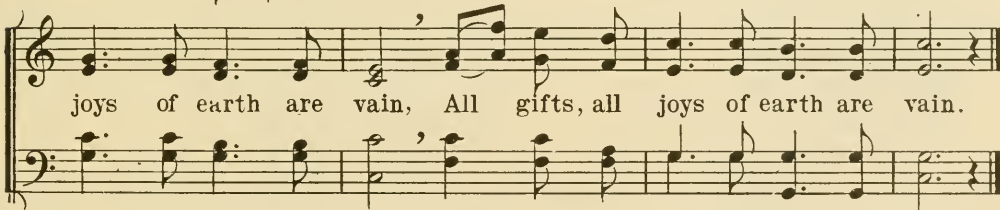
*cresc.*



Un - less sal - va - tion we ob - tain, All gifts, all joys of earth are



vain; Un - less sal - va - tion we ob - tain, All gifts, all



joys of earth are vain, All gifts, all joys of earth are vain.

3.  
What profit for us to obtain  
The wide - spread mighty universe,  
If doomed to never - ending pain  
In hell's fierce flames? Oh! fearful curse!

4.  
It is for all eternity  
That we enjoy our heavenly bliss,  
Or writhe in endless misery—  
What thought so full of awe as this!

5.  
O Lord! ordain, while we remain  
On earth, this truth may penetrate  
Our inmost souls, till we obtain  
Our blessed and immortal state.



Andantino. (♩ = 54)

M. H.

*mf* *Soli-Unison*

VOICES. 1. I am the Lord, and thou shalt serve No oth-er gods but Me; Re-  
2. Thou shalt not take God's Name in vain, Nor swear un-law-ful-ly; Things

*REFRAIN. Tutti.*

li-gion true thou shalt ob-serve, Faith, Hope, and Char-i-ty. — } *f* All  
ho-ly thou shalt not pro-fane, Nor curse ir-rever-ent-ly. — }

this Thou dost com-mand, O Lord, We cheer-ful-ly o-bey, — And

look to heav'n for our re-ward, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty. — *rall*

3.  
*Remember that thou Sanctify  
The holy Sabbath day;  
Work not without necessity,  
Hear holy Mass, and pray.  
Cho.—All this, etc.*

4.  
*Thy Parents honor, serve and love,  
And cheerfully obey:  
And servants must obedient prove  
When without sin they may.  
Cho.—All this, etc.*

5.  
*Thou shalt not kill,—nor vengeance take,  
Nor hate thy enemy;  
Forgive and love for Jesus' sake  
All that have injured thee.  
Cho.—All this, etc.*

5.(cont.)  
*The same commandment does beside  
Forbid all drunkenness,  
Self-injury and suicide,  
And eating to excess.  
Cho.—All this, etc.*

6.  
*Do not commit Adultery  
In thoughts, words, deeds or looks;  
Beware of evil company,  
And read not dangerous books.  
Cho.—All this, etc.*

7.  
*Thou shalt not steal, nor keep, nor waste,  
Nor cheat in any way;  
Ill-gotten goods restore in haste,  
And lawful debts repay.  
Cho.—All this, etc.*

8.  
*False witness thou shalt never bear,  
Nor tell a wilful lie:  
Detraction, if thou canst repair,  
As well as calumny.  
Cho.—All this, etc.*

9-10.  
*Thou shalt not covet neighbor's wife,  
Nor look with lustful eye;  
Thou shalt not covet neighbor's goods,  
Nor eye them enviously.  
Cho.—All this, etc.*



# The Leaves Around Me Falling.

312.

F. MARTINI.

\* \* \* Andantino. (♩ = 66)  
*mf*

1. The leaves a-round me fall - ing Are preaching of de - cay; The  
2. The lights my path sur-round - ing, The helps to which I cling; The  
hol-low winds are call - ing, Come pil-grim haste a - way: The  
hopes with - in me bound - ing, The joys that round me wing; All,  
day in night de - clin - ing Says I must too de - cline; The  
all, like stars at e - ven, Just gleam to shoot a - way; Pass  
year its life re - sign - ing, Its lot fore-shad - ows mine.  
on be-fore to heav - en, And chide at my de - lay.

3.  
The friends gone there before me  
Are calling from on high;  
And joyous angels o'er me  
Are beckoning from the sky,  
"Why wait," they sing, "and wither  
'Mid scenes of death and sin?  
'Tis better to come hither,  
And find true life begin?"

4.  
I hear the invitation,  
And fain would rise and come,  
A sinner to salvation,  
An exile to his home.  
But, while I here must linger,  
Thus, thus let all I see  
Point out with faithful finger  
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

# 313. To Win My Heart With Visions Bright And Fair.

Tr. CARDINAL MANNING.

M. H.

Poco risoluto. (♩ = 80)

*mf*

1. To win my heart with vi - sions bright and fair, —  
2. Come all ye proud ones of the earth, ar ray —

In vain the world with all its craft has tried: Harm - less and  
Your gath'ring hosts a - round me far and wide; My heart is

weak its daz - zling weap - ons are, — I noth - ing fear, with  
calm a mid the loud af - fray, — I noth - ing fear, with

*f poco rall.*

Je - sus at my side; I noth - ing fear, with Je - sus at my side.  
Je - sus at my side; I noth - ing fear, with Je - sus at my side.

3.

Death has for me no fears, its bitter pains  
Shall never from my King my heart divide:  
Faithful to Him till death my will remains;  
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side. (b/s.)

4.

Jesus, my Lord! my only hope and shield;  
No powers of ill before Thee can abide;  
I trust in Thee upon the battle field,  
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side. (b/s.)

# Da Mihi Animas!

314.

Words from "The Voice of the S. Heart."

B. M. J.

Andante. (♩. = 56)

*SOLI. mf*

1. Let oth-ers pray a - bout them-selves, Thy grace leads man - y ways,  
2. A life-long sor - row, if Thou wilt, And sharp en - dur - ing pain;

*espressivo*

"Da mi - hi á - ni - mas," 'tis thus Thy spir - it in me prays.  
All, all were light, if souls for Thee Might be the pre - cious gain.

*CHORUS. f*

Ask what Thou wilt, O dear - est Lord, Naught, naught will I de - ny,

*mf*

But on - ly give me count - less souls For Thee be - fore I die, For Thee, before I die.

3.

Tears will be sweet for Thou hast wept,  
And blood, if needs must be;  
No cost too great to purchase souls,  
O dearest Lord, for Thee. (*Chorus.*)

4.

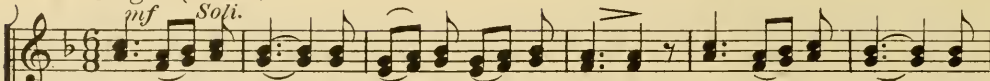
Whatever be the price, O Lord,  
This grace to me impart:  
Souls from the world and sin set free, -  
Souls for Thy Sacred Heart. (*Chorus.*)

## The Day Is O'er The Moon Serenely Beaming.

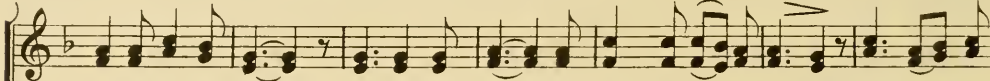
\*\*\* Adagio. (♩ = 50)

Old Cath. Mel. Harm. by C. HAUSER

*mf* *Soli.*

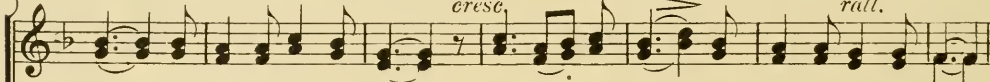


1. The day is o'er, — the moon, se-re-ne-ly beam-ing In sil-ver light-bath  
2. Save one, who wake-ful in — her lone-ly dwell-ing, Of Ju-da born, — a




field and forest drest; A thou-sand twink-ling stars are gently gleaming, The world is  
stem of Jes-se's rod, — A Vir-gin pure, all oth-ers far ex-cel-ling, Up-lifts her

*crese.* *rall.*



hushed, and all is laid to rest, — The world is hushed and all is laid to rest,  
heart in tran-quil pray'r to God! — Up-lifts her heart in tran-quil pray'r to God!

*f* *REFRAIN.*



"Hail, Ma-ry, full of grace!" With — Ga-briel we re-

*crese.* *mf* *rall.*



peat; Hail, hope of A-dam's race! — Hail, — Queen and Moth-er sweet!

3. The while she prays, behold the silence broken;  
She starts — a look of fear o'erspreads her face;  
She hears — till then to mortal ears unspoken,  
Those words of love: Hail, Mary, full of grace!

4. Fear not, the Lord is with thee, thou art chosen  
The Virgin Mother of thy God to be,  
And many a heart in sin and guilt are frozen  
Shall melt beneath the Sunbeam born of you.

O Spouse of God, O Queen of earth and heaven!

O Holy Mother of the Incarnate Word!

In marked accents was the answer given:

©R 1913 P.J.K. & S. "Behold the willing handmaid of the Lord."



# The Moon Is In The Heavns Above.

316.

Rev. F. FABER.

B. M.

*Allegro moderato.* (♩ = 112.)

*Soli, unison.*

Voices. 1. The moon is in the heavns a-bove, Its light lies on the foam-y sea; So

Organ.

*cresc.* shines the star of Mary's love O'er this dark scene of mis-er-y. *p* *rall.*

*Semi-Chorus. atempo.*  
*REFRAIN. cresc.*

Our hands to life's hard work are laid, But our hearts are thine, sweet Mother-Maid!

*Full Chorus. S. A. B.*

Voices. Our hands to life's hard work are laid, But our hearts are thine, sweet Mother-Maid!

Organ.

Oh, thou art bright<sup>2.</sup> as bright can be,  
And bountiful as thou art bright;  
And welcome is the thought of thee,  
As fragrance of an eastern night!  
Our hands, etc.

Calm as the blessed<sup>3</sup> Eye of God  
When it looks o'er all this world below;  
He bids thee shed His peace abroad  
With a secret balm for every woe.  
Our hands, etc.

By thee we learn, dear spotless Queen!  
What a glorious God our God must be;  
And in thy glory His is seen,  
For He shows Himself when He shows thee.  
Our hands, etc.

Maestoso (♩ = 88.)

*mf*

1. Vi-vat! Vi - vat Pas - tor  
2. *Christus vin - cit! Christus*

bo - nus! Vi - vat! Vi - vat Pas - tor bo - nus! Vi - vat Vi - vat in æ -  
re - gnat! *Christus vin - cit! Christus re - gnat! Christus vin - cit! Christus*

tér - num, Vi - vat! Vi - vat in æ - tér - num! Et  
re - gnat! *Christus vin - cit! Christus im - pe - rat! Et*

ac - ce - dén - tes læ - ti di - xé - runt, Et ac - ce - dén - tes læ - ti di - xé - runt, Et  
ac - ce - dén - tes læ - ti di - xé - runt, Et ac - ce - dén - tes læ - ti di - xé - runt, Et

\*The Second Stanza may be used appropriately for diverse occasions.

ac - ce - dén - tes lae - ti di-xé-runt Vi - vat! Vi vat! Vi-vat! Vi-vat! in æ -  
ac - ce - dén - tes lae - ti di-xé-runt Christus vin-cit! Christus regnat! Christus

di - xé - runt, Et di - xé runt Vi - vat! Vi - vat! in æ -  
di - xé - runt Et di - xé - runt Christus vin - cit! re - gnat!

tér - num,  
im - pe - rat!

tér - num, Vi-vat! Vi-vat Pas-tor ho - nus! Vi-vat! Vi - vat Pas-tor  
im - pe - rat! Christus vin-cit! Christus re - gnat! Christus vin-cit! Christus

bo - nus! Vi-vat! Vi - vat in æ - tér - num, Vi-vat! Vi - vat in æ -  
re - gnat! Christus vin-cit! Christus re - gnat! Christus vin-cit! Christus

tér - num, in æ - tér - num, in æ - tér - num Vi - vat in æ -  
im-pe-rat Christus vin - cit! Christus re - gnat! Christus vin-cit!

*Mosso.*

tér - num! Lau-dé-tur Je-sus Christus, Et Ma - ri - a Ma-ter e - jus! A-men.  
regnat! im - pe - rat! Lau-dé-tur Je-sus Christus, Et Ma - ri - a Ma-ter e - jus! A-men.

*ff atempo espressivo.* *rall.*



Largo Solenne (♩ = 56)

C. T. B. Ec - ce sa - cér - dos ma - - gnus, qui in di - é - bus su - is plá - cu - it

*Acc. ad libitum.*

, *rall.* Mosso. (♩ = 86.)

De - o plá - cu - it De - o. *mf* I - de - o ju - re - ju - rán - do

I - de - o ju - re - ju - rán - do

*cresc.* *largo come prima*

fe - cit il - lum Dó - mi - nus cré - sce - re in ple - bem su -

*p molto adagio con grazia* Calmo.

am in ple - bem su - am. *mf* Be - ne - di - cti - ó -

*mf* Be - ne - di - cti - ó Bē - ne - di - cti -



*un po' più mosso* *p* *mf largo.*

- - nem óm-nium gén-ti-um de - dit il - li, et testaméntum su - um confirmávit

*Moosso* ( $\text{♩} = 86$ ) *mf* *f*

su - per ca - put e - jus. I - de - o ju - re - ju - rán - do fe - cit il lum Dó - mi -

I - de - o ju - re - ju - rán - do

*largo come prima* *molto adagio con grazia* *p* *ff* *p* *Fine*

nus cré - sce - re in ple - bem su - - am, in ple - bem su - - am.

*Grave* ( $\text{♩} = 56$ ) *rall: molto*

Gló - ri - a Pa - tri et Fí - li - o — et Spi - rí - tu - i San - cto.



LATIN HYMNS AND CHANTS.

MOTETS FOR BENEDICTION.

LITANIES.

GREGORIAN MASSES.

VESPER PSALMS etc.

In order that doubts may not arise as to the use of the various signs to denote Gregorian rhythm, attention is drawn to the following:

1. In dissyllables, the accent is always on the first syllables. In words of more than two syllable the accent is marked by the sign (') placed upon the syllable to be pronounced with stress.
2. *In syllabic passages* (with one note to each syllable.) the correct pronunciation of the text suffices.
3. *In melismatic passages* (prolonged by melodic ornamentation.) each note commencing the small groups of notes is to be somewhat strengthened, but these groups should be bound together as indicated by the slurs, so as to produce a beautiful legato.
4. The notes provided with a quilisma (~~) are to be lightly taken and should be introduced by a slight prolongation of the preceding note or notes.
5. The pressus (<) is to be firmly attacked.
6. The small notes (♪ ♪), representing liquescent tones) should be treated simply as quavers.



# Ave Vivens Hostia.

319.

Tr. Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt. D. (Hail, Thou Living Victim.)

Moderato. (♩ = 88.)

S. *mf*

1. { A - ve vivens Hó - sti - a, Vě - ri - tas et vi - ta: Per te sa - cri -  
*Hail, Thou liv - ing Vic - tim blest, Truth and Life su - per - nal. Old - en types in*

I - II T.

2. { A - ve vas cle - mē - ti - æ, Scrí - ni - um dul - có - ris In quo sunt de -  
*Hail, Thou an - cient Mer - cy - Seat, Source of grace and fu - vor Precious Oint - ment -*

B.

3. { A - ve Man - na Coé - li - cum, Vě - ri - us le - gá - li, Da - tum in vi -  
*Hail, Thou Man - na from the skies, Yet more tru - ly giv - en To the pil - grim*

*f*

fí - ci - a cun - cta sunt fi - ní - ta Per te Pa - tri gló - ri - a Da - tur in - fi -  
*Thee confessed Find their end e - ter - nal; In - fi - nite thro' Thee the praise To the Father*

lí - ci - æ Coé - li - ci sa - pō - ris; Vě - ri - tas sub - stā - ti - æ To - ta Sal - va -  
*box re - plete With ce - les - tial Sa - vor: Thou the God - Man tru - ly art In di - vine com -*

á - ti - cum Mí - se - ro mor - tá - li; Me - di - cá - men mýs - ti - cum Morbo spi - ri -  
*soul that sighs For her promised Heaven: Mys - tic med - i - cine Thou art For the wounded*

ni - ta Per te stat Ec - clé - si - a Jú - gi - ter mu - ní - ta. A - men.  
*giv - en, While they love Thy Church ar - rays As an ear - thly heav - en. A - men.*

tó - ris, Sa - cra - mē - tum grá - ti - æ, Pá - bu - lum a - mó - ris. A - men.  
*pleneness: Fed on Thee the lov - ing Heart Knows Thy raptured sweetness. A - men.*

tá - li, Ro - rem - dans ca - thó - li - cum Vĩ - tæ im - mor - tá - li. A - men.  
*spir - it; Healed by Thee may eve - ry heart End - less life in - her - it. A - men.*

## 320.

O Esca Viatorum.  
(O Food To Pilgrims Given.)

Tr. Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt. D.

B. J.

Moderato. (♩ = 66.)

1. *p* O es-ca vi-a - tó-rum, O pa-nis An-ge-ló-rum, O  
*O Food to pil-grims giv-en, Bread of the hosts of Heav-en, Thou*

2. *p* O lym-pha, fons a - mó-ris, Qui pu-ro Sal-va-tó-ris E  
*O Fountain ru-by-glow-ing, O stream of love out-flow-ing From*

*p* Man-na coé-li-tum: E-su-ri-én-tes ci-ba, Dul-  
*Man-na of the sky! Feed with the bless-ed sweet-ness Of*

cor-de pró-flu-is; Te si-ti-én-tes po-ta, Haec  
*Je-sus' pierc-ed side! This thought a-lone shall bless us, This*

*p* cé-di-ne non pri-va Cor-da quae-rén-ti-um. A - - men.  
*Thy di-vine com-plete-ness The hearts that for Thee sigh. A - - men.*

*rit. più lento*  
 so-la no-stra vo-ta, His u-na súf-fi-cis. A - - men.  
*one de-sire pos-sess us, To drink of Thy sweet tide.*

3.  
 O Jesu tuum vultum,  
 Quem cólimus occúltum  
 Sub panis spécie,  
 Fac, ut remóto velo,  
 Apérta nos in coelo  
 Cernámus ácie.

3.  
 We love Thee, Jesu tender,  
 Who hidst Thine awful splendor  
 Beneath these veils of grace:  
 Oh, let the veils be riven,  
 And our clear eye in heaven  
 Behold Thee face to face!

## 321.

Misericordias Domini.  
(Psalm 88.)

FINE.

SOLO. Mi-se-ri-cór-di-as Dó-mi-ni — in æ-tér-num can-tá-bo.

In generatió-nem et genè-rati-ó-nem annuntiábo veritátem tuam in o-re me-o.

# Anima Christi.

(Solos and Duos.)

322.

F. L. COMIRE, S. J.

Larghetto. (♩ = 60.)

*Soli.*

*Tutti.*

*Soli.*

A - ni - ma Chri - sti, san - ctí - fi - ca me. Cor - pus Chri - sti,

sal - va me. San - guis Chri - sti, in - é - bri - a me.

A - qua lá - te - ris Chri - sti, la - va me. Pás - si - o Chri - sti, con - fór - ta

me. O bo - ne Je - su, ex - áu - di me. In - tra tu - a

*Tutti.* *rit.* *Soli.*

vúl-ne-ra ab - - scón-de me. Ne per-mít-tas me

*Tutti.* *rit.* *f* *Soli.* *Tutti.*

se-pa-rá-ri a Te. Ab ho-ste ma - lí-gno de - fén - de

*Solo.* *dim.* *Tutti* *f*

me. In ho - ra mor-tis me - ae vo - ca me, Et

ju - be me ve-ní - re, ve - ní - re ad te; Ut cum san-ctis; cum sanctis



tu - is lau-dem Te, lau dem Te, in sae-cu-la sae-cu - lo - rum, in  
 sae - cu - la sae - cu - lo - rum, A - - men.  
 in sae-cu-la sae-cu - lo - rum. A - - men.

# O Quam Suavis Est.

323.

O quam su-á - vis est,\* Dó - - - mi - ue  
 Spí - - ri - tus tu - - us! qui ut dul - cé - di - nem tu - - am  
 in fí - li - os de - mon - strá - - res, pa - ne  
 su - a - vís - si - mo de coe - lo praé -  
 sti - to, e - su - ri - én - tes re - ples bo - nis, fas - ti - di - ó - sos  
 dí - vi - - tes di - mít - tens in - - - á - nes.

1. Ad - o - ro te de - vó - te, la - tens De - i - tas,  
 2. Vi - sus, ta - ctus, gu - stus in te fá - li - tur,  
 Quae sub his fi - gú - ris ve - re lá - ti - tas:  
 Sed au - dí - tu so - lo tu - to cré - di - tur:  
 Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum súb - ji - cit,  
 Cre - do quid - quid dix - it De - i Fí - li - us:  
 Qui - a te con - tem - plans to - tum dé - fi - cit. }  
 Nil hoc ver - bo - ver - i - tá - tis vé - ri - us. } A - men.

3.  
 In cruce latebat sola Deitas,  
 At hic latet simul et humanitas;  
 Ambo tamen credens, atque confitens  
 Peto quod petiuit latro poenitens.

4.  
 Plagas, sicut Thomas non intueor,  
 Deum tamen meum te confiteor:  
 Fac me tibi semper magis credere,  
 In te spem habere, te diligere.

5.  
 O memoriale mortis Domini,  
 Panis vivus, vitam praestans homini:  
 Praesta meae menti de te vivere,  
 Et te illi semper dulce sapere

6.  
 Pie Pellicane, Jesu Domine,  
 Me immundum munda tuo sanguine:  
 Cujus una stilla salvum facere  
 Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

7.  
 Jesu, quem velatum nunc adspicio,  
 Oro fiat illud, quod tam sitio,  
 Ut, te revelata cernens facie,  
 Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae. Amen.

1. Ad - ó - ro te de - vó - te, la - tens Dé - i - tas, Quae sub his fi - gú - ris  
 2. Je - su, quem ve - lá - tum nunc ad - spí - ci - o, O - ro fi - at il - lud  
 ve - re lá - ti - tas: Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum súb - ji - cit,  
 quod tam sí - ti - o, Ut te re - ve - lá - ta cér - nens fá - ci - o,  
 Qui - a te con - tem - plans to - tum dé - fi - cit. }  
 Vi - su sim be - á - tus tu - aë gló - ri - ae. } A - ve, Je - su,  
 pas - tor fi - dé - li - um, Ad - auge fi - dem óm - ni - um in te cre - dén - ti - um.

# Adoro te devote, latens Deitas.

# 326.

I. MÜLLER.

Andante religioso. (♩ = 48)

III.

1. A - dó - ro te de - vó - te, la - tens Dé - i - tas, Quae sub his fi -  
 2. Je - su quem ve - lá - tum nunc ad - spí - ci - o. O - ro fi - at

gú - ris ve - re lá - ti - tas; Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum  
 il - lud quod tam sí - ti - o; Ut, te re - ve - lá - ta cer - nens

*cresc.* sub - ji - cit, Qui - a te con - tém - plans to - tum dé - fi - cit. A - men.  
*rall.* fá - ci - e, Vi - su sim be - á - tus tu - ae gló - ri - ae.

# Ecce Panis Angelorum.

# 327.

B.A.

Moderato. (♩ = 66)

1. Ec - ce pa - nis an - ge - ló - rum Fac - tus ci - bus  
 2. In fi - gú - ris prae - sig - ná - tur, Cum I - sa - ac

vi - a - tó - rum, Ve - re pa - nis fi - li - ó - rum  
 im - mo - lá - tur, Ag - nus pas - chae de - pu - tá - tur,

*1. cresc.* Non mit - tén - dus cá - ni - bus  
*2. rall.* Da - tur man - na pá - tri - bus. A - men.

Cantabile (♩=76) *mf* *p* M. H.

A - do - ré - mus in ae - tér - num Sanc - tís - si -

A - do - ré - mus in ae - tér - num

mum, Sanc - tís - si - mum Sa - cra - mén - tum. A - do -

Sanc - tís - si - mum Sa - cra - mén - tum. A - do -

ré - mus in ae - tér - num Sanc - tís - si - mum. Sanc - tís - si -

ré - mus in ae - tér - num Sanc - tís - si -

mum Sa - cra - mén - tum, A - do - ré - mus in ae -

mum Sa - cra - mén - tum, A - do - ré - mus

tér - num Sanc - tís - si - mum Sanc - tís - si - mum Sa - cra - mén -

in ae - tér - num Sanc - tís - si - mum Sa - cra - mén -

tum, Sa - cra - mén - - - tum. A - do - ré - mus.

tum, Sa - cra - mén - - - tum. A - do - ré - mus.



# Ave Verum.

(First Melody.)

329.

B.F.

Moderato. (♩=54)

*Soli.*  
1st Voice. A - ve ve-rum cor-pus na - tum de Ma-rí-a Vír - gi -

*Tutti. mf*  
ne — Ve - re pas-sum im - mo - lá - tum in Cru -

*Soli. p*  
- - - ce pro hó - mi - ne. Cu - jus la - tus per - fo - rá - tum

*2nd Voice. Soli. p*  
flu - xit a - qua et sán - gui - ne; E - sto no - bis

*Tutti. mf*  
pre - gus - tá - tum mor - tis in e - xá - mi - ne.

*Tutti. mf*  
O Je-su dul - cis, O Je-su pi - e, tu no - bis mi - se -

*Tutti. mf*  
O Je-su dul - cis, O Je-su pi - e, tu no - bis mi - se -

*Tutti. mf*  
ré - - re, O Je-su dul - cis, O Je-su pi - e,

*Tutti. mf*  
ré - - re, O Je-su dul - cis, O Je-su pi - e,

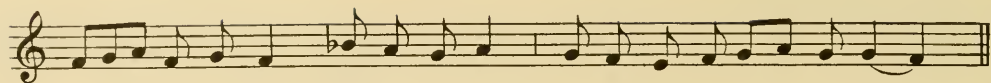
*Tutti. mf*  
O Je - su fi - li Ma - rí - ae. A - men.

330.

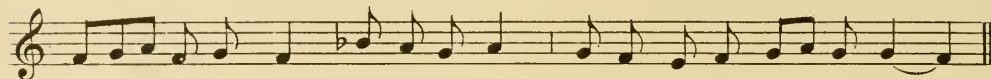
# Ave Verum

(Second Melody.)

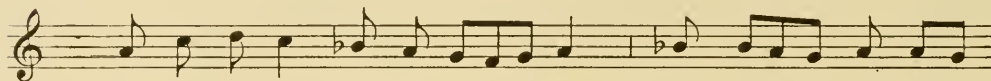
Solesmes Version.



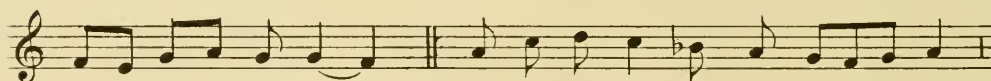
A - ve ve-rum \*Cor-pus na-tum de Ma-rí - a Vír - gi - ne:—



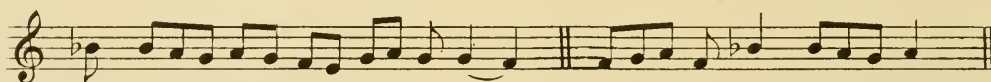
Ve - re pas-sum, im-mo-lá - tum in cru - ce pro hó - mi - ne:—



Cu - jus la - tus per - fo - rá - tum flu - xit a - qua



et sán - gui - ne:— Es - to no - bis prae - gu - stá - tum



mor - tis in ex - á - mi - ne:— O Je - su dul - cis!



O Je - su pi - e! O ——— Je - su, Fi - li Ma-rí - æ.—

331.

# Adoro Te, O Panis Coelice.

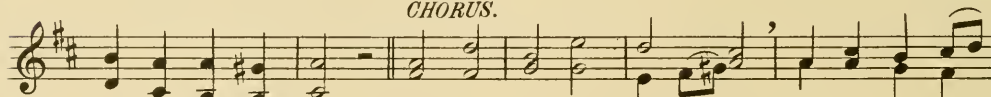
Andantino (♩ = 66)  
*mf Soli.*

B. J.



A - dó-ro te, O Pa-nis coé - li - ce O Dó-mi - ne, O  
 Nos fá-mu - los O De - us rés - pi - ce Et grá - ti - a nos

CHORUS.



De - us ma' - xi - me; } San-ctus, San-ctus, San - ctus si - ne fi - ne,  
 sem-per ré - fi - ce. }



San - ctus sem-per ti - bi gló - ri - a Sa - cra sit sub hó - sti - a.

# O Cor Amoris Victima!

# 332.

A. WERNER.

Andante religioso (♩ = 48.)

*pp*

1. O cor a - mó-ris Ví-cti-ma! Coe-li per-én-ne gáu-di-um,  
 2. Cordúl-ce, cor a - má-bi-le, A - mó-re no-stri sáu-ci-um,

3 Je-su, Pa-tris Cor ú-ni-cum Pu-ris a - mí-cum mén-ti-bus,

*mf* *rull.*

Mor-tá-li - um so-lá-ti-um, Mor-tá-li - um spes úl-ti-ma. A-men.  
 A - mó-re no-stri lán-gui-dum, Fac sis-mi - hi pla-cá-bi-le.

Pu-ris a - mán-dum cór-di-bus, In cor-de re-gnes óm-ni-um. A-men.

# Cor Jesu Sacratissimum.

# 333.

B. H. E.

Andante (♩ = 50.)

I.

Cor Je-su Sa-cra-tís - si-mum, mi-se-ré-re

Alto. Cor Je-su

Ten.

Bass. Cor Je-su Sa-cra-tís - si-mum, mi-se-ré-re

no - bis. Cor Ma-rí-ae im-ma-cu-lá-tum

Cor Ma-rí-ae im-ma-cu-lá-tum,

no - bis. Cor Ma-rí-ae im-ma-cu-lá-tum.

To Conclude.

O - ra pro no - bis. San-cte Joseph, O - ra pro no - - - bis.  
 O - ra pro no - - - bis.

O - ra pro no - bis. O - ra pro no - - - bis.

## 334.

## Cor Jesu Sacratissimum.

II.

Andante. (♩ = 48.)

*p Soli.* *Tutti. mf* *B. M. Soli. p*

Cor Je - su sa - cra - tis - si - mum, mi - se - re - re no - bis. Cor

Je - su sa - cra - tis - si - mum, mi - se - re - re no - bis. Cor Je - su

sa - cra - tis - si - mum, mi - se - re - re, mi - se - re - re no - bis.

*Tutti. mf cresc.* *rall.*

## 335.

## O Salutaris Hostia.

I.

Moderato.

*mf*

1. O Sa - lu - tá - ris Hó - sti - a, Quae coe - li

2. U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no, Sit sem - pi -

pan - dis ó - sti - um, Bel - la prae - munt ho - sti - li -

tér - na gló - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne tér - mi -

a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um. A - men.

no. No - bis do - net in pá - tri - a. A - men.

*rall.*



# O Salutaris Hostia.

336.

Andante. (♩ = 72)

II.

B. F. R.  
cresc.

1. O sa - lu - tá - ris Hó - sti - a, Quae coe - li  
2. U - - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no Sit sem - pi

pan - dis ó - sti - um, Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a,  
tér - na gló - ri - a: Qui vi - tam sí - ne tér - mi - no

Da - - ro - bur fer au - xí - li - um. A - - men.  
No - - bis do - net in pá - tri - a. A - - men.

C/R 1913 P.J.K. & S.

# O Salutaris Hostia.

337.

Moderato maestoso. (♩ = 92)

III.

REV. P. J. WADE, O. C. C.

1. O sa - lu - tá - ris Hó - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis ó - sti - um, Bel -  
2. U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no Sit sem - pi - tér - na gló - ri - a: Qui

la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a, Da - ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um. A - men.  
vi - tam sí - ne tér - mi - no No - bis do - net in pá - - tri - a. A - men. —

338.

## O Salutaris Hostia.

IV.

B. A.

Moderato cantabile. (♩ = 56)

*mf*

1. O sa-lu - tá - ris Hó - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis ó - sti - um,

2. U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no Sit sem - pi - tér - na gló - ri - a,

*f* *rall.*

Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um. A - men.

Qui vi - tam si - ne tér - mi - no Nobis do - net in pá - tri - a. A - men.

C/R 1913 P.J.K. & S.

339.

## O Salutaris Hostia.

V.

Ancient Tune.

Larghetto. (♩ = 66)

*mf*

1. O sa - lu - tá - ris Hó - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis

2. U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no Sit sem - pi - tér - na

*crese* *mf* *crese*

ó - sti - um, Bel - la pre - munt, pre - munt ho - stí - li - a: Da ro - bur,

gló - ri - a: Qui vi - tam si - ne tér - mi - no No - bis do -

*f* *crese* *p*

fer au - xí - li - um, Da ro - bur fer au - xí - li - um. A - men.

*f*

net in pá - tri - a, No - bis do - net in pá - tri - a. A - men

# Adoramus te, Christe.

340.

PALESTRINA.

Moderato. (♩ = 72.)

*pp* A - do - rá - mus - te, Chri - - ste, et be - ne - - dí -

*pp* A - do - rá - mus - te, Chri - - ste, et be - ne - - dí -

tu - - am re -  
de -

ci-mus ti - - bi, qui - a per san-ctam cru-cem tu - - am re -  
ci-mus ti - - bi, qui - a per san-ctam cru-cem tu - am re -  
de -

de-mís - ti mun - dum, qui pas-sus es pro no - bis,  
*cresc.* *p cresc.* *sf*

de-mís - ti mun - - dum, qui pas-sus es pro no - - bis.  
*cresc.* *p* *sf*

de-mís - ti mun - - dum, qui pas-sus es pro no - bis,

Dó - mi - ne, Dó - mi - ne, mi - - se - ré - re no - bis.  
*p>* *pp>*

Dó - mi - ne, Dó - mi - ne, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
bis, Dó - mi - ne, Dó - mi - ne, mi - se - ré - re no - - bis.

Dó - mi - ne, Dó - mi - ne, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.

## 341.

## O Salutaris Hostia.

VI.

Andante. (♩ = 60)

B. J.

*mf* O sa-lu-tá-ris hós-ti-a, Quae coe-li pan-dis  
 O sa-lu-tá-ris hós-ti-a, Quae coe-li pan-dis  
 ós-ti-um, Bel-la pre-munt hos-tí-li-a, Da ro-bur  
 ós-ti-um, Bel-la pre-munthos-tí-li-a, Darobur  
*f* fer au-xí-li-um. A-men, A-men. *rit.*  
 fer au-xí-li-um. A-men, A-men.

## 342.

## Tantum Ergo.

I.

1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-mén-tum Ve-ne-ré-mur cé-r-nu-1.  
 2. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-tó-que Laus et ju-bi-lá-ti-o,  
 Et an-ti-quum do-cu-mén-tum No-vo ce-dat rí-tu-i;  
 Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-díc-ti-o;  
 Prae-stet fi-des sup-ple-mén-tum Sén-su-um de-féc-tu-1.) A-men.  
 Pro-ce-dén-ti ab u-tró-que Com-par sit lau-dá-ti-o.)  
 In Easter time add "Allelúia"  
 V. Panem de coelo praestitísti e-is. (After the Oremus)  
 R. Omne delectaméntum in se ha-beñ-tem. A-men.

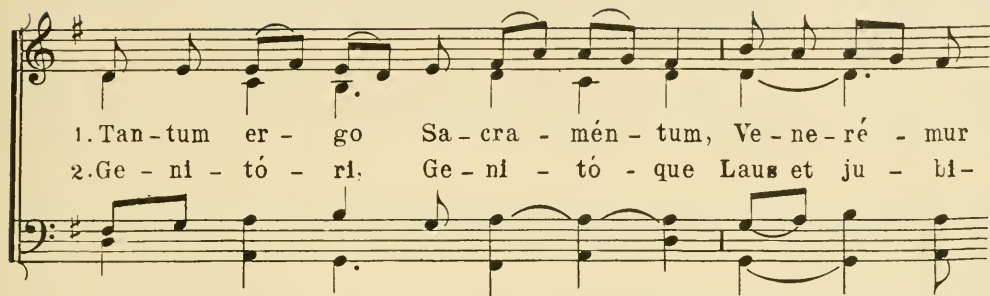


# Tantum Ergo.

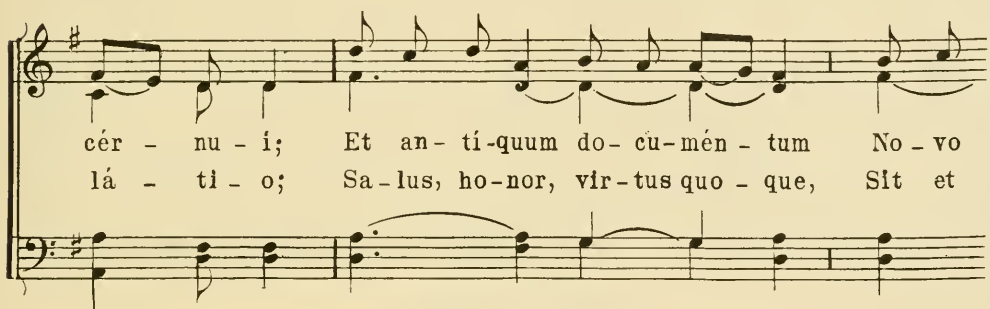
## II.

343.

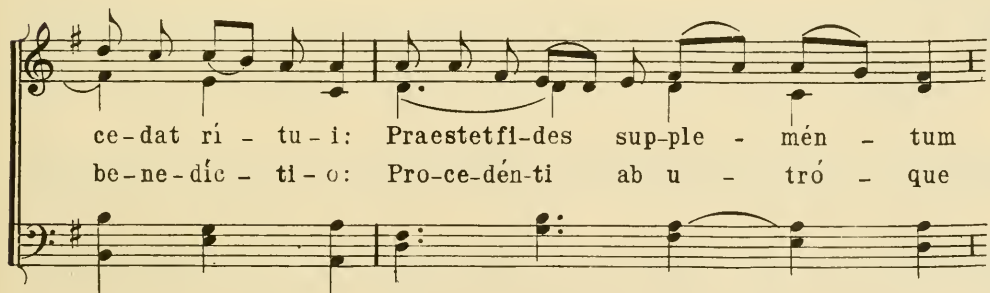
Solesmes Melody.



1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - mén - tum, Ve - ne - ré - mur  
2. Ge - ni - tó - ri, Ge - ni - tó - que Laus et ju - bi -



cér - nu - i; Et an - tí - quum do - cù - mén - tum No - vo  
lá - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que, Sit et



ce - dat ri - tu - i: Praestet fl - des sup - ple - mén - tum  
be - ne - díc - ti - o: Pro - ce - dén - ti ab u - tró - que



Sén - su - um de - féc - tu - i.  
Com - par sit lau - dá - ti - o. A - men.

344.

## Tantum Ergo.

III.

B. H. E.

Lento. (♩ = 44)

*mf* 1. Tan-tum er-go sa-cra-mén-tum, Ve-ne-ré-mur céer-nu-i,  
*p* 2. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-tó-que Laus et ju-bi-lá-ti-o,  
*mf* Et an-tí-quum do-cu-mén-tum No-vo ce-dat rí-tu-i:  
*p* Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-díc-ti-o.  
*mf* Præ-stet fi-des sup-ple-mén-tum Sén-su-um de-féc-tu-i. A-men.  
*p* Pro-ce-dén-ti ab u-tró-que Com-par sit lau-dá-ti-o. A-men.

345.

## Tantum Ergo.

IV.

NOVELLO.

Adagio.

1. Tan-tum er-go sa-cra-mén-tum, Ve-ne-ré-mur céer-nu-i.  
 2. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-tó-que Laus et ju-bi-lá-ti-o.  
 Et an-tí-quum do-cu-mén-tum No-vo ce-dat rí-tu-i.  
 Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-díc-ti-o.  
 Præ-stet fi-des sup-ple-mén-tum Sén-su-um de-féc-tu-i. A-men.  
 Pro-ce-dén-ti ab u-tró-que Com-par sit lau-dá-ti-o. A-men.

# Tantum Ergo.

V.

346.

Moderato (♩ = 80.)

Adapted from Mendelssohn.

1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-mén-tum Ve-ne-rè-mur cèr-nu-i: Et an-ti-quum

2. Ge-ni-tò-ri Ge-ni - tò-que Laus et ju-bi - là-ti-o: Sa-lus ho-nor

do-cu-mén-tum No-vo cedat rì-tu-i: Praestet fi-des supplè-mén-tum Sèn-su-um de-

vir-tus quoque Sit et be-ne-dic-ti-o: Pro-ce-dén-ti ab u-trò-que Comparsit lau-

fèc-tu-i, Praestet fi-des supplè-mén-tum Sèn-su-um de-fèc-tu-i. A-men.

dà-ti-o, Pro-ce-dèn-ti ab u-trò-que Com-par sit lau-dà-ti-o. A-men.

# Tantum Ergo.

VI.

347.

B.M.

Moderato.

1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra - mén-tum Ve - ne - rè - mur cèr - nu - i.

2. Ge - ni - tò - ri Ge - ni - tò - que Laus et ju - bi - là - ti - o,

Et an - ti - quum do - cu - mén - tum No - vo ce - dat rì - tu - i: Praes - tet

Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - dic - ti - o: Pro - ce -

fi - des sup - ple - mén - tum Sèn - su - um de - fèc - tu - i A - men.

dèn - ti ab u - trò - que Com - par sit lau - dà - ti - o. A - men.

348.

Tantum Ergo.  
VII.

Andante religioso.

*mf* 1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-mén-tum Ve-ne-ré-mur cèr-nu-i, Et an-  
*cresc* 2. Ge-ni-to'ri, Ge-ni-to'-que Laus et ju-bi-la-ti-o, Sa-lus,  
*a poco.* ti-quum do-cu-mén-tum No-vo ce-dat ri-tu-i *peresc poco a poco.* Præ-stet fi-des  
 ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que, Sit et be-ne-dic-ti-o. Pro-ce-dén-ti  
*ff* sup-ple-mén-tum Sèn-su-um de-féc-tu-i. A-men, A-men.  
*pprall* ab u-trò-que Com-par sit lau-dà-ti-o. A-men, A-men.

349.

Tantum Ergo.  
VIII.

Moderato.

Mel. of A. CHERION.

*mf* 1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-mén-tum Ve-ne-ré-mur cèr-nu-i;  
 2. Ge-ni-to'ri, Ge-ni-to'-que Lau-set ju-bi-la-ti-o;  
 Et an-ti-quum do-cu-mén-tum No-vo ce-dat ri-tu-i; Praestet  
 Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-dic-ti-o; Pro-ce-  
*mf cresc* fi-des sup-ple-mén-tum Sèn-su-um de-féc-tu-i. A-men.  
*rall* den-ti ab u-trò-que Com-par sit lau-dà-ti-o. A-men.



# Tantum Ergo.

IX.

350.

S. BACH

Poco lento (♩ = 58)

*mf*



1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-mén - tum Ve-ne - ré - mur cér -



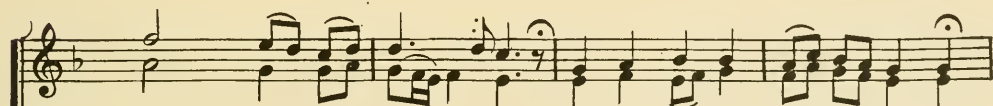
2. Ge-ni - tó - ri, Ge - ni - tó - que Laus et ju - bi - lá -



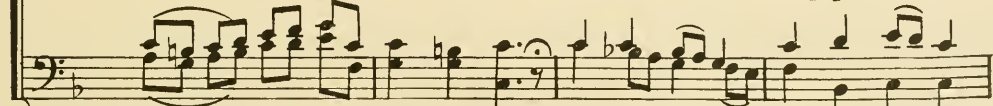
- nu-1. Et an - tí-quum do - cu-mén - tum No -



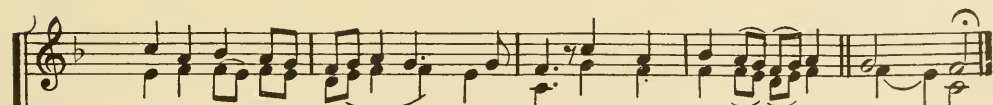
- ti-o Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo - que Sit



vo ce-dat rí - tu - i: Prae-stet fi-des sup-ple-mén-tum



et be-ne-díc-ti-o: Pro-ce-dén-ti ab u-tró-que



Sénsum de-féc - tu-1. (Organ Solo.) A - men.



Comparsit lau-dá - ti o.

A - men.

## 351.

## Tantum Ergo.

X.

Maestoso. (♩ = 69)

F. J.

Tan-tum er-go sa-cra-mén-tum Ve-ne-ré-mur cé-r-nu-i: Et an-  
 Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-tó-que Laus et ju-bi-lá-ti-o, Sa-lus,  
 tí-quum do-cu-mén-tum No-vo ce-dat rí-tu-i: Prae-stet fi-des  
 ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-díc-ti-o: Pro-ce-dén-ti  
 sup-ple-mén-tum Sen-su-um de-féc-tu-i. *f* A-men. A-men.  
 ab u-tró-que Com-par sit lau-dá-ti-o. A-men.

## 352.

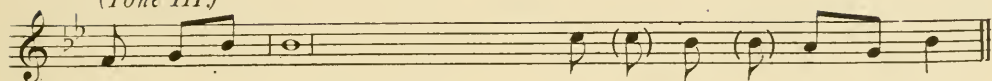
## O Bone Jesu!

Moderato. (♩ = 72)

PALESTRINA.

O bo-ne Je-su! mi-se-ré-re no-bis, qui-a tu cre-  
 O bo-ne Je-su! mi-se-ré-re no-bis, qui-a tu cre-  
 O bo-ne Je-su! mi-se-ré-re no-bis, qui-a tu cre-  
 á-sti nos, tu pre-ti-o-sís-si-mo.  
 á-sti nos, tu re-de-mí-sti nos sán-gui-ne tu-o pre-ti-o-sís-si-mo.  
 á-sti nos, tu re-de-mí-sti nos sán-gui-ne tu-o pre-ti-o-sís-si-mo.  
 á-sti nos, tu re-de-mí-sti nos sán-gui-ne tu-o pre-ti-o-sís-si-mo.

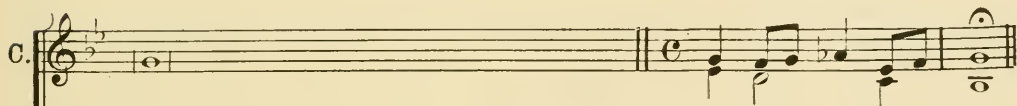
(Tone III.)



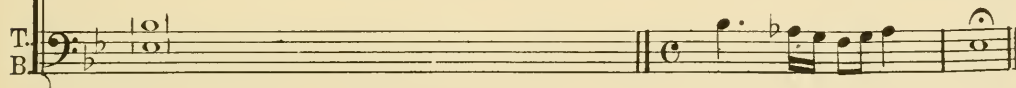
1. Lau - dá - te Dóminum o - - mnes gen - tes; \*  
3. Glo - ri - a Pa - tri et Fí - li - - o, \*



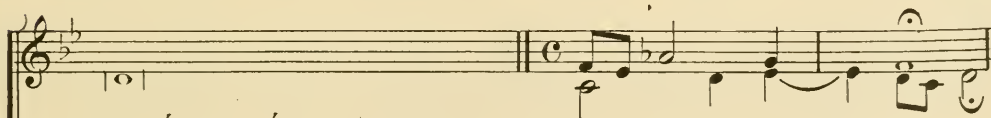
laudáte e - - um o - mnes pó - pu - li. \_\_\_\_  
et Spi - - - rí - tu - i San - cto. \_\_\_\_



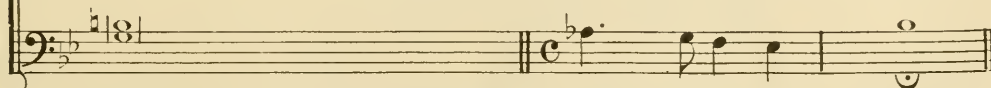
2. Quóniam confirmáta est | super nos e - - - jus, \*  
misericórdia



4. Sicut erat in princípío, | et sem - - - per, \*  
nunc, et



et véritas Dómini | manet tér - - - num.  
in ae -



et in saécula saeculórum. A - - - men.

Moderato (♩ = 80)

1. A - dés - te, fi - dé - les, lae - ti tri - um - phántes; Ve -  
 2. En gre - ge re - lí - cto, hú - mi - les ad cu - nas Vo -

ní - te, ve - ní - te in Beth - le - hem;  
 cá - ti pas - tó - res ap - pró - pe - rant:

**CHORUS**  
 Na - tum vi - dé - te Re - gem An - ge - ló - rum; Ve -  
 Et nos o - ván - ti gradu fes - ti - né - mus; Ve -

ní - te, a - do - ré - mus, Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus, Ve -  
 ní - te, a - do - ré - mus, Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus, Ve -

*cresc*  
 ní - te, a - do - ré - mus Dó - mi - num.  
 ní - te, a - do - ré - mus Dó - mi - num.

3.  
 Aetérni Paréntis spléndorem aetérnum  
 Velátum sub carne vidébimus;  
 Deum infántem pannis invelútum;  
 Veníte, adorémus (thrice) Dóminum. } twice.

4.  
 Pro nobis egénium et foeno cubántem  
 Piis foveámus ampléxibus;  
 Sic nos amántem quis non redámaret?  
 Veníte, adorémus (thrice) Dóminum. } twice.



## ORATORIAN VERSION.

I. To - ta pul - chra es, Ma - rí - a. II. To - ta  
 pul - chra es, Ma - rí - a. I. Et má - cu - la  
 o - ri - gi - ná - lis non est - in te.  
 II. Et má - cu - la o - ri - gi - ná - lis  
 non est in te. I. Tu gló - ri - a Je - rú -  
 sa - lem. II. Tu lae - tí - tí - a I - sra - òl.  
 I. Tu ho - no - ri - fi - cén - ti - a pó - pu - li no - stri.  
 II. Tu ad - vo - cá - ta pec - ca - tó - rum. I. O Ma - rí - a!  
 II. O Ma - rí - a! I. Vir - go pru - den - tís - si - ma. II. Vir - go —  
*Tutti.*  
 cle - men - tís - si - ma. I. O - ra pro no - bis. O - ra  
 pro no - bis ad Dó - mi - num Je - sum Chris - tum.

## Tota pulchra es, María.

DON LORENZO PEROSI.

*Maestro direttore della Cappella Sistina a Roma  
e della Cappella della Basilica di San Marco a Venezia.*

Andante con moto.

*p*

S.  
C.A. To - ta pul - chra es, Ma - rí - - a, et ma - cu - la o -

T.  
B. *p*

ORGAN. *legato*

ri - gi - ná - lis in te, *p rall*

ri - gi - ná - - lis non est in te, non est in te.

*p*

non est *rall*

*rall*

*Tempo primo*

tu gló - ri - a Je - rú - sa - lem,

tu lae -

*Tempo primo*

tu ho - no - ri - fi - cén - ti -

tí - ti - a I - sra - el

a pó - pu - li - - no - - stri

tu ad - vo - cá - -

to ad - vo - cá - -

to ad - vo - cá - -

to ad - vo - cá - -

to ad - vo - cá - -

to ad - vo - cá - -

to ad - vo - cá - -

*rall*  
 ta - - - pec - ca - - - to - rum .  
*p*

*rall*  
 ta - - - pec - ca - - - to - rum .  
*p*

*rall*  
*p*

*Piu adagio*  
O - - Ma - rí - a!  
*pp*

*Piu forte* *con cuore*  
O Ma - rí - a!

*ad libitum*  
O - - Ma - rí - a!

*Tempo primo*  
vir - go pru - den - tis - si - ma  
a! vir - go pru - den - tis - si - ma  
vir - go pru - den - tis - si - ma  
vir - go pru - den - tis - si - ma  
*Tempo primo*



Ma-ter *pp* *mf*

Ma - ter cle - men - tís - si - ma, o - ra, o - ra pro

*pp* *mf*

Ma-ter

*p* in - ter - cé - de - - -

no - - - - - bis in - ter - cé - de - in - ter - cé - de - -

*p* in - ter - - -

*rall. molto.* *ppp*

- - - - - ad - - - - - Dó - mi - num Je - sum Chri - - - - - stum.

*ppp*

cé - de *rall. molto.*

## Flos Carmeli. (Trio.)

(Feast of Our Lady of Mt Carmel, July 16.)

Grazioso. (♩ = 84)

DI SIMONE.

Arr. By P. J. WADE, O.C.C.

1<sup>st</sup> TENOR.

Flos Car - mé - li vi - tis flo - rí - ge - ra, flos Car - mé - li,

2<sup>nd</sup> TENOR.

Flos Car - mé - li vi - tis flo - rí - ge - ra,

BASS.

Flos Car - mé - li vi - tis flo - rí - ge - ra,

ORGAN.

vi - tis flo - rí - ge - ra, \_\_\_\_\_

flos Car - mé - li, vi - tis flo - rí - ge - ra, \_\_\_\_\_

vi - tis flo - rí - ge - ra, \_\_\_\_\_

*ff* Splen - dor coe - li, *ff* Splen - dor, Splen - dor coe -

Splen - dor coe - li, Splen - dor coe - li, Splen - dor

Splen - dor coe - li, Splen - dor coe - li, Splen - dor

*ff*

*p* li, Vir - go pu - ér - pe - ra, Vir - go pu - ér - pe - ra,

coe - li, Vir - go pu - ér - pe - ra,

coe - li,

*p*

Sin - gu - lá - - - - - ris,

Sin - gu - lá - - - - - ris, Ma-ter mi - tis

Sin - gu - lá - - - - - ris, Ma-ter mi - tis Ma-ter

Ma-ter mi-tis sed vi - ri - nés-cia, Car-me.li-tis

Ma-ter mi - tis sed vi - ri - nés-cia,

Mi - tis sed vi - ri, sed vi - ri - nés-cia,



Da pri-vi - lé-gia Stel - la, Stel - la Ma - -

*p* Car - mé - li - tis Da pri-vi - lé-gia Stel - la Stel - la, Ma -

Da pri-vi - lé-gia Stel - la Ma - -

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have lyrics underneath them. The piano part includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

ris Car-mé - li - tis Da pri - vi - lé - gla Stel - la Stel - la Ma - ris.

ris Car-mé - li - tis Da pri - vi - lé - gla Stel - la Stel - la Ma - ris.

ri Car-mé - li - tis Da pri - vi - lé - gla Stel - la Stel - la Ma - ris.

The second system continues the musical piece with four staves. It follows the same layout as the first system, with vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics continue across the staves.

## 358.

## O Gloriosa Virginum!

Tr. Rev F. TRAPPES.  
Cantabile. (♩ = 76)

(O Glorious Maid)

B. J.

*mf* *cresc.* *mf*

1. { O Glo-ri - ó - sa Vír - gi-num Su-blí - mis in - ter sí-de-ra! Qui  
(O Glo-rious Maid, en - throned on high, A - bove the lights that deck the sky; O

2. { Quod Hae-va tris-tis ábs - tu - lit Tu red-dis al - mo gér-mi-ne In -  
(Thy bless-ed Seed re - stores us all We lost by Eve's un - hap-py fall, And

*rall.* *Lento.*

te cre-á vit pâr-vu-lum Lac-tén - te nu-tris ú - be-re - A - - men.  
Maid at whose ma - ter - nal breast Thy in - fant Maker fed, caressed.

trent ut a - stra flé - bi - les Coe - li re-clú-dis cár-di-nes. A - - men.  
bids the gates of heav'n a - gain Re - ceive the weeping souls of men.

3.  
Tu regis alti jánua  
Et aula lucis fúlgida  
Vitam datam per Vírginem  
Gentes redemptae pláudite.

3.  
The Great King's Gate art thou, and bright  
Abode of everlasting Light:  
Ye ransomed nations, hail to Heaven  
Our Life-Spring through a Virgin given.

4.  
Jesu tibi sit glória!  
Qui natus es de Vírgine  
Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu  
In sempitérna saécula.

4.  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
Of Mary born, be Homage done;  
The like to God the Spirit be;  
Eternal Godhead, One in Three.

## 359.

## Sanctorum Agmina.

Ancient Melody.

*Moderato.* (♩ = 84)

1. San-ctó-rum ág-mi - na Ex-cé-dans Dó-mi - na. Ma-rí-a, sal -  
ve! Dul-cé-do cór-di-um spes suppli-cán-ti - um, Ma-rí-a, sal - ve!

2. Fac nostra córpora,  
Mentes et pectora,  
Sint pura mater.  
Et roga Fílium  
Ut nos post óbitum  
Agnóscat Pater.

3. In valle flébiles,  
Frequenter éxules,  
Heu nati Evæ!  
Ad te clamávimus;  
Et suspirávimus;  
María, salve!

4. Ut inter ágmina  
Sanctorum carmina  
Deo canámus,  
Tibique débitas  
Per cuncta grátias  
Sæcla reddámus.

# Ave Maria.

I.

360.

B. F.

Andante. (♩ = 66.)

*p* A - ve Ma - rí - - a, grá - ti - a ple - na;

*p* A - ve Ma - rí - - a, grá - ti - a ple - na;

*mf* Do - mi - nus te - - cum, A - ve Ma - rí - - a. *Fine*

*mf* Do - mi - nus te - cum, A - ve Ma - rí - - a.

*Solo.*

*Voice.*

Be - ne - díc - ta tu in mu - li - é - ri - bus, et be - ne -

díc - tus fru - ctus ven - tris tu - i, Je - - sus.

*mf* Sancta Ma - rí - a, Ma - ter De - i, O - ra pro no - bis

*mf* Sancta Ma - rí - a, Ma - ter De - i, O - ra pro no - - bis

*D.C.* pec - ca - tó - ri - bus, Nunc et in ho - ra mor - tis no - stræ.

pec - ca - tó - ri - bus, Nunc et in ho - ra mor - tis no - stræ.

361.

Ave Maria.

II.

A - - - - - ve \*

Ma-rí - - - a, grá - - - ti - a ple - na,

Dó - - - - - mi - nus

te - - - cum: be-ne-dí - cta tu

in mu - - li - é - ri - bus, et be-ne - dí - ctus

fru - - ctus ven - - - tris

T.P. tu - i. Al - le - - - - - lú - ia.

362.

Ave Maria.

III.

A - ve Ma - rí - a, \* grá - ti - a ple - na.

Dó - mi - nus te - cum: be - ne - dí - cta tu in

mu - li - é - ri - bus. T.P. in mu - li - é - ri - bus, al - le - lú - ia.



# Sub Tuum Praesidium.

363.

F. L.

Andante (♩ = 58)

*f* CHORUS.

*p*

VOICES . Sub tu - um prae - si - di - um con - fú - gi - mus, con - fú - gi - mus

ORGAN.

END.

san - cta De - i Ge - ni - trix, san - cta De - i Gé - ni - trix.

*DUO. mf*

Nostras de - pre - ca - ti - ó - nes ne - de - spí - ci - as, ne - de - spí - ci - as

*cresc.*

*D. C. mf Solo.*

in ne - ces - si - tá - ti - bus nos - tris. Sed a pe - rí - cu - lis cun - ctis

*mf*

*rall.*

lí - be - ra nos sem - per, Vir - go glo - ri - ó - sa et be - ne - díc - ta.

*D. C.*

364.

## Ave Maris Stella.

I.

Organ.

A - ve ma - ris stel - la

De - i ma - ter al - ma, At - que sem - per

Vir - go Fe - lix coe - li por - ta.

365.

## Ave Maris Stella.

II.

B. A.

Moderato.

*mf*

A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

At - que sem - per Vir - go, Fe - lix coe - li por - ta, At - que

*p*

sem - per Vir - go, Fe - lix coe - li por - ta. A - men.

# Ave Maris Stella.

## III.

# 366.

Andante sostenuto.

Old Melody Harm. by C. HAUSER.

*mf*  
A - ve, ma - ris stel - - la, De - i Ma - ter al -  
ma, At - que sem - per Vir - - go, Fe - lix coe - li  
por - ta, Fe - lix coe - li por - ta. A - - men.

2.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Hevae nomen.

3.

Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen caecis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

4.

Monstrat esse matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.

5.

Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos  
Mites fac et castos.

6.

Vitam praesta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut videntes Jesum,  
Semper collaetemur.

7.

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spiritus sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

Moderato.

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter

al - ma, At - que sem - per Vir - go,

Fe - lix coe - li por - ta. A - men.

2.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Hevaenomen.

3.

Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen caecis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

4.

Monstra te esse matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.

5.

Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpīs solūtos  
Mites fac et castos.

6.

Vitam praesta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut vidētes Jesum,  
Semper collaetēmur.

7.

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spirītui sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. Amen.



# Ave Maris Stella.

368.

V.

Moderato.

*mf*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter

al - ma, At - que sem - per Vir - go,

Fe - lix coe - li por - ta. A - men.

2.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

3.

Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

4.

Monstra te esse matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.

5.

Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos  
Mites fac et castos.

6.

Vitam præsta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut videntes Jesum,  
Semper collaetémur.

7.

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spirítui sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

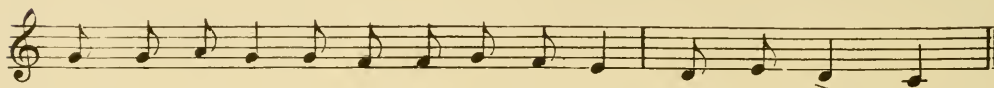
Solemnis Version.



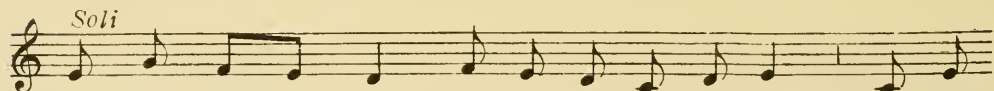
Sal-ve ma-ter mi-se-ri-cor-di-ae, Ma-ter



De-i, et ma-ter vé-ni-ae, Ma-ter-spe-i, et ma-ter grá-ti-ae,

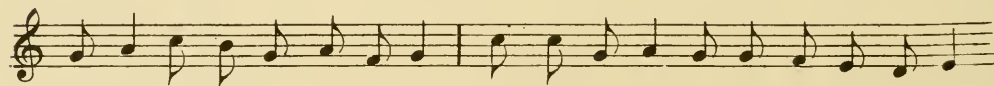


Ma-ter ple-na san-ctae lae-tí-ti-ae, O Ma-rí-a!

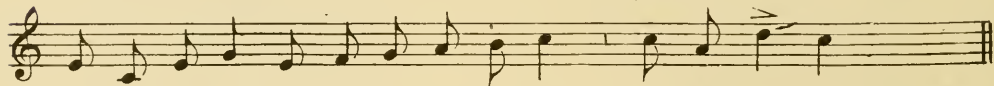


1. Sal-ve de-cus hu-má-ni gé-ne-ris, Sal-ve

2. Sal-ve fe-lix Vir-go pu-ér-pe-ra: Nam qui



Vir-go dí-gni-or cé-te-ris, Quae vír-gi-nes omne-strans-gré-de-ris,  
se-det in Pa-tris déx-te-ra, Coe-lum re-gens, ter-ram et ae-the-ra,



Et ál-ti-us se-des in sú-pe-ris, O Ma-rí-a! Salve Mater,  
In-tra tu-a se claus-it ví-sce-ra, O Ma-rí-a! Salve Mater,

3.

Te creávit Pater ingenitus,  
Obumbrávit te Unigénitus,  
Faecundávit te Sanctus Spíritus.  
Tu es facta tota divínitus, O María!  
Salve Mater, etc.

4.

Te creávit Deus miráblem,  
Te respéxit ancíllam húmílem,  
Te quaesívit sponsam amábilem,  
Tibi numquam fecit consímílem, O María!  
Salve Mater, etc

5.

Te beátam laudáre cúpiunt  
Omnes justí, sed non suffíciunt;  
Multas laudes de te concípiunt;  
Sed in illis prorsus defíciunt, O María!  
Salve Mater, etc.

6.

Esto, Mater, nostrum solátium  
Nostrum esto, tu Virgo gáudium,  
Et nos tandem post hoc exsílum.

Salve Mater, etc.

# O Sanctissima.

# 370.

Popular Melody

Adagio. (♩=60.)

*mf*

1. O san-ctís-si-ma, O pi-ís-si-ma, Dul-cis Vir-go Ma-rí-a!  
 2. Tu so-lá-ti-um, Et re-fú-gi-um, Vir-go, Ma-ter Ma-rí-a!

3. Ec-ce dé-bi-les, Per-quam flé-bi-les, Sal-va nos, O Ma-rí-a!  
 4. Vir-go ré-spl-ce Ma-ter, á-spl-ce, Au-di nos, O Ma-rí-a!

*p* *rall*

1. Ma-ter a-má-ta, In-te-me-rá-ta, O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis.  
 2. Quid quid op-tá-mus, Per te spe-rá-mus: O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis.

3. Tol-le lan-guó-res Sa-na do-ló-res, O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis.  
 4. Tu me-di-cí-nam Por-tas di-ví-nam, O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis.

# Ave, Mater Gratiae.

# 371.

Moderato religioso. (♩=60)

*mf*

1. A-ve, Ma-ter grá-ti-ae, A-ve, Vir-go vír-gi-num,  
 2. A-ve, Ma-ter grá-ti-ae, A-ve, sí-dus rú-ti-lum,

*rall*

Spes sa-lú-tis hó-mi-num, Ma-ter al-ma grá-ti-ae. A-men  
 Laus et de-cus ór-di-num Coe-lé-stis mi-li-ti-ae.

3.  
 Ave, Mater grátiae,  
 Consolátrix inclyta  
 Opem fer, et vísita  
 Certantes in acie.

4.  
 Ave, Mater grátiae  
 Peccatórum vincula  
 Solve, prece sédula  
 Praeséntis famíliae.

5.  
 Ave, Mater grátiae,  
 O lux beatíssima,  
 Esto nobis lúcida  
 Fulgens sole glóriæ.

6.  
 Ave, Mater grátiae,  
 Tu benígna díceris:  
 Miserére miseréis  
 Virgo Mater grátiae.

## 372.

## Salve, Pater Salvatoris.

(Hymn to St. Joseph.)

Moderato. (♩. = 56)

CHORUS. *mf*

Sal - ve Pa - ter Sal - va - tó - ris, Sal - ve, cu - stos Re - demp -

tó - ris, O Jo - seph! a - má - bí - lis, Sal - ve, Sal - ve!

1. Sal - ve, Pa - ter Je - su me - l, Spon - se Ge - ni - trí - cis De - i,  
2. Pl - um Pl - us te Pa - tró - num, Te tu - tó - rem de - dit fi - dum

Quem de - có - rat pú - rí - tas, Sal - ve, Sal - ve!  
Pón - ti - fer Ec - clè - si - ae, Sal - ve, Sal - ve!

3.  
Exulantes consolāre,  
Moriētes amplexāre,  
Quos hic habes sērvulos  
Salve, Salve!

4.  
Joseph, filii David regis,  
Recondāre Christi gregis  
In die iudicii  
Salve, Salve!

5.  
Salvatōrem deprecāre  
Ut not velit liberāre  
Nostrae mortis tēmpore  
Salve, Salve!

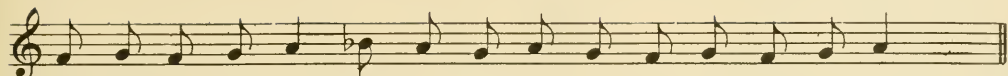
6.  
Te precānte, vita iuncti,  
Sint cum angelis conjuncti  
In celēsti pátria  
Salve, Salve!



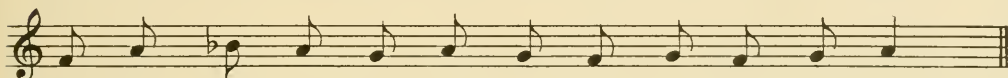
# Inviolata.

373.

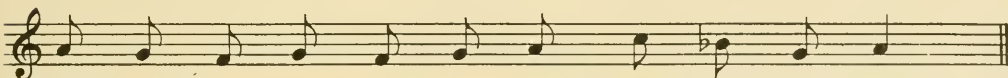
Solesmes Version.



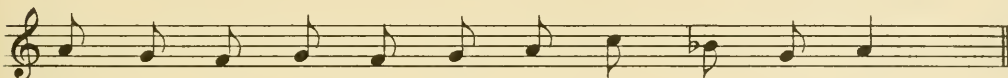
In - vi - o - lá - ta,\* ín - te - gra, et ca - sta es Ma - rí - a:



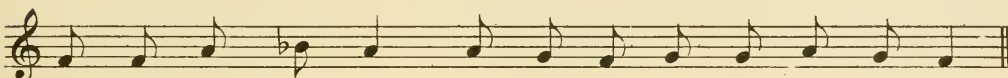
Quæ es ef - fé - cta fúl - gi - da coe - li por - ta.



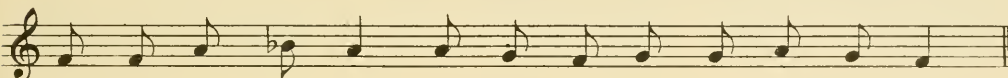
O Ma - ter al - ma Chri - sti ca - rís - si - ma:



Sús - ci - pe pi - a lau - dum præ - có - ni - a.



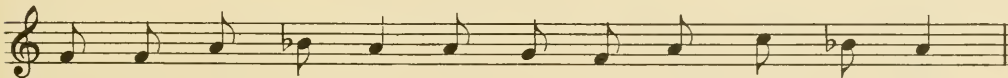
Te nunc flá - gi tant de - vó - ta cor - da et o - ra .



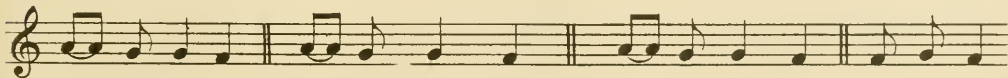
No - stra ut pu - ra pé - cto - ra sint et cór - po - ra.



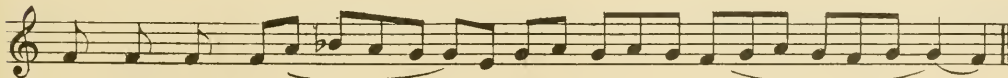
Tu - a per pre - cá - ta dul - ci - só - na:



No - bis con - cé - das vé - ni - am per sáe - cu - la.



O be - ní - gna! O Re - gí - na! O Ma - rí - a. Quæ so - la



in - vi - o - lá - ta ner - man - sí - sti.

## 374.

## Regina Coeli Jubila.

B. M.

Moderato. (♩116)

1. Re - gí - naco - li jū - bi - la, Gau - de Ma - rí - a! Jam pul - sa ce - dent  
 2. Quam díg - nater - ris gíg - ne - re, Gau - de Ma - rí - a! Vi - vis re - súr - get

nú - bi - la, Al - le - lú - ia! Lae - tá - re, O Ma - rí - a, Lae - tá - re, O Ma - rí - a!  
 fú - ne - re, Al - le - lú - ia! Lae - tá - re, O Ma - rí - a, Lae - tá - re, O Ma - rí - a!

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| 2.<br>Quam digna terris gignere.<br>Gaude María!<br>Vivis resúrget fúnere,<br>Allelúia!             | 5.<br>Turbata sputis lúmina<br>Gaude María!<br>Phaebéa vincunt fúlgura<br>Allelúia!             | 8.<br>Lucet arúndo púrpura,<br>Gaude María!<br>Ut fulva terrae víscera,<br>Allelúia!       |
| 3.<br>Sunt fracta mór - tis spíc - ula,<br>Gaude María!<br>Jesu jacet mors súb - dita,<br>Allelúia! | 6.<br>Manum pedúmque vúl - nera,<br>Gaude María!<br>Sunt gratiárum fúl - mina,<br>Allelúia!     | 9.<br>Caténa, clavi, lán - cea,<br>Gaude María!<br>Triúmphi sunt insí - gnia,<br>Allelúia! |
| 4.<br>Acérbitas solátium,<br>Gaude María!<br>Luctus redónat gáudium,<br>Allelúia!                   | 7.<br>Transvérsa lígni ró - bora,<br>Gaude María!<br>Sunt scepra regni fúl - gida,<br>Allelúia! | 10.<br>Ergo María plaúdito,<br>Gaude María!<br>Clénitibus succúr - rito,<br>Allelúia!      |

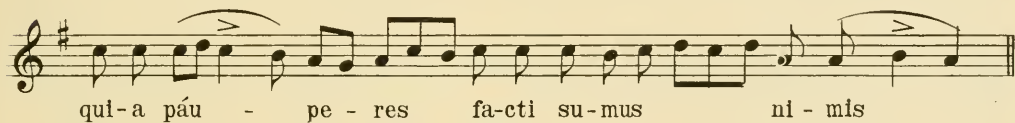
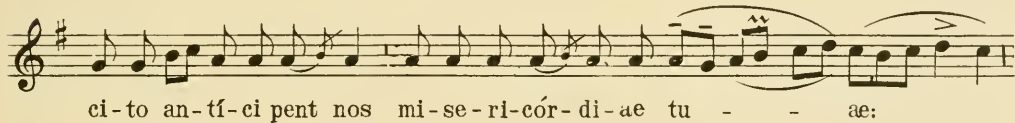
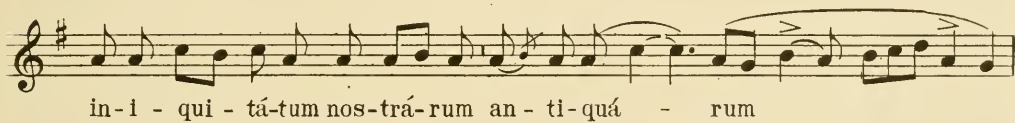
## 375.

## Domine non secundum peccata nostra.

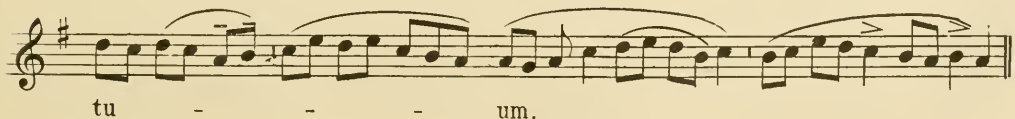
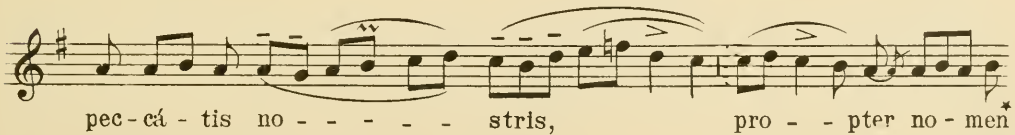
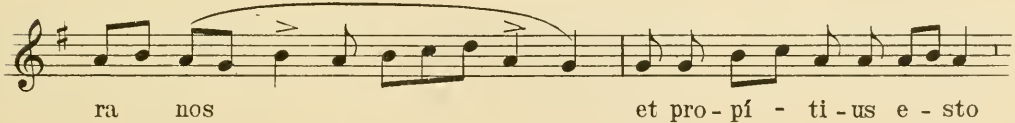
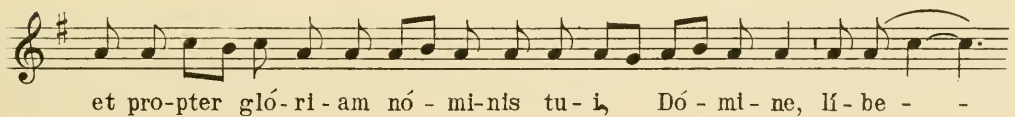
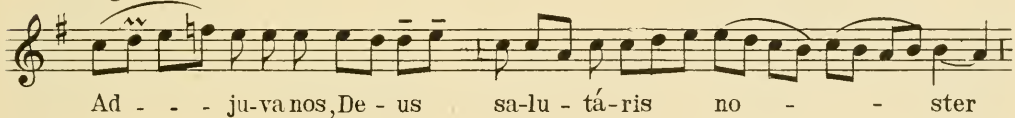
(For a time of penance.)

Tract. II.

Dó - mi - - ne, \* non se - cún - dum  
 pec - cá - ta no - stra, quae fé - ci - mus nos:  
 ne - que se - cún - dum in - i - qui - tá - tes no - - - stras



*Hic genuflectitur*



*Solo.**p Con moto.*

Ký - ri - e, e - lé - i - son. Chris - te, e - lé - i - son. Ký - ri - e, e -

lé - i - son. Chris - te — au - di nos. Chris - te, ex - au - di nos

*Tutti.*

Pater de cœlis	De - us,	mi - se - ré - re	no - bis.
Fili Redemptor mundi	De - us,	mi - se - ré - re	no - bis.
Spiritus Sancte	De - us,	mi - se - ré - re	no - bis.
Sancta Trinitas unus	De - us,	mi - se - ré - re	no - bis.

*Solo.**Tutti.*

- |         |          |   |                  |                   |           |
|---------|----------|---|------------------|-------------------|-----------|
| 1. Cor  | Je - su, | Filii Patris                                  | ae - tèr - ni,   | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 2. Cor  | Je - su, | in sinu Virginis                              |                  |                   |           |
|         |          | Matris a Spiritu Sancto                       | for - má - tum,  | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 3. Cor  | Je - su, | Verbo Dei substantialiter                     | u - ní - tum,    | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 4. Cor  | Je - su, | majestátis in - - - fi - ní - tae,            |                  | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 5. Cor  | Je - su, | templum De - - - i                            | san - ctum,      | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 6. Cor  | Je - su, | tabernáculum                                  | Al - tissi - mi, | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 7. Cor  | Je - su, | domus Dei et por - - ta                       | coe - li,        | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 8. Cor  | Je - su, | fornax ardens ca - ri - tá - tis,             |                  | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 9. Cor  | Je - su, | justítiae et amoris re - cep - tá - cu - lum, |                  | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 10. Cor | Je - su, | bonitáte et amó - - re                        | ple - num,       | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |
| 11. Cor | Je - su, | virtutum ómnium                               | ab - ys - sus,   | mi - se - ré - re | no - bis. |

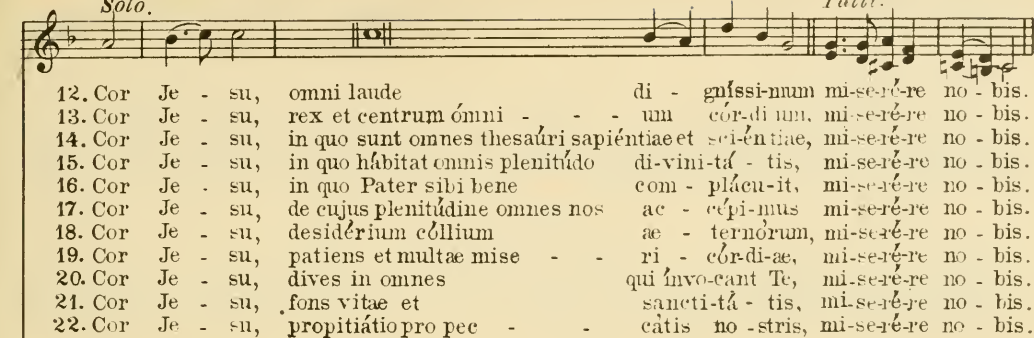


# Heart of Jesus. (First Tune.)

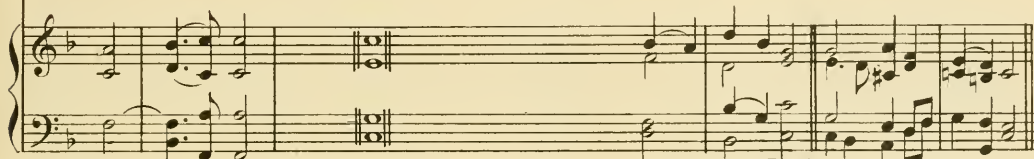
LUDWIG BONVIN, S. J.

*Solo.*

*Tutti.*

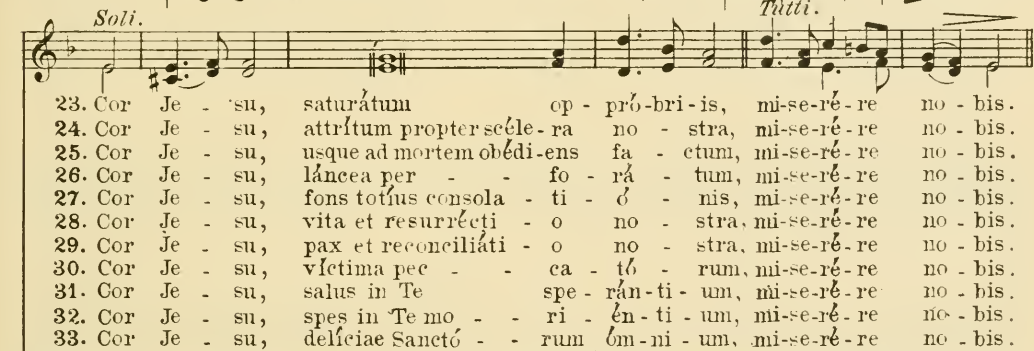


12. Cor Je - su, omni laude di - gnissi-mum mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 13. Cor Je - su, rex et centrum ómni - - - um cor-di um, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 14. Cor Je - su, in quo sunt omnes thesauri sapientiae et sci-entiae, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 15. Cor Je - su, in quo hábitat omnis plenitúdo di-vini-tá - tis, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 16. Cor Je - su, in quo Pater sibi bene com - plácu-it, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 17. Cor Je - su, de cuius plenitúdine omnes nos ac - cepi-mus mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 18. Cor Je - su, desidérium cóllium ae - ternórum, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 19. Cor Je - su, patiens et multae mise - - ri - eór-di-ae, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 20. Cor Je - su, dives in omnes qui invo-cant Te, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 21. Cor Je - su, fons vitae et sancti-tá - tis, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 22. Cor Je - su, propitiatio pro pec - - catis no - stris, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.



*Soli.*

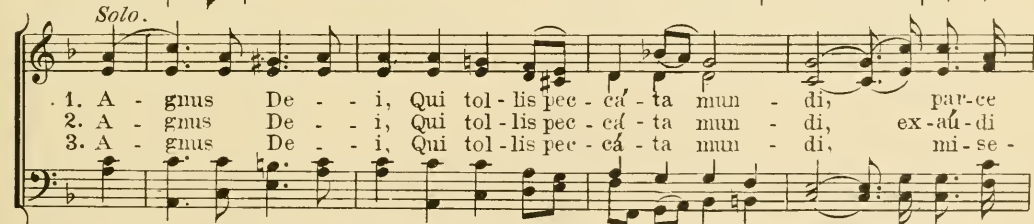
*Tutti.*



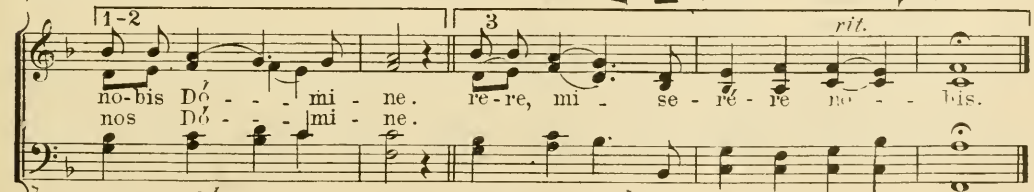
23. Cor Je - su, saturátum op - pró-bri-is, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 24. Cor Je - su, attrítum propter scéle - ra no - stra, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 25. Cor Je - su, usque ad mortem obédi-ens fa - ctum, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 26. Cor Je - su, lancea per - fo - rá - tum, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 27. Cor Je - su, fons totius consola - ti - ó - nis, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 28. Cor Je - su, vita et resurrecti - o no - stra, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 29. Cor Je - su, pax et reconciliati - o no - stra, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 30. Cor Je - su, victima pec - - ca - tó - rum, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 31. Cor Je - su, salus in Te spe - rán-ti - um, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 32. Cor Je - su, spes in Te mo - - ri - én - ti - um, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.  
 33. Cor Je - su, deliciae Sanctó - - rum, óm-ni - um, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.



*Solo.*



1. A - gnus De - - i, Qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, par-ce  
 2. A - gnus De - - i, Qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, ex-aú-di  
 3. A - gnus De - - i, Qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, mi-se -

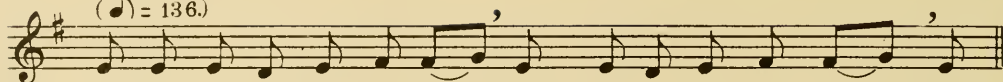


no-bis Dó - - mi - ne. re-re, mi - se - ré - re no - - bis.  
 nos Dó - - mi - ne.

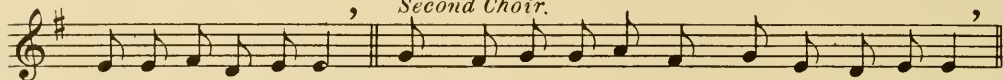
V. Jesu mitis et húmilis Corde. R. Fac cor nostrum secúndum Cor tuum.

*First Choir.*

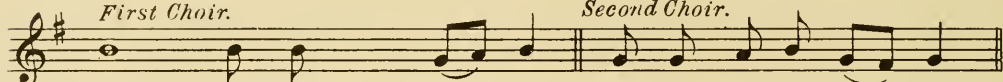
(♩ = 136.)



Ky'-ri - e e - lé - i - son. Chris - te e - lé - i - son. Ky' -

*Second Choir.*

ri - e e - lé - i - son. Chris - te au - di nos, Chris - te ex - áu - di - nos.

*First Choir.**Second Choir.*

Pater de coe - lis	De - us,	mi - se - ré - re	no - bis.
Fili Redemptor mundi	De - us,	mi - se - ré - re	no - bis.
Spiritus Sancte	De - us,	mi - se - ré - re	no - bis.
Sancta Trinitas unus	De - us,	mi - se - ré - re	no - bis.

*Tutti.* (♩ = 63.)*mf*

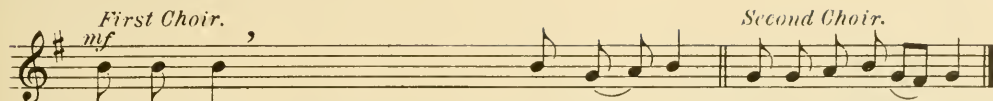
A. 1. Cor Je-su, Fíli - i Patris ae - tér - ni, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.

B.

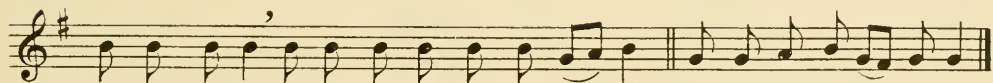
3. *Cor Jesu,* Verbo Dei | sub-  
stantiáliter u - ni - tum, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
5. *Cor Jesu,* templum Dei | San - ctum, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
7. *Cor Jesu,* domus Dei | et porta coe - li, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
9. *Cor Jesu,* justitiae et amoris receptá-culum mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
11. *Cor Jesu,* virtútum ómnium a - býs - sus, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
13. *Cor Jesu,* rex et centrum  
ómnium cór - dium, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
15. *Cor Jesu,* in quo hábitat |  
omnis plenitúdo Divini-tá - tis, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
17. *Cor Jesu,* de cujus plenitúdine |  
omnes nos ac - cé - pimus, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
19. *Cor Jesu,* pátiens et multaë miseri-cór-diae mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
21. *Cor Jesu,* fons vitae et sancti - tá - tis, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
23. *Cor Jesu,* saturátum op - pró - briis, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
25. *Cor Jesu,* usque ad mortem obédiens fa-ctum, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
27. *Cor Jesu,* fons totíus consolati - ó - nis, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
29. *Cor Jesu,* pax et reconciliátio no - stra, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
31. *Cor Jesu,* salus in Te spe - rán - tium, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.
33. *Cor Jesu,* deliciae Sanctórum óm - nium, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.

# Heart Of Jesus. (Second Tune.)

B. H. E.



2. *Cor Jesu*, in sinu Virginis Matris|  
a Spíritu Sancto for - má - tum, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
4. *Cor Jesu*, majestátis infi - ní - te, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
6. *Cor Jesu*, tabernáculum al - tís - si - mi, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
8. *Cor Jesu*, fornax ardens cari - tá - tis, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
10. *Cor Jesu*, bonitáte et amóre ple - num, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
12. *Cor Jesu*, omni laude dignís - si - mum, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
14. *Cor Jesu*, in quo sunt omnes  
thesáuri| sapiéntiæ et sci - én - tiæ. mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
16. *Cor Jesu*, in quo Pater sibi bene com - plá - cuit, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
18. *Cor Jesu*, desidérium cóllium aeter - nó - rum, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
20. *Cor Jesu*, dives in omnes qui invó - cant Te, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
22. *Cor Jesu*, propitiátio pro peccátis no - stris, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
24. *Cor Jesu*, attrítum propter sceléra no - stra, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
26. *Cor Jesu*, lancea perfo - rá - tum, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
28. *Cor Jesu*, vita et resurrectio no - stra, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
30. *Cor Jesu*, víctima pecca - tó - rum, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
32. *Cor Jesu*, spes in Te mori - én - tium, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.



1. A - gnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, par - ce no - bis Dó - mine.  
2. A - gnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, ex - áu - di nos Dó - mine.  
3. A - gnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.

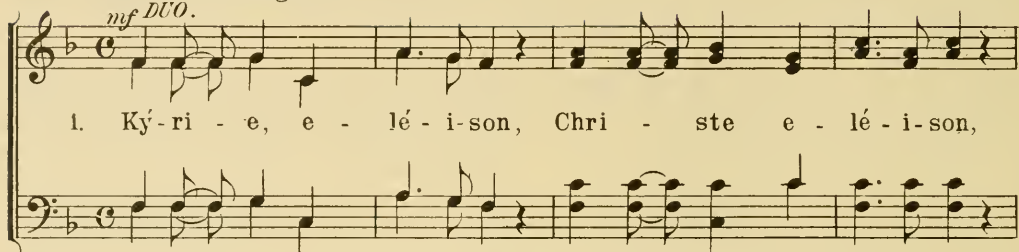
V. Jesu, mitis et húmilis corde.

R. Fac cor nostrum secúndum Cor tuum.

Orémus.

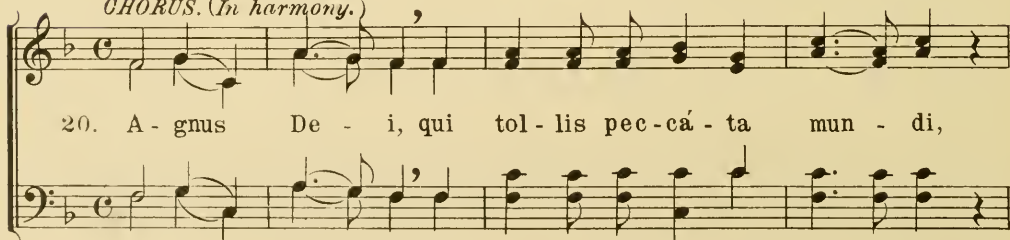
OMNIPOTENS sempitérne Deus, réspice in Cor dilectíssimi Fílii tui, et in laudes et satisfactiónes quas in nómine peccatórum tibi persólvit, iisque mise - ricórdiam tuam peténtibus, tu véniam concéde placátus in nómine ejúdem Fílii tui Jesu Christi, qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitáte Spíritus Sancti Deus, per ómnia saécula saeculórum. R. Amen.

Moderato Religioso.

*mf DUO.*

2. Pa-ter de coe-lis, De - us, }  
 3. Spi-ri-tus San-cte De - us, } mi - se - ré - re no - bis,  
 4. San - cta Ma - rí - a, San - cta De - i Gé-ni-trix,  
 5. Ma - ter Chri - sti, Ma - ter di - ví - nae grá-ti - ae,  
 6. Ma - ter ca - stís-si-ma, Ma - ter in - vio - lá - ta,  
 7. Ma - ter a - má-bi-lis, Ma - ter ad - mi - rá-bi-lis,  
 8. Ma - ter Crea - to' - ris, Ma - ter Sal - va - to' - ris,  
 9. Vir - go ve - ne - rán - da, Vir - go prae - di - cán - da,  
 10. Vir - go cle - mens, Vir - go fi - dé - lis,  
 11. Se - des sa - pi - én - ti - ae Cau - sa no - strae lae - tí - ti - ae,  
 12. Vas ho - no - rá - bi - le, Vas in - sí - gne de - voti - o' - nis,  
 13. Tur - ris Da - ví - di - ca, Tur - ris e - búr - ne - a,  
 14. Fœ - de - ris ar - ca, Já - nu - a coe - li,  
 15. Sa - lus in - fír - mó - rum, Re - fú - gi - um pec - cá - to - rum,  
 16. Au - xí - li - um Christia - nó - rum, Re - gí - na Ange - lo' - rum,  
 17. Re - gí - na Prophe - tá - rum, Re - gí - na Apo - sto - lo' - rum,  
 18. Re - gí - na Confes - só - rum, Re - gí - na Ví - r - gi - num,  
 19. Regí - na sí - ne la - be  
 originalí con - cé - pta, Regí - na sacratíssi-mi-Ro-sá-ri - i,

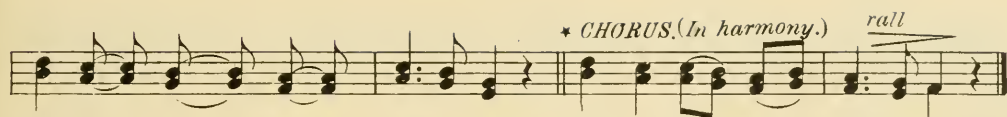
CHORUS. (In harmony.)





# Virgin. (First Tune.)

B. A.



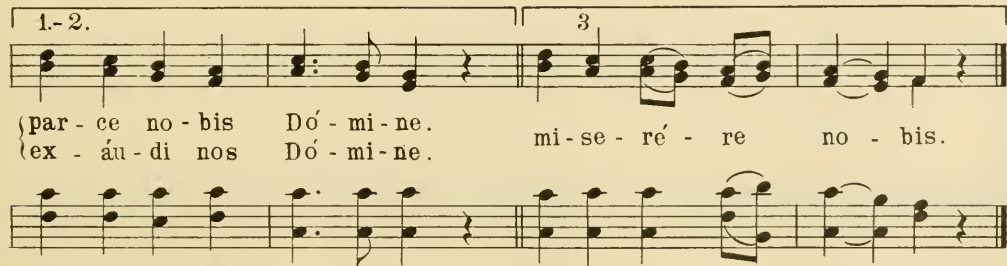
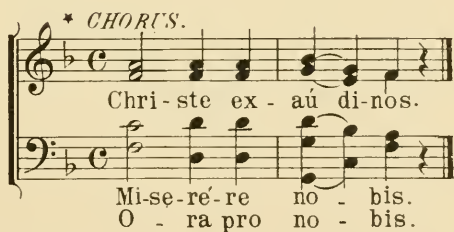
Ký-ri - e - - e - lé-i - son. { Chri-ste Chri-ste - - - aú-di nos.  
Chri-ste Chri-ste ex-aú-di nos.



Fi-li Re-dém-ptor mun-di	De - us,	}	Mi-se-ré - re	no - bis.
San-cta Trí-ni - tas u-nus	De - us,			
San-cta Vir - go	Vír-gi-num,			
Ma - ter	pu - rís-si-ma,			
Ma-ter in - te - me -	rá - ta,			
Ma-ter bo - ni con -	sí-li-i,			
Vir-go pru - den -	tís-si-ma,			
Vir - go	po - tens,			
Spé-cu - lum	ju - stí-ti-ae,			
Vas spi - ri - tu -	á - le,			
Ro - sa	mý-sti-ca,			
Do - mus	aú-re-a,			
Stel - la	ma-tu - tí - na,			
Con-so - lá-trix	af-fli - ctó - rum,			
Re-gí - na	pa-triar-cha - rum,			
Re - gí - na	Mar-ty-rum,			
Re-gí-na San - ctó-rum	óm-ni-um,			
Regí-na sa-cra - tís - si-mi	Ro-sá-ri - i,			

O - ra, o - ra pro no - bis.

\* Other ending.



Lento.

DUO.

*mf*

Voices.1. Ký - ri - e, e - lé - i - son. Chri - ste, e - lé - i - son.

2. Pa - ter de coe - lis, De - us, } mi - se - ré - re no - bis.  
 3. Spí - ri - tus San - cte De - us, }  
 4. San - - eta Ma - rí - a, San - cta De - i' Gé - ni - trix,  
 5. Ma - ter Chri - sti, Ma - ter di - ví - nae grá - ti - aë,  
 6. Ma - ter ca - stís - si - ma, Ma - ter in - vi - o - lá - ta,  
 7. Ma - ter a - má - bi - lis, Ma - ter ad - mi - rá - bi - lis,  
 8. Ma - ter Crea - to - ris, Ma - ter Sal - va - to - ris,  
 9. Vir - go ve - ne - rán - da, Vir - go prae - di - cán - da,  
 10. Vir - go ele - mens. Vir - go fi - dé - lis,  
 11. Se - des sa - pi - én - ti - aë, Cau - sa no - strae lae - tí - ti - aë.  
 12. Vas ho - no - rá - bi - le, Vas in - sí - gne de - vo - ti - ó - nis,  
 13. Tur - ris Da - ví - di - ca, Tur - ris e - bú - r - ne - a,  
 14. Foé - de - ris ar - ea, Já - nu - a coe - li,  
 15. Sa - lus in - fir - mó - rum, Re - fú - gi - um pec - ca - to - rum,  
 16. Au - xí - li - um chris - tia - nó - rum, Re - gí - na An - ge - lo - rum,  
 17. Re - gí - na Prophe - tá - rum, Re - gí - na A - pos - to - lo - rum,  
 18. Re - gí - na Con - fes - só - rum, Re - gí - na Ví - r - gi - num,  
 19. Regí - na si - ne la - be'  
                     origináli con - cé - pta, Regí - na sacra - tí - ssi - mi Ro - sá - ri - i;

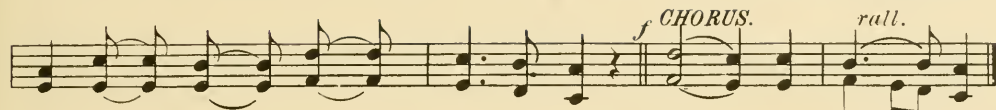
CHORUS.

1.

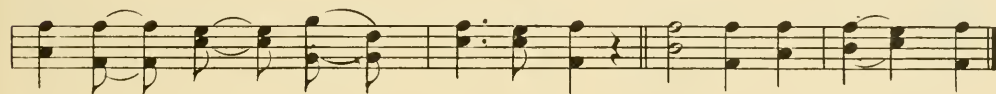
20. A - gnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, par - ce no - bis,

# Virgin (Second Tune.)

Italian Melody  
Harm. by B. F. R.



Ký - ri - e — e - - lé - i - son. { Chri - ste áu-di nos.  
Chri-ste ex - áu-di nos:



Fi - li, Re-démptor mun-di, De - us,  
San-cta Trí - ni - tas u - nus De - us, } mise - ré - re no - bis.

San-cta Vir - go Vír - gi - num,

Ma - - ter pu - rís - si - ma,

Ma - ter in - te - me - rá - ta,

Ma - ter bo - ni con - sí - li - i,

Vir - go pru - den - tís - si - ma,

Vir - go po - tens,

Spé - cu - lum ju - stí - ti - ae.

Vas spi - ri - tu - - á - le,

Ro - sa mý - sti - ca,

Do - mus áu - re - a,

Stel - la ma - tu - tí - na,

Con - so - - lá - trix af - fli - ctó - rum,

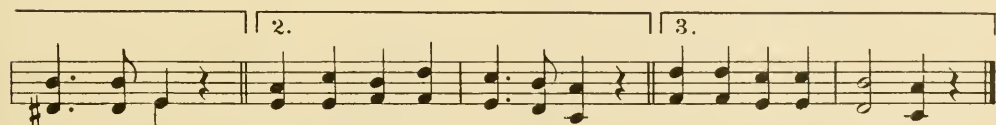
Re - gí - na pa - triar - chá - rum,

Re - - gí - na Már - ty - rum,

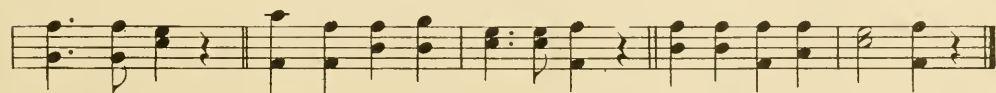
Re - gí - na san - ctó - rum óm - ni - um,

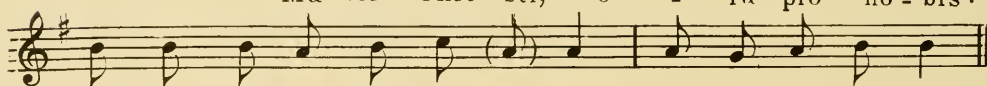
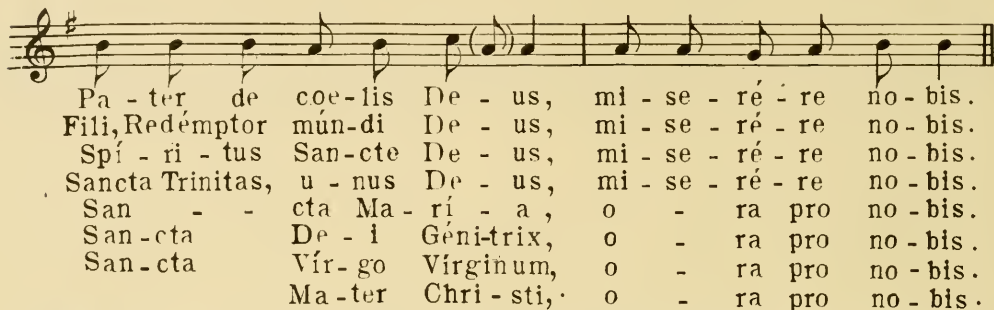
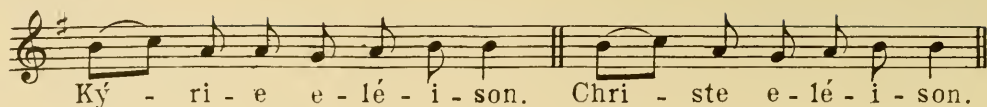
Regí - na sa - cra - tís - si - mi Ro - sá - ri - i,

O - ra pro no - bis.



Dó - mi - ne. ex - áu - di nos Dó - mi - ne. mi - se - ré - re no - bis.

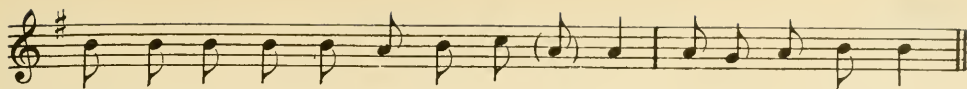




Ma - ter pu - rís - si - ma,  
 Ma - ter cas - tís - si - ma,  
 Ma - ter in - vi - o - lá - ta,  
 Ma - ter in - te - me - rá - ta,  
 Ma - ter a - má - bi - lis,  
 Ma - ter ad - mi - rá - bi - lis,  
 Ma - ter bo - ni con - sí - li - i,  
 Ma - ter Cre - a - tó - ris,  
 Ma - ter Sal - va - tó - ris,  
 Vir - go pru - den - tís - si - ma,  
 Vir - go ve - ne - rán - da,  
 Vir - go prae - di - cán - da,  
 Vir - go po - tens,  
 Vir - go cle - mens,  
 Vir - go fi - dé - lis,  
 Spé - cu - lum jus - tí - ti - ae,  
 Se - des sa - pi - én - ti - ae,  
 Cau - sa no - strae lae - tí - ti - ae,  
 Vas spi - ri - tu - á - le,  
 Vas ho - no - rá - bi - le,

ora pro nobis.





Vas in - sí - gne de - vo - ti - ó - nis, o - ra pro no - bis.

Ro - sa mý - sti - ca,

Tur - ris e - bú - r - ne - a,

Do - mus áu - re - a,

Foé - de - ris ar - ca,

Já - nu - a coe - li,

Stel - la ma - tu - tí - na,

Sa - lus in - fir - mó - rum,

Re - fú - gi - um pec - ca - tó - rum,

Con - so - lá - trix af - fli - ctó - rum,

Au - xí - li - um Chri - sti - a - nó - rum,

Re - gí - na An - ge - ló - rum,

Re - gí - na Pa - tri - ar - chá - rum,

Re - gí - na Pro - phe - tá - rum,

Re - gí - na A - po - sto - ló - rum,

Re - gí - na Már - ty - rum,

Re - gí - na Con - fes - só - rum,

Re - gí - na Vir - gi - num,

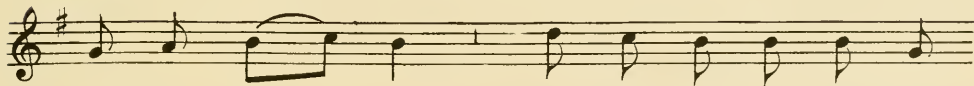
Re - gí - na San - ctó - rum ó - mni - um,

Regína sine labe

o - ri - gi - ná - li con - cé - pta,

Regína Sa - cra - tís - si - mi Ro - sá - ri - i.

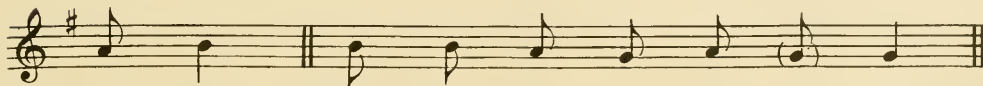
ora pro nobis.



A - gnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta

A - gnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta

A - gnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta

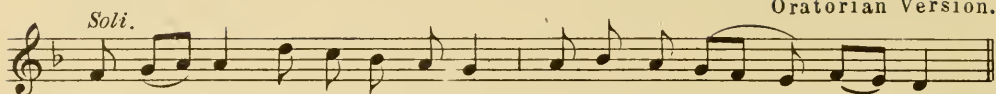


mun - di, par - ce no - bis Dó - mi - ne.

mun - di, ex - áu - di nos Dó - mi - ne.

mun - di, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.

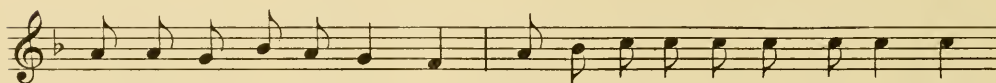
Oratorian Version.



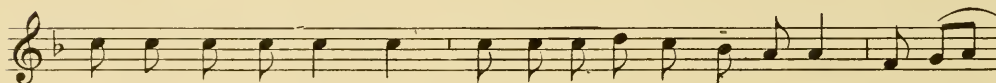
Ro - rá - te, coe - li, dé - su - per: et nu - bes plu - ant ju - stum.



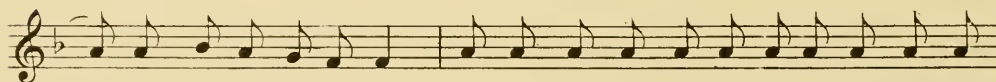
Ro - rá - te, etc. 1. Ne i - ra - scá - ris, Dó - mi - ne: ne ul - tra me - mí - ne - ris



i - ni - qui - tá - tis no - strae: Ec - ce cí - vi - tas San - cti tu - i



fa - cta est de - sér - ta, Si - on de - sér - ta fa - cta est: Je - rú



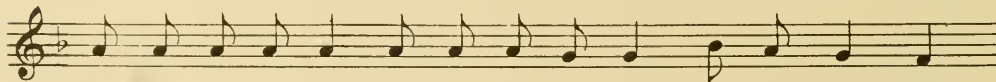
sa - lem de - so - lá - ta est: do - mus san - cti - fi - ca - ti - ó - nis no - strae



et gló - ri - a no - strae u - bi lau - da - vé - runt te pa - tres no - stri. Roráte, etc.



2. Pec - cá - vi - mus, et fa - cti sum - us ut im - mún - dus om - nes nos,



et ce - cí - di - mus qua - si fó - li - um u - ni - vér - si:

Et i ni - qui - tá - tes no - strae qua - si ven - tus ab - stu -

lé - runt nos: abscon - dí - sti fá - ei - em tu - am a no - bis,

*Tutti.*  
et al - li - sí - sti nos in ma - nu i - ni - qui - tá - tis no - strae. Rorate, etc.

*Soli.*  
3. Vi - de, Dó - mi - ne, af - fli - cti - ó - nem pó - pú - li tu - i,

et mit - te quem mis - sú - rus es: e - mít - te Agnum dom - i - na -

tó - rem ter - rae de pe - tra de - sér - ti ad mon - tem fi - li - ae Si - on:

*Tutti.*  
ut aú - fe - rat ipse ju - gum capti - vi - tá - tis no - strae. Rorate, etc.

*Soli.*  
4. Con - so - lá - mi - ni, con - so - lá mi - ni, pó - pu - le me - us: ci - to vé - ni - et

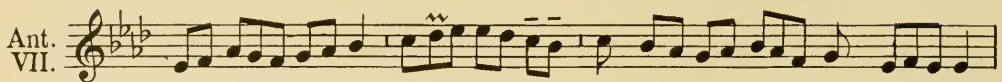
sa - lus tu - a. Qua - re moe - ró - re con - sú - me - ris? qua - re in - no - vá -

vit te do - lor? Sal - vá - bo te, no - li ti - mé - re: e - go e - nim sum

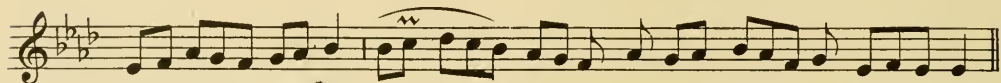
*Tutti.*  
Dó - mi - nus De - us tu - us, San - ctus Is - ra - el, Red - ém - ptor tu - us. Rorate, etc.

## Asperges Me.

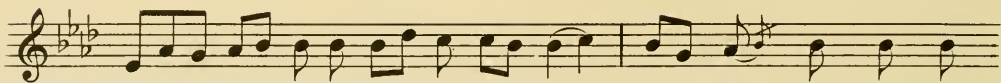
At The Sprinkling Of Holy Water.

*On Sundays throughout the year except in Paschal time.*

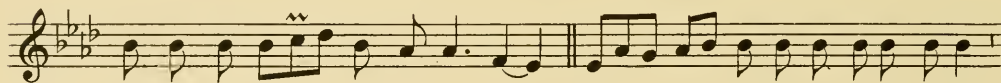
A - spér - ges me, \* Dó - mi - ne, hys - só - po, et mun - dá - bor:



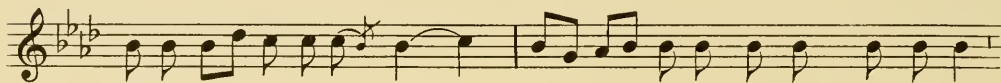
la - vá - bis me, et su - per ni - vem de - al - bá - bor.



Ps. 50. Mi - se - ré - re me - i, De - us, \* se - cún - dum mag - nam



mi - se - ri - cór - di - am tu - am. Gló - ri - a Pa - tri, et Fí - li - o,

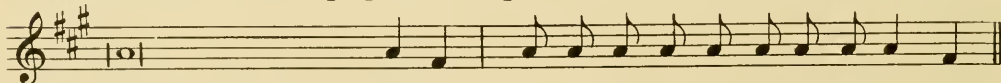


et Spi - ri - tu - i San - cto: \* Sic - ut e - rat in prin - cí - pi - o,

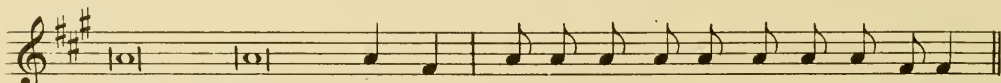


et nunc, et sem - per, et in saé - cu - la saé - cu - ló - rum. A - men.

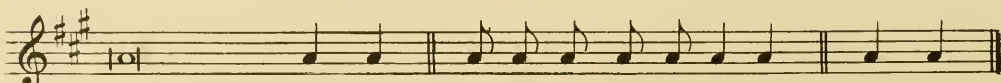
“Asperges me” is repeated as far as the Psalm. On Passion and Palm Sundays, “Gloria Patri” is omitted and the “Asperges me” is repeated immediately after the Psalm “Miserere.”



V. Osténde nobis. . . tu - am. R. Et sa - lu - tá - re tu - um da no - bis.



V. Dómine, exáudi. . . me - am. R. Et cla - mor me - us ad te vé - ni - at.



V. Dóminus vo - bís - cum. R. Et cum spí - ri - tu tu - o. R. A - men.



# Vidi Aquam.

383.

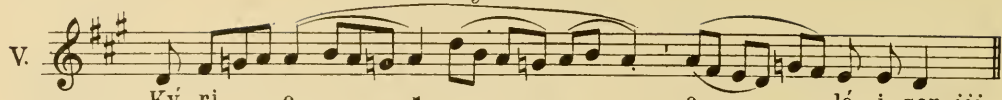
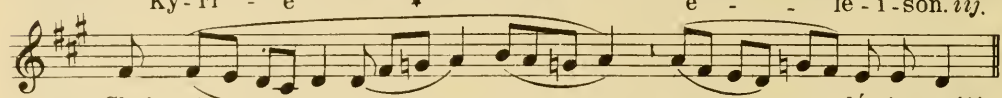
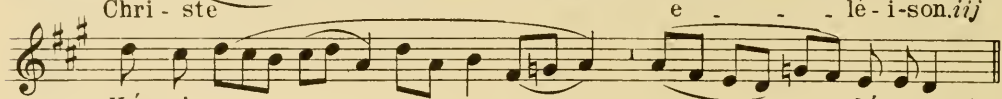
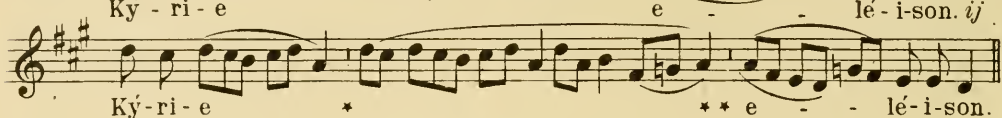
During Paschal time, i.e. from Easter  
Sunday to Whit Sunday inclusive.

Ant.  
VIII.

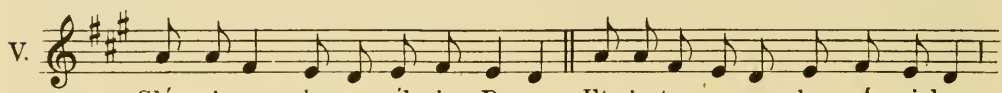
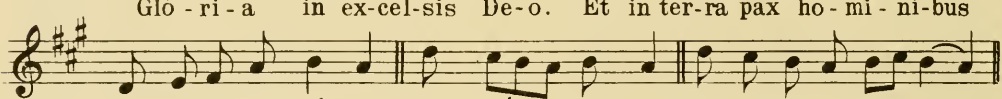
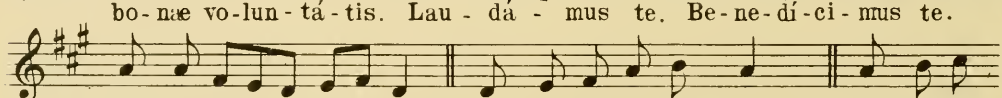
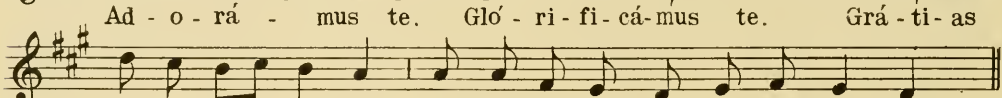
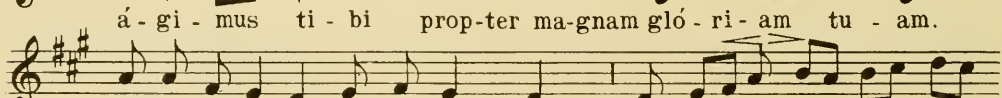
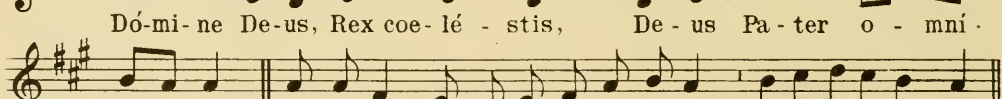
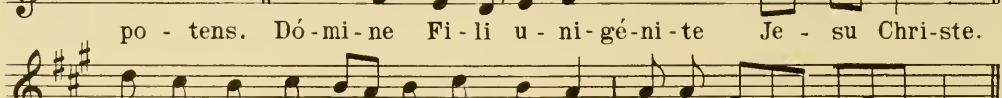
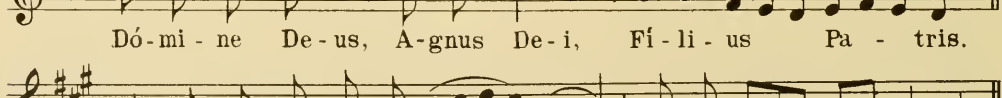
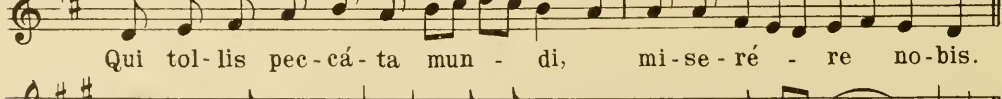
Vi - di a - quam\* e - gre - di - én - tem de tem - plo,  
a lá - te - re dex - tro, al - le - lú - ia: et o -  
mnes, ad quos per - vé - nit a - qua i - sta,  
sal - vi fac - ti sunt, et di - cent, al - le - lú - ia,  
al - le - lú - ia. *Ps. 117.* Con - fi - té - mi - ni Dó - mi - no  
quó - ni - am bo - nus: quó - ni - am in saé - cu - lum mi - se - ri - có - ri - di - a e - jus.  
Gló - ri - a Pa - tri, et Fí - li - o, et Spi - rí - tu - i San - cto. \*  
Sic - ut e - rat in prin - cí - pi - o, et nunc, et sem - per,  
et in saé - cu - la saé - cu - ló - rum. A - men.

*Repetitur* "Vidi Aquam?"

- V. Osténde nobis, Domine, misericórdiam tuam. Alleluia.  
R. Et salutare tuum da nobis. Alleluia.  
V. Dómine exáudi orationem meam.  
R. Et clamor meus ad te véniat.  
V. Dóminus vobíscum. R. Et cum spíritu tuo.  
Orémus . . . . R. Amen.

V.   
 Ký-ri - e \* e - - lé-i-son. *ijj.*  
  
 Chri- ste e - - - lé-i-son. *ijj*  
  
 Ký-ri - e e - - - lé-i-son. *ij.*  
  
 Ký-ri - e \* \*\* e - - - lé-i-son.

## Gloria.

V.   
 Gló-ri-a in ex-cél-sis De-o. Et in-ter-ra pax ho-mí-ni-bus  
  
 bo-næ vo-lun-tá-tis. Lau-da-mus te. Be-ne-dí-ci-mus te.  
  
 Ad-o-rá-mus te. Gló-ri-fi-cá-mus te. Grá-ti-as  
  
 á-gi-mus ti-bi prop-ter ma-gnam gló-ri-am tu-am.  
  
 Dó-mi-ne De-us, Rex coe-lé-stis, De-us Pa-ter o-mní-  
  
 po-tens. Dó-mi-ne Fi-li u-ni-gé-ni-te Je-su Chri-ste.  
  
 Dó-mi-ne De-us, A-gnus De-i, Fí-li-us Pa-tris.  
  
 Qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di, mi-se-ré-re no-bis.  
  
 Qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di, sús-ci-pe de-pre-ca-ti-ó-nem no-stram.

Qui se-des ad dēx-te-ram Pa-tris, mi-se-ré-re no-bis.  
 Quó-ni-am tu so-lus sanc-tus. Tu so-lus Dó-mi-nus.  
 Tu so-lus Al-tís-si-mus, Je-su Chri-ste. Cum Sanc-to  
 Spí-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a De-i Pa-tris. A-men.

### Sanctus.

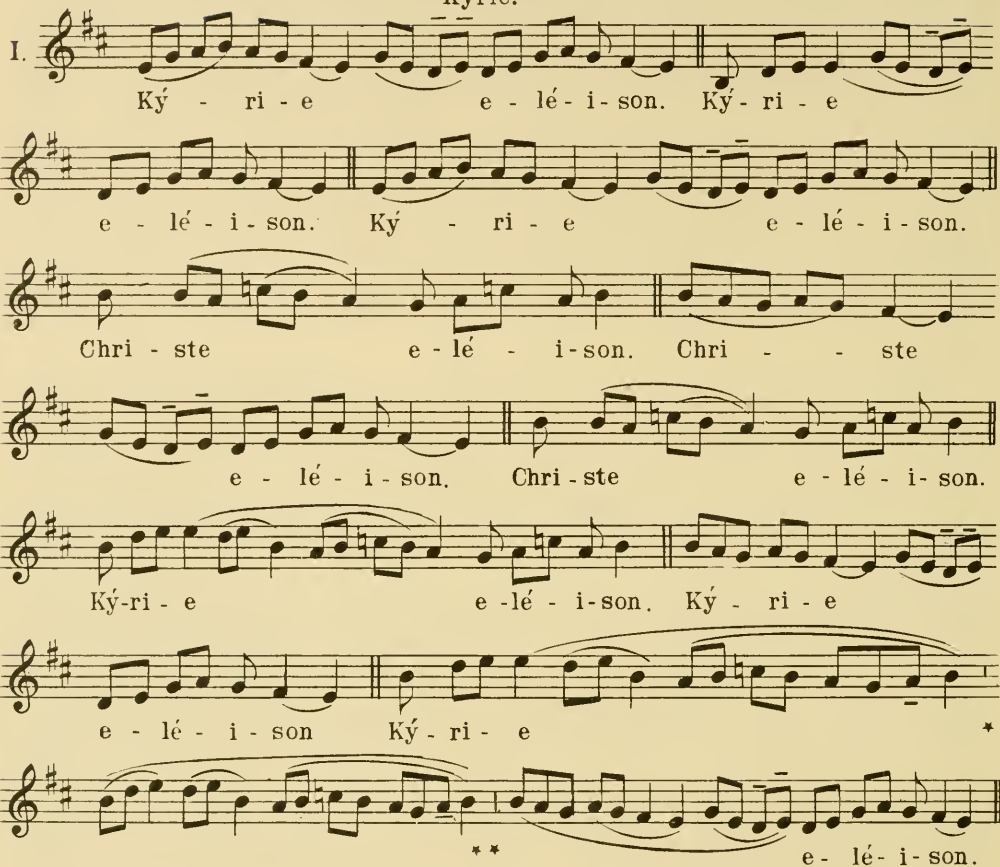
VI. San-ctus, \* San-ctus, San-ctus  
 Dó-mi-nus De-us Sá-ba-oth.  
 Ple-ni sunt coe-li et ter-ra gló-ri-a, tu-a.  
 Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis. Be-ne-díc-tus qui ve-nit  
 in nó-mi-ne Dó-mi-ni. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis.

### Agnus Dei.

VI. A-gnus De-i, \* qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di: mi-se-ré-  
 re no-bis. A-gnus De-i, \* qui tol-lis pec-cá-  
 ta mun-di: mi-se-ré-re no-bis. A-gnus De-i, \*  
 qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di: do-na no-bis pa-cem.

(Cum jubilo.)

Kýrie.

I. 

Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son. Ký - ri - e

e - lé - i - son. Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son.

Chri - ste e - lé - i - son. Chri - - ste

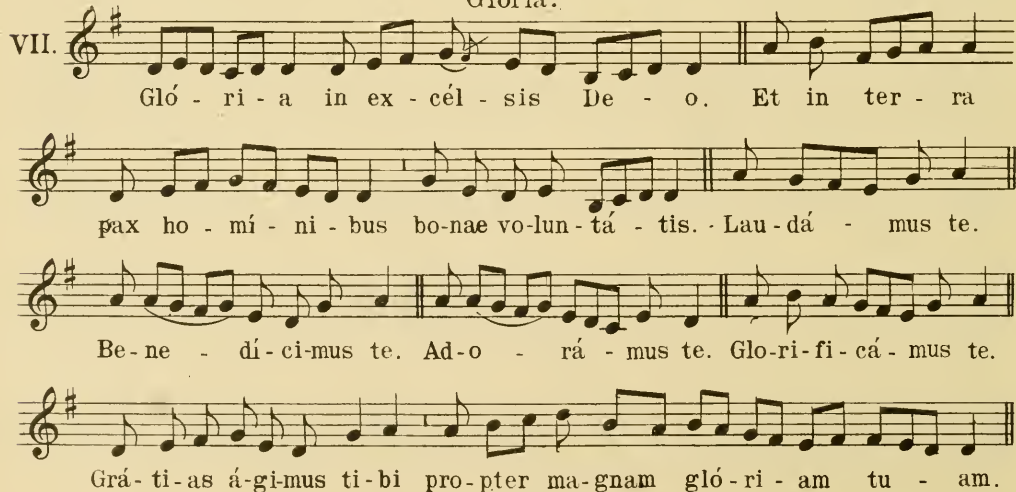
e - lé - i - son. Chri - ste e - lé - i - son.

Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son. Ký - ri - e

e - lé - i - son Ký - ri - e \*

\*\* e - lé - i - son.

Gloria.

VII. 

Gló - ri - a in ex - cél - sis De - o. Et in ter - ra

pax ho - mí - ni - bus bo - nae vo - lun - tá - tis. Lau - dá - mus te.

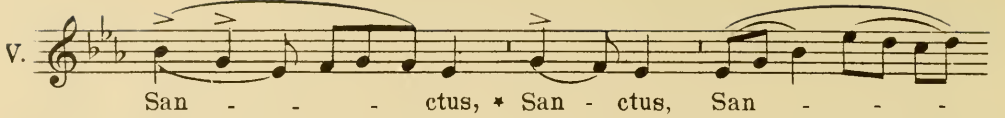
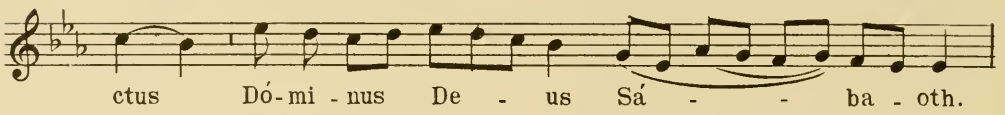
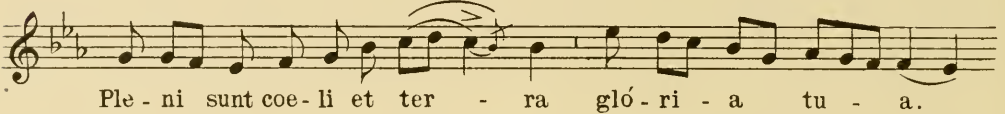
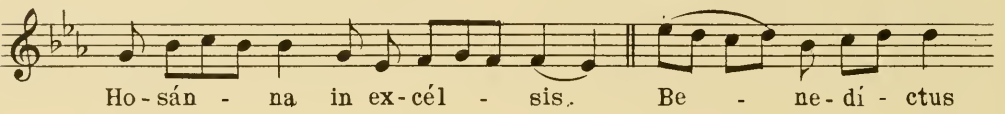
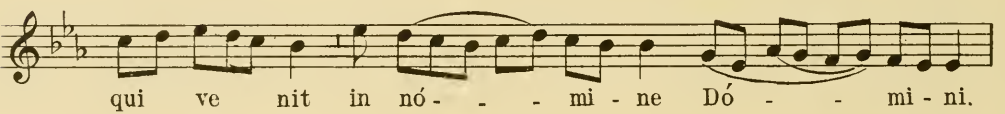
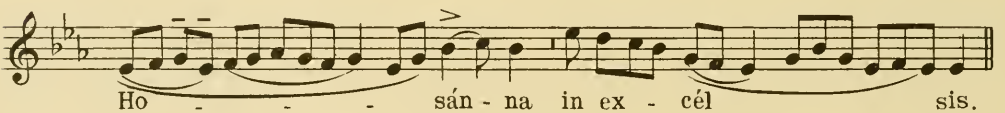
Be - ne - dí - ci - mus te. Ad - o - rá - mus te. Glo - ri - fi - cá - mus te.

Grá - ti - as á - gi - mus ti - bi pro - pter ma - gnam gló - ri - am tu - am.

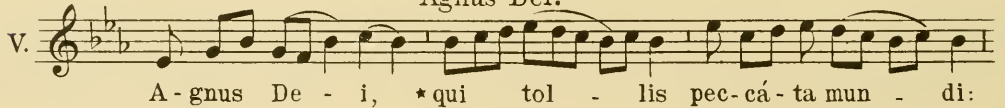
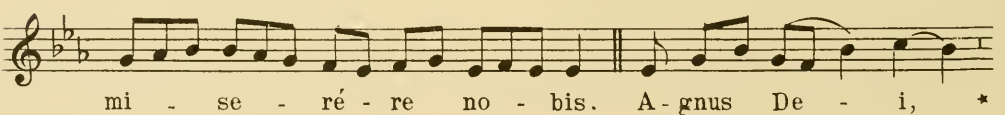
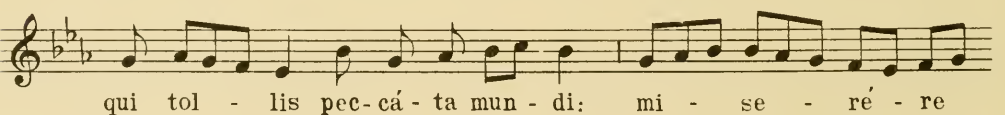
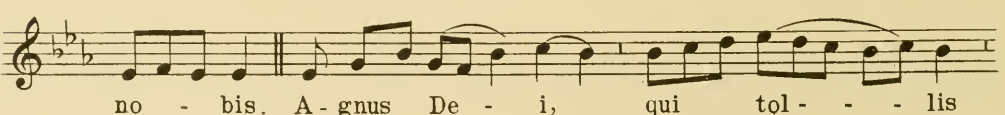
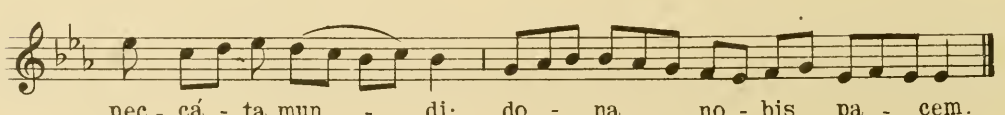


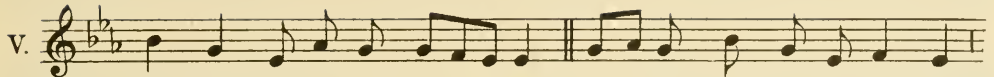
Dó-mi-ne De-us, Rex coe-lé-stis, De-us Pa-  
 ter o-mní-po-tens. Dó-mi-ne Fi-li u-ni-gé-ni-te  
 Je-su Chri-ste. Dó-mi-ne De-us, A-gnus De-i,  
 Fi-li-us Pa-tris. Qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di,  
 mi-se-ré-re no-bis. Qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di,  
 sú-sci-pe de-pre-ca-ti-ó-nem no-stram.  
 Qui se-des ad déx-te-ram Pa-tris, mi-se-ré-re no-bis.  
 Quó-ni-am tu so-lus san-ctus. Tu so-lus Dó-mi-nus.  
 Tu so-lus Al-tís-si-mus, Je-su Chri-ste.  
 Cum San-cto Spí-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a De-i  
 Pa-tris, A-men.

Sanctus.

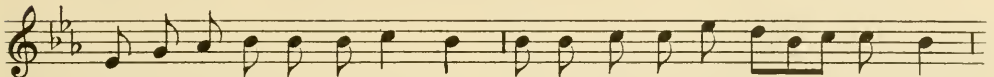
V.   
San - - - ctus, \* San - ctus, San - - -  
  
ctus Dó-mi - nus De - us Sá - - ba - oth.  
  
Ple - ni sunt coe - li et ter - ra gló - ri - a tu - a.  
  
Ho - sán - na in ex - cé - sis. Be - ne - dí - ctus  
  
qui ve nit in nó - - - mi - ne Dó - - mi - ni.  
  
Ho - sán - na in ex - cé - sis.

Agnus Dei.

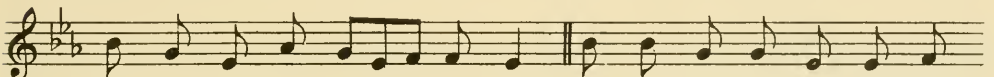
V.   
A - gnus De - i, \* qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di:  
  
mi - se - ré - re no - bis. A - gnus De - i, \*  
  
qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di: mi - se - ré - re  
  
no - bis. A - gnus De - i, qui tol - - - lis  
  
pec - cá - ta mun - di: do - na no - bis pa - cem.

V. 

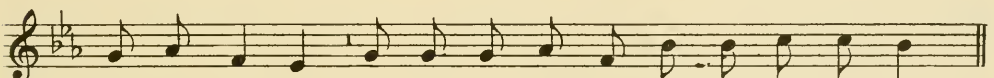
Cre - do in u - num De - um. Pa - trem om - ni - po - tén - tem,



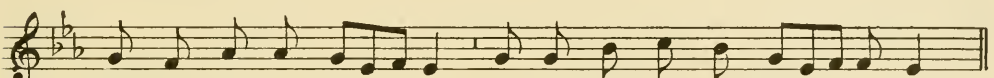
fac - tó - rem coe - li et ter - rae, vi - si - bí - li - um óm - ni - um,



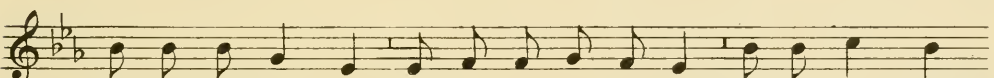
et in - vi - si - bí - - li - um. Et in u - num Dó - mi - num




Je - sum Chris - tum, Fí - li - um De - i u - ni - gé - ni - tum.



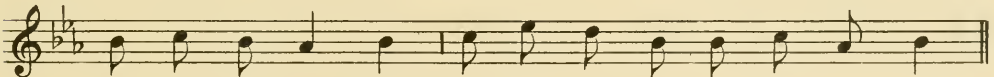
Et ex Pa - tre na - tum an - te óm - ni - a saé - cu - la.



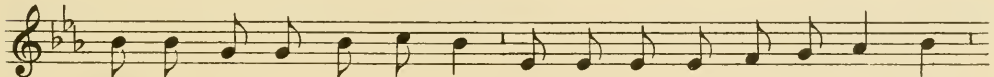
De - um de De - o, lu - men de lú - mi - ne, De - um ve - rum




de De - o ve - ro. Gé - ni - tum, non fac - tum, con - sub - stan -



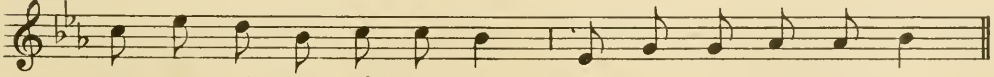
ti - á - lem Pa - tri: per quem óm - ni - a fac - ta sunt.



Qui prop - ter nos hó - mi - nes, et prop - ter nos - tram sa - lú - tem



de - scén - dit de coe - lis. Et in - car - ná - tus est de Spí - ri - tu San - cto



ex Ma - ri - a Ví - r - gi - ne: Et ho - mo fac - tus est.





Et in u - num Dó - mi - num Je - sum Chri - stum,  
 Fí - li - um De - i u - ni - gé - ni - tum. Et ex Pa - tre na - tum  
 an - te óm - ni - a saé - cu - la. De - um de De - o,  
 lu - men de lú - mi - ne, De - um ve - rum de De - o ve - ro.  
 Gé - ni - tum, non fac - tum, con - sub - stan - ti - á - lem Pa - tri:  
 per quem óm - ni - a fac - ta sunt. Qui prop - ter nos hó - mi - nes,  
 et prop - ter nos - tram sa - lú - tem de - scén - dit de coe - lis.  
 Et in - car - ná - tus est de Spí - ri - tu Sanc - to ex Ma -  
 rí - a Vír - gi - ne: Et ho - mo fac - tus est.  
 Cru - ci - fí - xus é - ti - am pro no - bis: sub Pón - ti -  
 o Pi - lá - to pas - sus, et se - púl - tus est. Et re - sur - ré -  
 xit tér - ti - a di - e. se - cún - dum Scrip - tú - ras.

Et a-scén-dit in coe-lum: se-det ad d'ex-te-ram Pa-tris.

Et i-te-rum ven-tú-rus est cum gló-ri-a,

ju-di-cá-re ví-vos et mór-tu-os: cu-jus re-gni

non e-rit fi-nis. Et in Spí-ri-tum Sanc-tum, Dó-mi-num,

et vi-vi-fi-cán-tem: qui ex Pa-tre Fí-li-ó-que pro-cé-dit.

Qui cum Pa-tre et Fí-li-o si-mul ad-o-rá-tur,

et con-glo-ri-fi-cá-tur: qui lo-cú-tus est per Pro-phé-tas.

Et u-nam san-ctam ca-thó-li-cam et a-po-stó-

li-cam Ec-clé-si-am. Con-fí-te-or u-num bap-tí-sma

in re-mis-si-ó-nem pec-ca-tó-rum. Et ex-spéc-to

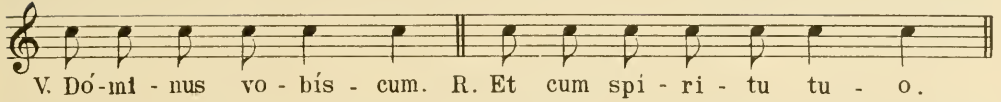
re-sur-réc-ti-ó-nem mor-tu-ó-rum. Et vi-tam

ven-tú-ri saé-cu-li. A - - - - - men.

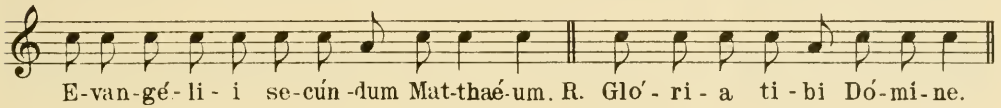
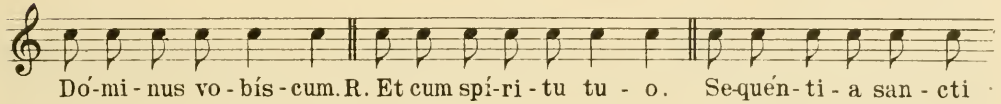
# The Responses At High Mass.

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## I. At the Prayers.

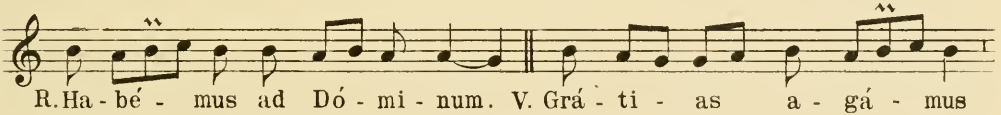
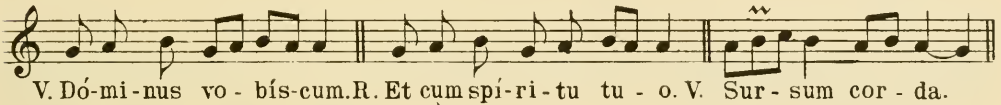
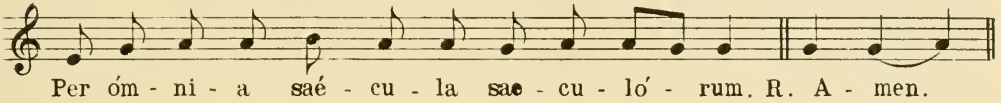


## II. At the Gospel.

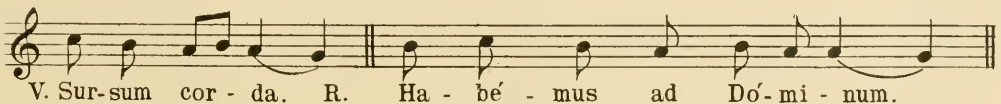
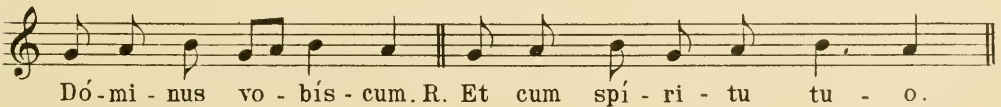
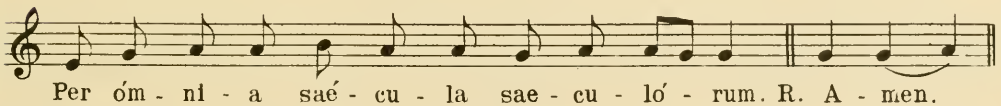


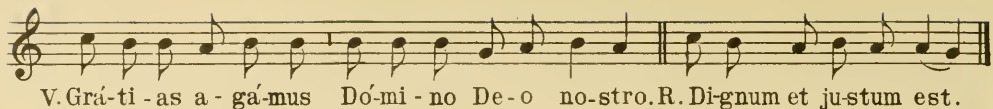
## III. At the Preface.

### 1. Tonus solēnnis.



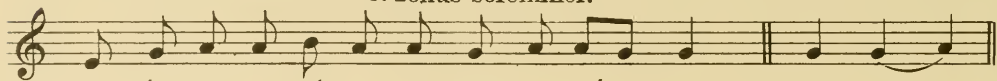
### 2. Tonus ferialis.



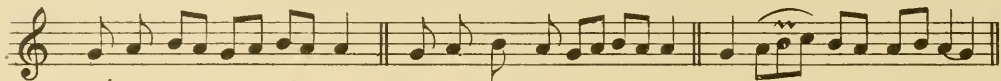


V. Grá-ti-as a-gá-mus Dó-mi-no De-o no-stro. R. Di-gnum et justum est.

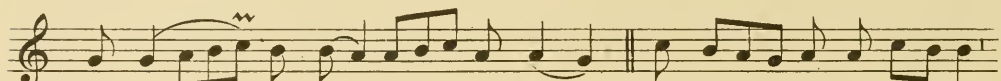
### 3. Tonus solemnior.



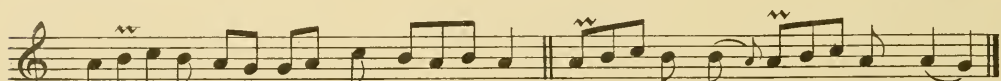
Per óm-ni-a sae-cu-la sae-cu-ló-rum. R. A-men.



V. Dó-mi-nus vo-bís-cum. R. Et cum spí-ri-tu tu-o. V. Sur-sum cor-da.

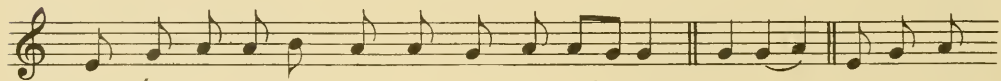


R. Ha-bé-mus ad Dó-mi-num. V. Grá-ti-as a-gá-mus

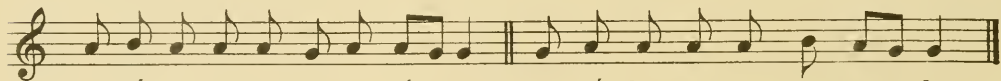


Dó-mi-no De-o no-stro. R. Di-gnum et ju-stum est.

### IV. At Pater noster.

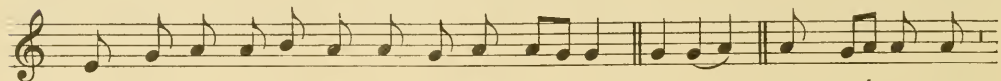


Per óm-ni-a sae-cu-la sae-cu-ló-rum. R. A-men. V. Et ne nos

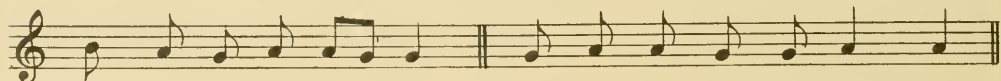


in-dú-cas in ten-ta-ti-ó-nem. R. Sed lí-be-ra nos a ma-lo.

### V. At Pax Domini.



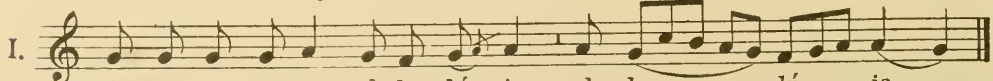
Per óm-ni-a sae-cu-la sae-cu-ló-rum. R. A-men. V. Pax†Dó-mi-ni



sit†sem-per vo-bís-cum. R. Et cum spí-ri-tu tu-o.

### VI. "Ite Missa est" and "Benedicamus."

From Holy Saturday till Saturday in Low Week.



I. I-te, mis-sa est, al-le-lú-ia, al-le-lú-ia.  
De-o grá-ti-as, al-le-lú-ia, al-le-lú-ia.



2. For Solemn Feasts.

Two staves of music. The first staff has the lyrics 'I - te, De - o' and 'mis - sa est. gra - ti - as.' The second staff has the lyrics 'I - te De - o' and 'mis - sa est. gra - ti - as.'

3. For Doubles.

Two staves of music. The first staff has the lyrics 'I - te, De - o' and 'mis sa est. gra - ti - as.' The second staff has the lyrics 'I - te De - o' and 'mis sa est. gra - ti - as.'

4. For Feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Two staves of music. The first staff has the lyrics 'I - te, De - o' and 'mis - sa est. gra - ti - as.' The second staff has the lyrics 'Be - ne - di - cá - mus Do' - mi - no.'

5. For Sundays throughout the Year.

Two staves of music. The first staff has the lyrics 'I - te, De - o' and 'mis sa est. gra - ti - as.' The second staff has the lyrics 'Be - ne - di - cá - mus Dó - mi - no.'

When a Bishop gives the Blessing.  
(At the conclusion of a Pontifical High Mass, etc.)

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Four staves of music. The lyrics are: 'Sit no-men Dó-mi-ni be-ne-díc-tum. R. Ex hoc nunc et us-que in saé-cu-lum. V. Ad-ju-to'-ri-um nos-trum in nó-mi-ne Dó-mi-ni. R. Qui fe-cit coe-lum et ter-ram. Be-ne-dí-cat vos om-ní-po-tens De-us: Pa-ter, et Fí-li-us, et Spí-ri-tus San-ctus. R. A-men.'

Missa pro Defunctis.

Introit and Kyrie.

VI.  Ré - qui - em \* ae - tér - nam do - na e -

is Dó-mi - - - ne: et lux

per - pé - tu - a lú - ce - at e - - is.

Ps. Te de - cet hym-nus De - us in Si - on, et ti - bi red - dé -

tur vo - tum in Je - rú - sa - lem: \* ex - áu - di o - ra - ti -

o-nem me - am, ad te om-nis ca - ro vé - ni - et. Ré - qui - em, etc.

VI.

Ký - ri-e \* e - - lé-i-son.*iij*. Chri - ste e - lé-i-son.*iij*.

Ký - ri - e e lé - i - son. *ij.* Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son.

II.

Do' - - mi - ne:

et lux per-pe - - - tu - a

lú - - - ce - at e - is.

V. In me-mó - ri - a ae - tér - - -

- - - na e - - rit ju - -

- - - stus: ab au-di-ti-o'-ne ma - - -

- - - la \* non

ti - mé - - bit.

Tractus.

VIII.

Absól - ve \* Dó - mi-ne, á - ni-mas óm-ni-um

fi - dé - li-um de-func-tó - rum ab om - ni

vín - cu - lo de - lic - to - rum.

V. Et grá-ti-a tu a il-lis succur-rén - - te,  
 me-re - án - tur e - vá - de-re ju - dí - ci-um ul - ti -  
 ó - - nis. V. Et lu-cis ae-tér - - nae  
 be - a - ti - tú - - di - ne \* pér - - fru - i.

Dies Irae. Dies Illa.  
 Sequentia.

I. 1. Dī - es i - rae. dī - es il - la, Sol - vet sae - clum in fa - vil - la:  
 Te - ste Da - vid cum Si - býl - la. 2. Quan - tus tre - mor est fu - tú - rus,  
 Quan - do ju - dex est ven - tú - rus, Cunc - ta stric - te dis - cus - sú - rus!  
 3. Tu - ba mi - rum spar - gens so - num Per se - púl - cra re - gi -  
 ó - num. Co - get om - nes an - te thronum. 4. Mors stu - pé - bit et na - tú - ra,  
 Cum re - súr - get cre - a - tú - ra, Ju - dí - cán - ti re - spon sú - ra.



5. Li- berscrip- tus pro- fe- ré- tur, In quo to- tum con- ti- né- tur,  
 Un- de mun- dus ju- di- cé- tur. 6. Ju- dex er- go cum se- dé- bit,  
 Quid- quid la- tet ap- pa- ré- bit: Nil in- úl- tum re- ma- né- bit.  
 7. Quid sum mi- ser tunc dic- tú- rus? Quem pa- tró- num ro- ga- tú- rus?  
 Cum vix ju- stus sit se- cú- rus. 8. Rex tre- mén- dae ma- je- stá- tis,  
 Qui sal- ván- dos sal- vas gra- tis, Sal- va me, fons pi- e- tá- tis.  
 9. Re- cor- dá- re Je- su pi- e, Quod sum cau- sa tu- ae vi- ae:  
 Ne me per- das il- la di- e. 10. Quaerens me, se- dí- stis las- sus:  
 Red- e- mí- sti cru- cem pas- sus: Tan- tus la- bor non sit cas- sus:  
 11. Ju- ste ju- dex ul- ti- ó- nis, Do- num fac re- mis- si- ó- nis,  
 An- te di- em ra- ti- ó- nis. 12. In- ge- mí- sco, tamquam re- us:  
 Cul- pa ru- bét vul- tus me- us: Sup- pli- cán- ti par- ce De- us.

13. Qui Ma - rí - am ab - sol - ví - sti, Et la - tró - nem ex - au - dí - sti,

mi - hi quo - que spem de - dí - sti. 14. Pre - ces me - ae non sunt di - gnae:

Sed tu bo - nus fac be - ní - gne, Ne per - én - ni cre - mer i - gne.

15. In - ter o - ves lo - cum prae - sta, Et ab hoe - dis me se - qué - stra,

Stá - tu - ens in par - te dex - tra. 16. Con - fu - tá - tis ma -

le - dí - tis, Flammis á - cri - bus ad - dí - ctis: Vo - ca me cum be - ne - dí - tis.

17 O - ro sup - plex et ac - clí - nis, Cor con - trí - tum qua - si ci - nis:

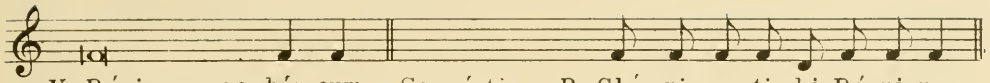
Ge - re cu - ram me - i fi - nis. 18. La - cri - mó - sa di - es il - la,

Qua re - sú - get ex fa - ví - la. 19. Ju - di - cán - dus ho - mo re - us:

Hu - íc er - go par - ce De - us. 20. Pi - e Je - su

Dó - mi - ne, do - na e - is ré - qui - em. A - men.

At the Gospel.

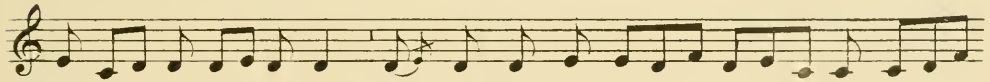


V. Dóminus vo-bís-cum. Sequéntia... R. Gló-ri-a ti-bi Dó-mi-ne.  
R. Et cum spírítu tu-o.

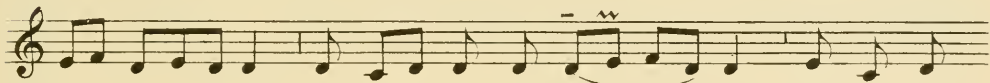
Offertorium.



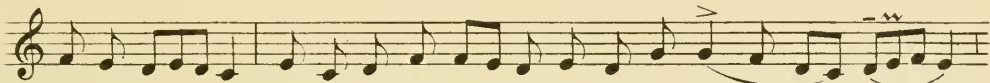
Dó-mi-ne Je-su Chri-ste, \*Rex gló-ri-ae,



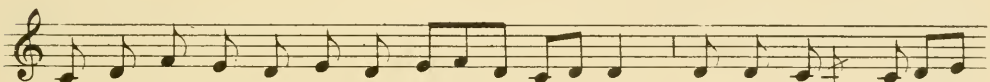
lí-be-ra á-ni-mas óm-ni-um fi-dé-li-um de-



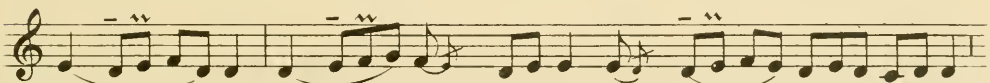
func-tó-rum de poe-nis in-fér-ni, et de pro-



fún-do la-cu: lí-be-ra e-as de o-re le-ó-nis,



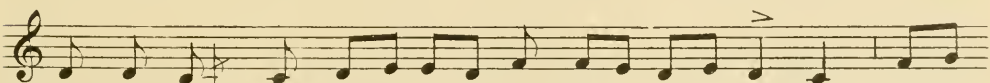
ne ab-sór-be-at e-as tár-ta-rus, ne ca-dant in ob-



scú-rum: sed sí-gni-fer san-ctus Mí-cha-el



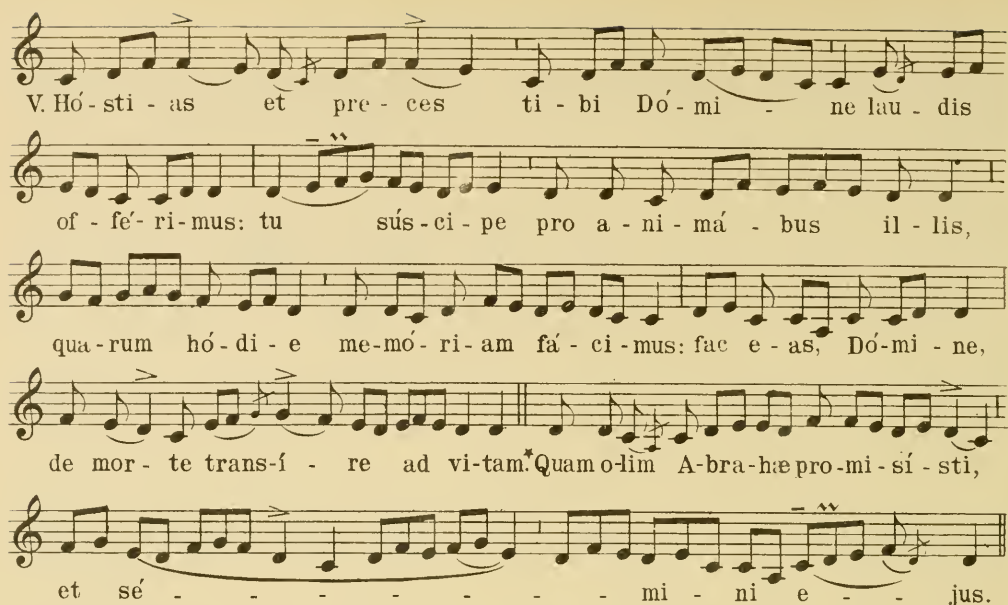
re-prae-sén-tet e-as in lu-cem san-ctam:



Quam o-lim A-bra-hae pro-mi-sí-sti, et

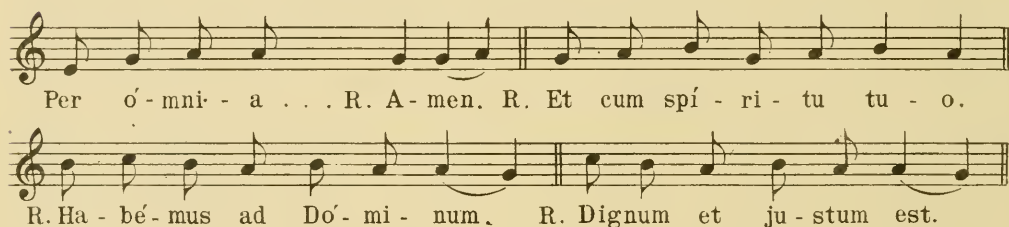


sé-mi-ni e-jus.



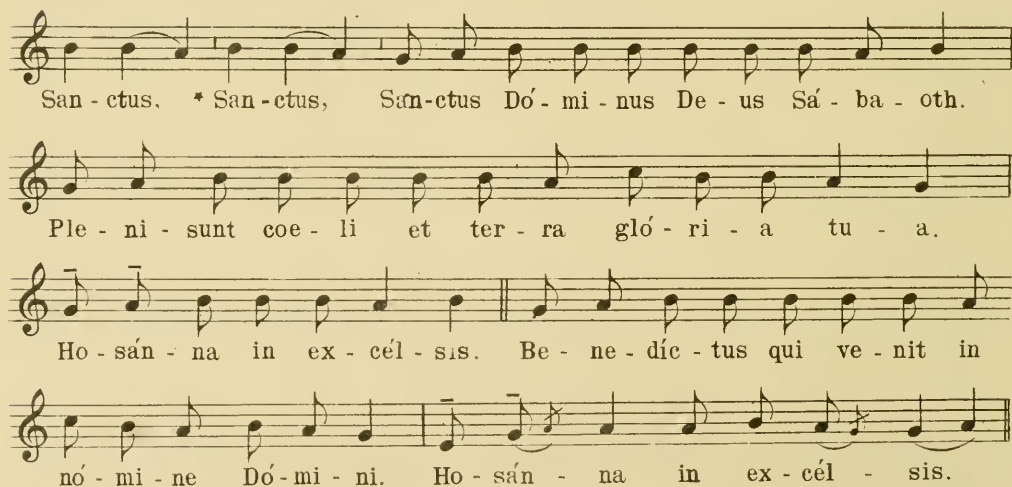
V. Hó - sti - as et pre - ces ti - bi Dó - mi - ne lau - dis  
of - fe - ri - mus: tu sús - ci - pe pro a - ni - má - bus il - lis,  
qua - rum hó - di - e me - mó - ri - am fá - ci - mus: fac e - as, Dó - mi - ne,  
de mor - te trans - í - re ad vi - tam.\* Quam o - lim A - bra - hæ pro - mi - sí - sti,  
et sé - - - - - mi - ni e - - - - - jus.

### Responses at the Preface.



Per ó - mni - a . . . R. A - men. R. Et cum spí - ri - tu tu - o.  
R. Ha - bé - mus ad Dó - mi - num. R. Dignum et ju - stum est.

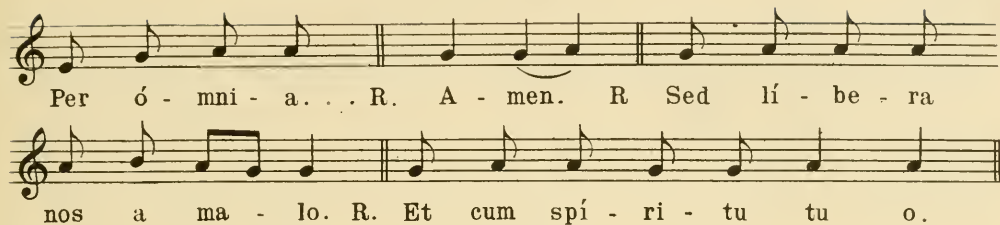
### Sanctus. Benedictus.



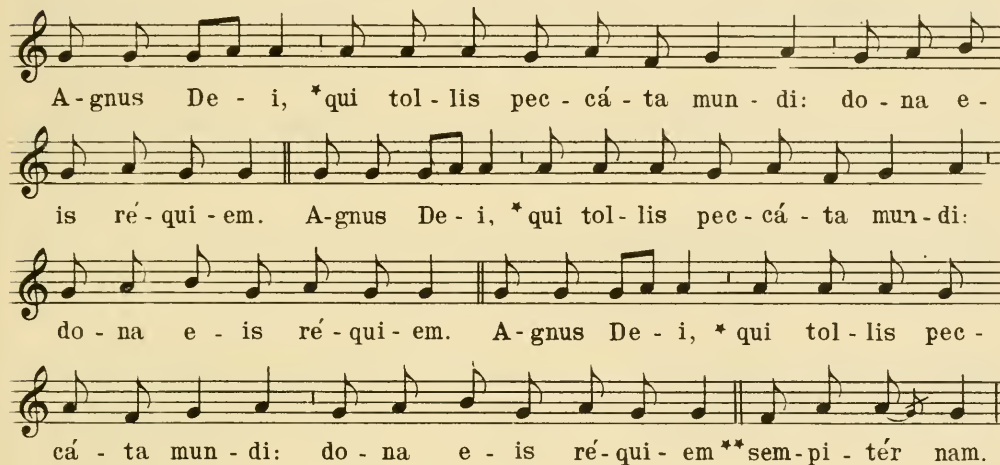
San - ctus, \* San - ctus, San - ctus Dó - mi - nus De - us Sá - ba - oth.  
Ple - ni - sunt coe - li et ter - ra gló - ri - a tu - a.  
Ho - sán - na in ex - cé - l - sis. Be - ne - dí - ctus qui ve - nit in  
nó - mi - ne Dó - mi - ni. Ho - sán - na in ex - cé - l - sis.



At "Pater noster" and "Pax Domini?"



Agnus Dei.

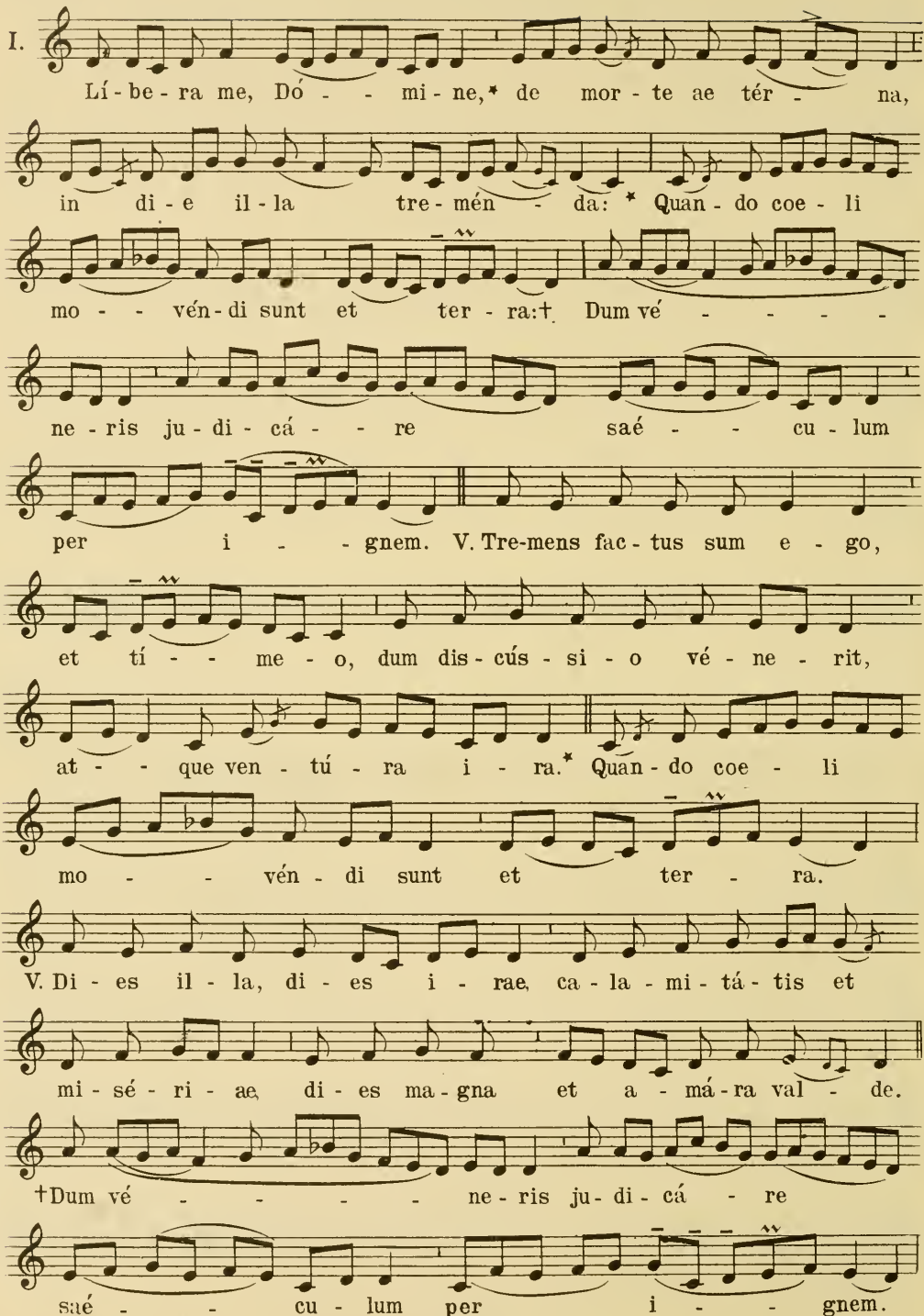


Communio.

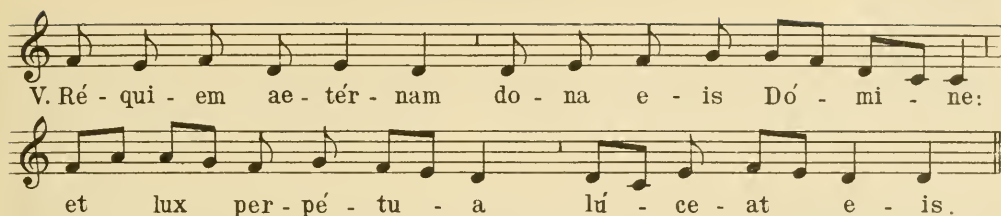


V. Dóminus vo - bís - cum.

R. Et cum spíritu tu - o. Orémus... R. Amen. Re - qui - é - scant in pa - ce. R. Amen.

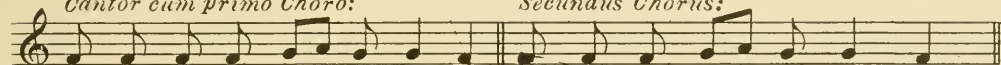
I. 

Lí-be-ra me, Dó - - mi-ne,\* de mor-te ae tér - na,  
in di-e il-la tre-mén - da: \* Quan-do coe-li  
mo - - vén-di sunt et ter-ra:†. Dum vé - - -  
ne-ris ju-di-cá - - re saé - - cu-lum  
per i - - gnem. V. Tre-mens fac-tus sum e-go,  
et tí - - me-o, dum dis-cús-si-o vé-ne-rit,  
at - - que ven-tú-ra i-ra.\* Quan-do coe-li  
mo - - vén-di sunt et ter-ra.  
V. Di-es il-la, di-es i-rae, ca-la-mi-tá-tis et  
mi-sé-ri-ae, di-es ma-gna et a-má-ra val-de.  
†Dum vé - - - ne-ris ju-di-cá - - re  
saé - - cu-lum per i - - gnem.

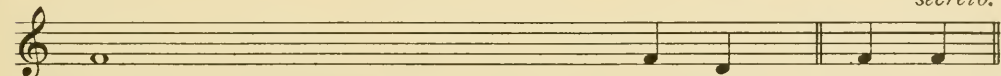


V. Ré - qui - em ae - tér - nam do - na e - is Dó - mi - ne:  
et lux per - pé - tu - a lú - ce - at e - is.

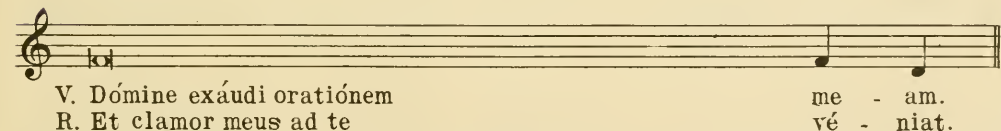
*Repetitur "Líbera me" usque ad V "Tremens"*  
*Cantor cum primo Choro: Secundus Chorus:*



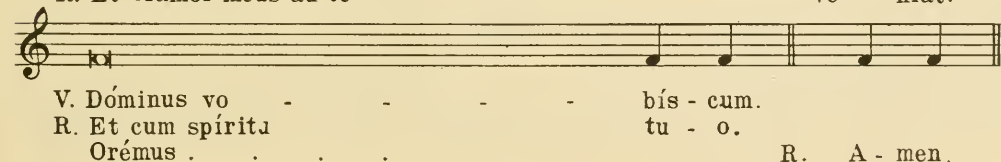
Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son. Chri - ste e - lé - i - son.  
*Omnes simul: Sacerdos*  
Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son. Pa - ter no - ster.  
*secreto.*



V. Et ne nos indúcas in tentati - - - - - ó - nem.  
R. Sed libera nos a ma - lo.  
V. A porta in - feri.  
R. Erue, Dómine, ánimam e - jus.  
(ánimas e órum.)  
V. Requiescat in pa - ce. R. A - men.

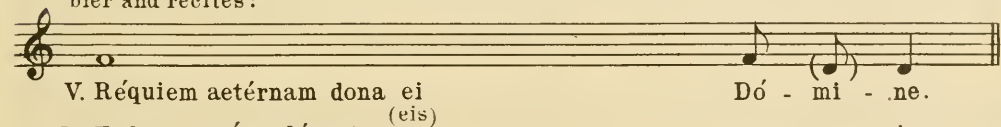


V. Dómine exáudi oratiónem me - am.  
R. Et clamor meus ad te vé - niat.



V. Dóminus vo - - - - - bís - cum.  
R. Et cum spírítu tu - o.  
Orémus . . . . . R. A - men.

After the Orémus and R. Amen the celebrant makes the sign of the cross over the bier and recites:



V. Réquiem aetérnam dona ei Dó - mi - ne.  
(eis)

R. Et lux perpétua lúceat (e - - - i.)  
(e is.)  
*Cantores: Chorus:*  
V. Re - qui - és - cat in pa - ce. R. A - men.  
(Requiescant)

Piissimo Lento. (♩ = 46.)

*p* DUO.

Voices. O Je - su, Sal - vá - tor mun - di! O Je - su Sal - vá - tor mun -

Organ.

di! ex - áu - di, ex - áu - di pro - ces sú - pli - cum. Pi - e Je - su Dó - mi - ne,

*p* Solo. 1st Voice.

Pi - e Je - su Dó - mi - ne, Do - na, do ña e - is ré - qui - em,

*mf* Solo. 2d Voice. *f* CHORUS. DUO

Do - na, do - na e - is ré - qui - em sem - pi - tér - nam. A - men.

*mf* Solo. 2d Voice. *f* CHORUS. DUO *p*

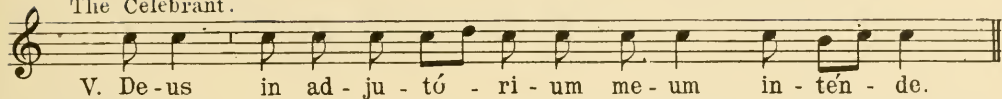


# The Common Of All Vespers.

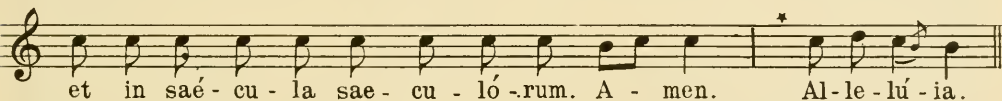
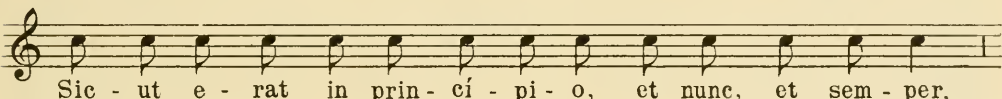
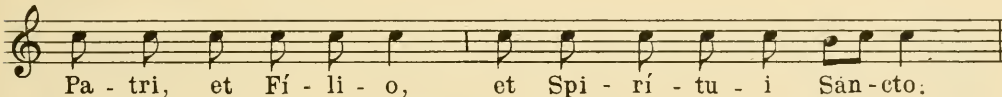
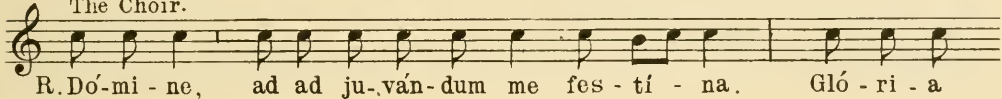
## I. Deus in Adjutorium.

393.

The Celebrant.



The Choir.

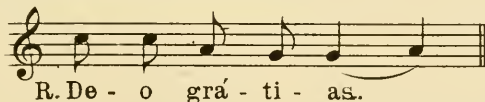


\* From Septuagesima till Easter, instead of the "*Alleluia*" the following should be sung.



II. Then follow five Psalms with their Antiphons.

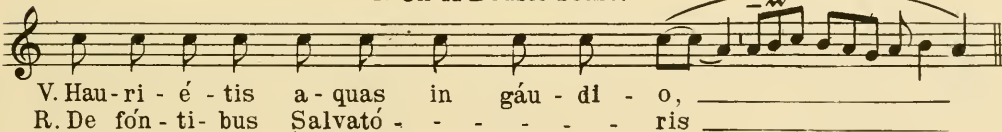
III. After the 5<sup>th</sup> Psalm the Priest sings the Chapter, and the Choir responds.



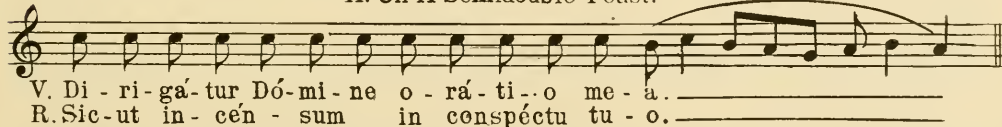
IV. Hymn and Versicle.

Tone of the Versicle.

I. On A Double Feast.

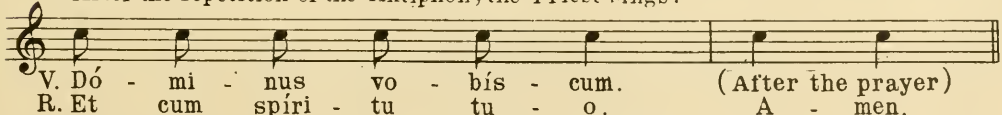


II. On A Semidouble Feast.



The Versicle is followed by the antiphon to the Magnificat, and by the Canticle Magnificat itself.

After the repetition of the Antiphon, the Priest sings:



V. Then follow the Commemorations, if any are to be made.

(From the Saturday before the First Sunday in Advent to the  
Compline of the Feast of the Purification, exclusive.)

Al - - - - - ma\* Re-dem-ptó - ris Ma - ter,  
quae pér - vi - a coe - lí por - ta ma - - nes,  
Et stel - la ma - ris, suc - cúr - re ca - den - ti  
súr - ge - re qui cu - rat pó - pu - lo: Tu quae ge - nu -  
ís - ti, na - tú - ra mi - rán - te, tu - um  
san - ctum Ge - ni - tó - rem: Vir - go pri - - us  
ac pos - té - ri - us, Ga - bri - é - lis ab o - re  
su - mens il - lud A - ve,\* pec - ca - tó - rum mi - se - ré - re.

V. Angelus Dómini nuntiávit Mariæ.

R. Et concépit de Spíritu Sancto.

After Advent.

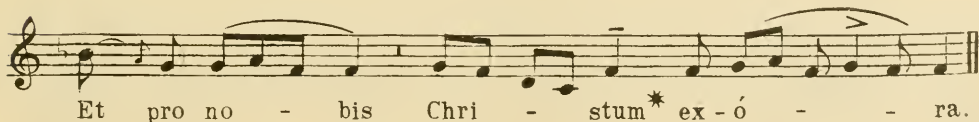
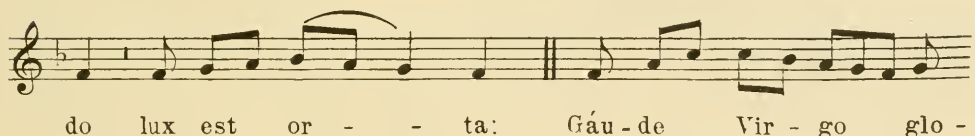
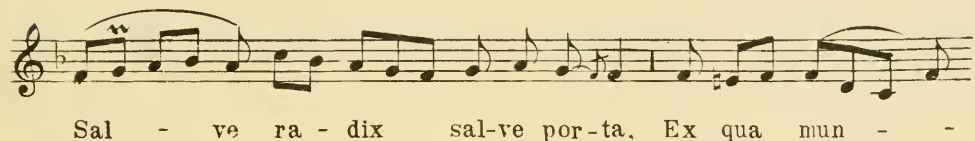
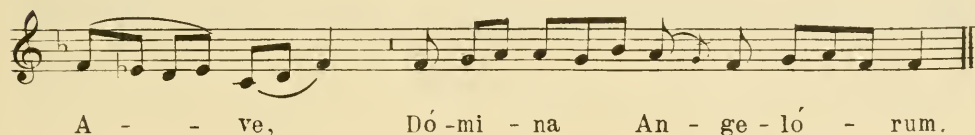
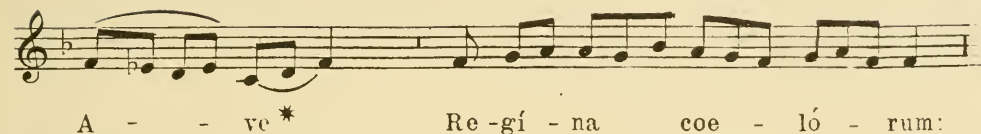
V. Post partum, Virgo, invioláta permansísti,

R. Dei Génitrix intercède pro nobis.

# Ave Regina Coelorum.

395.

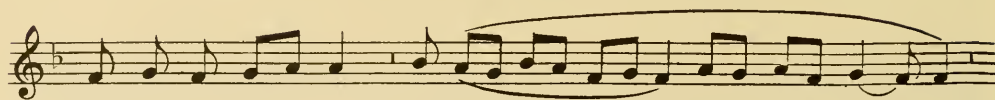
(From Compline on the Feast of the Purification to  
Maundy Thursday, exclusively.)



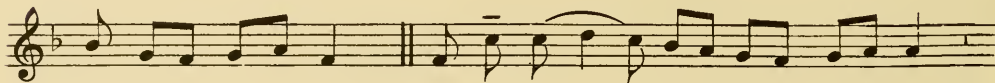
V. Dignáre me laudáre te, Virgo sacráta.

R. Da mihi virtútem contra hostes tuos.

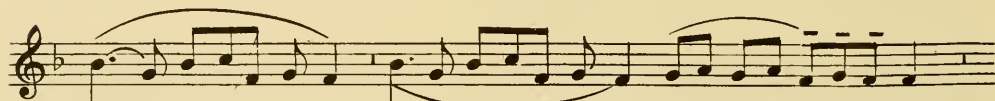
(From compline on Holy Saturday till Trinity eve.)



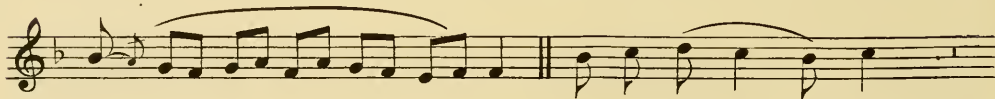
Re-gi-na coe-li, \* lae-tá - - - - re,



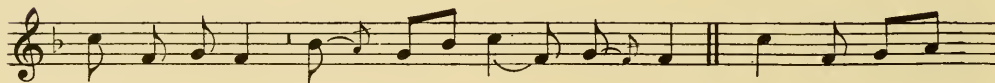
al-le-lú-ia. Qui-a quem me-ru-is-ti



por - - - - tá-re,



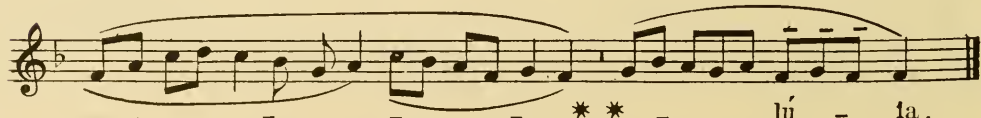
al-le - - - - lú-ia: Re-sur-ré - xit,



si-cut di-xit, al-le - - - - lú-ia. O-ra pro



no-bis De-um, al-le - - - - \*



\* \* - - - - lú-ia.

V. Gaude et laetare, Virgo María, allelúia.

R. Quia surrexit Dominus vere, allelúia.



# Salve Regina.

397

(From the First Vespers of Trinity Sunday to Advent)

Sal - ve,\* Re - gi - - na. ma - ter mi - se -

ri - cór - di - ae: Vi - ta, dul - cé - -

do, et spes no - stra, sal - ve. Ad te cla - má -

mus, éx-su - les, — fi - li - i — He - vae. Ad te sus -

pi - rá - mus, ge - mén - tes et flen - tes in hac —

la - cri - má - rum val - le. — E - ia er - go,

Ad - vo - cá - ta no - stra, il - los tu - - os

mi - se - ri - cór - des ó - cu - los — ad nos con -

ver - te. Et Je - sum, be - ne - dí - ctum fru - ctum ven - tris

tu - - i, no - bis post hoc ex - sí - li - um

os - tén - de. O — cle - mens: O — pi - a:

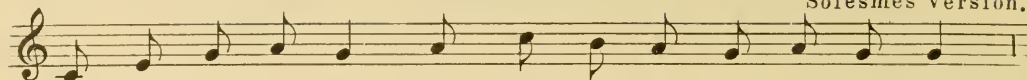
O — — — — — dul - cis \* Vir - go Ma - rí - a.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.

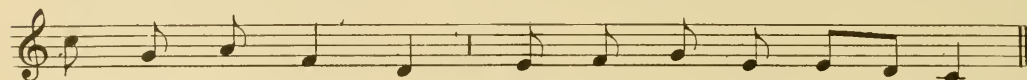
R. Ut digni efficiámur promissionibus Christi.

Salve Regina.  
Second Tune.

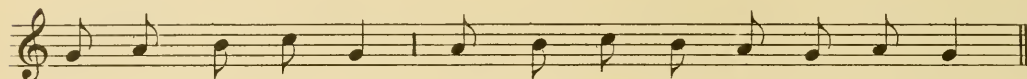
Soulesmes Version.



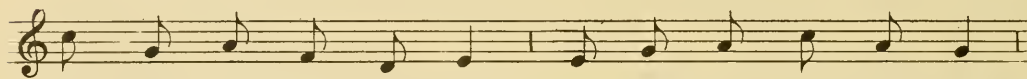
Sal - ve, Re - gí - na,<sup>★</sup> ma - ter mi - se - ri - cór - di - ae,



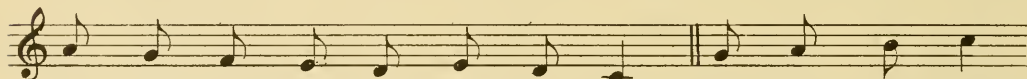
Vi - ta, dul - cé - do, et spes no - stra sal - ve.



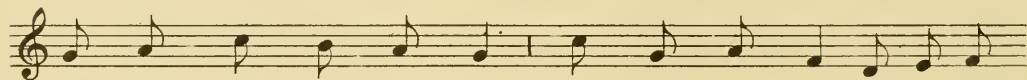
Ad te cla - má - mus, éx - su - les, fí - li - i He - vae.



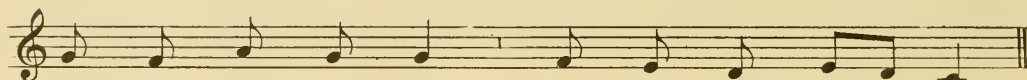
Ad te sus - pi - rá - mus ge - mén - tes et flen - tes



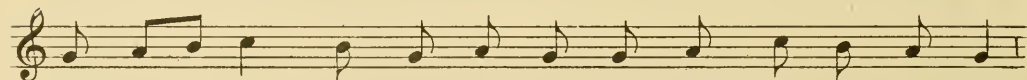
in hac la cri - má - rum val - le. E - la er - go



Ad - vo - cá - ta no - stra, il - los tu - os mi - se - ri -



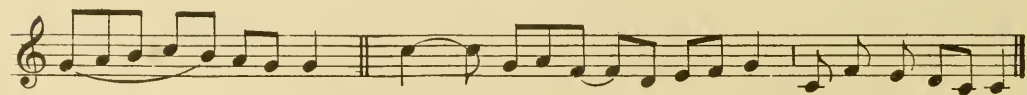
cór - des      ó - cu - los      ad   nos   con - vér - te.



Et Je - sum, be - ne - dí-ctum fru-ctum ven - tris tu - i,



no - bis post hoc e - xí - li - úm o - stén - de. O cle - mens,



O - pi - a O - dul - cis Vir-go Ma - rí - a.

# PSALM TONES

(Vatican Version)

399.

With Organ Accompaniment by Ignace Müller

## FIRST TONE.

Pri-mus Tonus sic inci-pi-tur, sic flécti-tur, † et sic me-di-á-tur:\*

D  
at-que sic fi-ní - tur.

D other ending.  
at-que sic fi-ní - tur.

D<sup>2</sup>  
at-que sic fi-ní - tur.

f  
at-que sic fi-ní - tur.

g  
at-que sic fi-ní - tur.

g<sup>2</sup>  
at-que sic fi-ní - tur.

g<sup>3</sup>  
at-que sic fi-ní - tur.

a  
at-que sic fi-ní - tur.

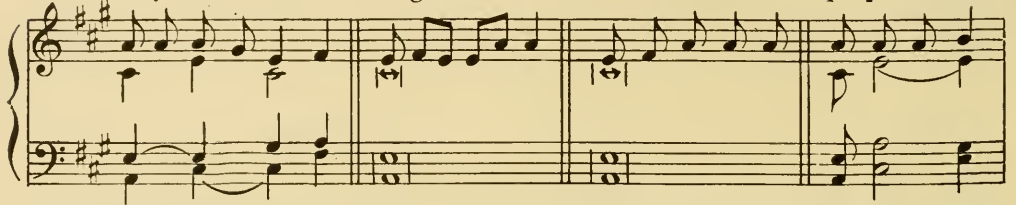
## SECOND TONE.

Se-cun-dus To-nus sic in-cí-pi-tur, sic fléc-ti-tur † et sic me-di-á-tur: \*



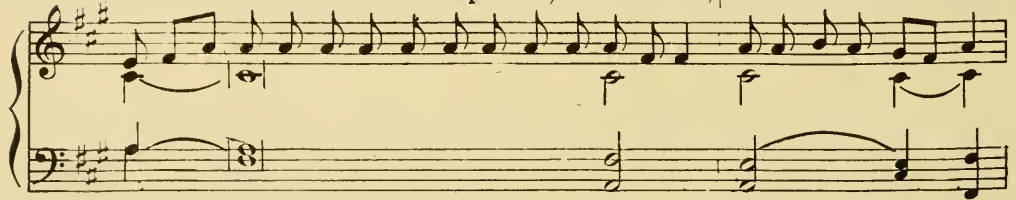
D *Finalis unica.*

at-que sic fi-ní-tur. Ma-gní-fi-cat. Et ex-sul-tá-vit...qui po-tens est:\*



## THIRD TONE.

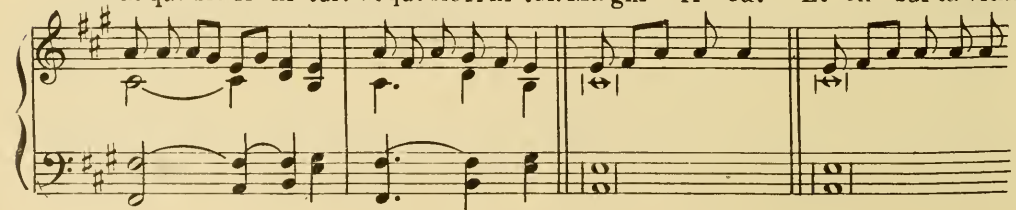
Tér-ti-us To-nus sic in-cí-pi-tur, sic flécti-tur, † et sic me-di-á-tur: \*



<sup>b</sup> at-que sic li-ní-tur. <sup>a</sup> at-que sic fi-ní-tur. <sup>a<sup>2</sup></sup> at-que sic fi-ní-tur.



<sup>g</sup> at-que sic fi-ní-tur. <sup>g<sup>2</sup></sup> at-que sic fi-ní-tur. Ma-gní-fi-cat \* Et ex-sul-tá-vit...etc.





FOURTH TONE.

Quar-tus To-nus sic inci-pi-tur, sic flécti-tur,† et sic medi-á-tur: \*

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in common time. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a large, sweeping slur across the first two measures, and a series of chords in the right hand. The voice part consists of a single line of melody with lyrics underneath.

g                                  E                                  A

at-que sic fi-ní-tur.    at-que sic fi-ní-tur.    at-que sic fi-ní-tur.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into three measures by double bar lines. The first measure shows the beginning of the melody and accompaniment. The second measure continues the melody with a longer note. The third measure shows the melody ending with a quarter note and the accompaniment with a half note.

Ma - gni - fi - cat \* Et ex - sul - tá - vit.... qui po - tens est:.....

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and a final half note. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The score is divided into three measures by double bar lines.

FIFTH TONE.

Quintus To-nus sic in-cí-pi - tur, sic flécti-tur† et sic me-di-á - tur:\*

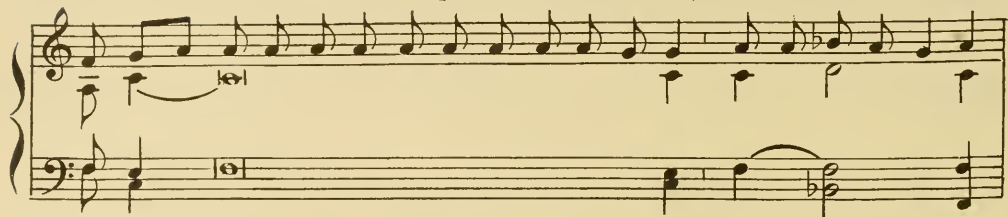
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style.

a *Finalis unica.*

a *Finalis unica.*  
at-que sic fi-ní-tur Ma-gní-fi-cat\* Et ex-sul-tá-vit etc. qui po tens est:\*

## SIXTH TONE.

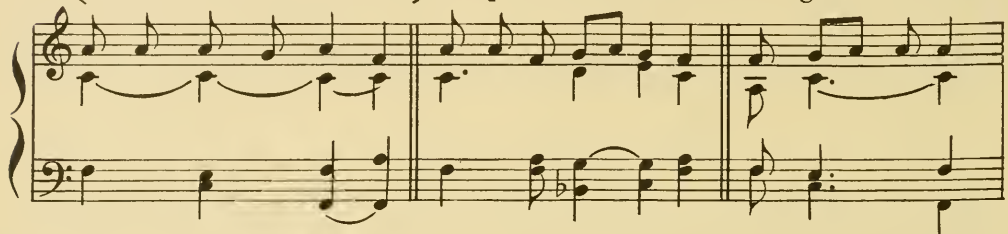
Sex-tus    To-nus sic in-cí-pi-tur, sic flécti-tur, + et sic me-di-á-tur:\*



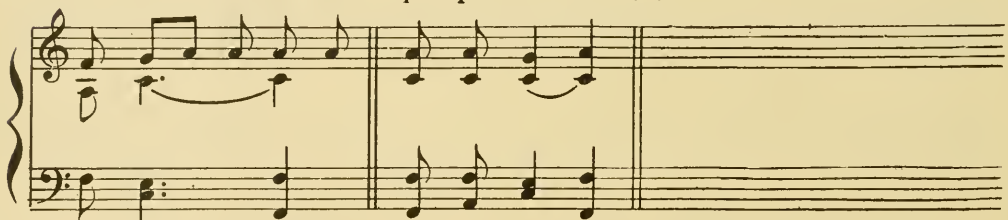
*vel alio modo.*

*Finalis unica.*

[et sic me - di - á - tur.\*] at-que sic fi - ní - tur. Ma - gní - fi - cat \*

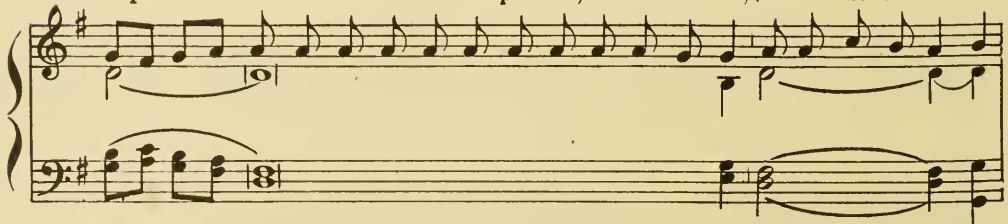


Et ex - sul - tá - vit...qui po - tens est:✠..



SEVENTH TONE.

Sép - ti - mus To-nus sic in-cí - pi - tur, sic flécti - tur, † et sic me-di - á - tur: \*



a  
At-que sic fi-ní-tur.

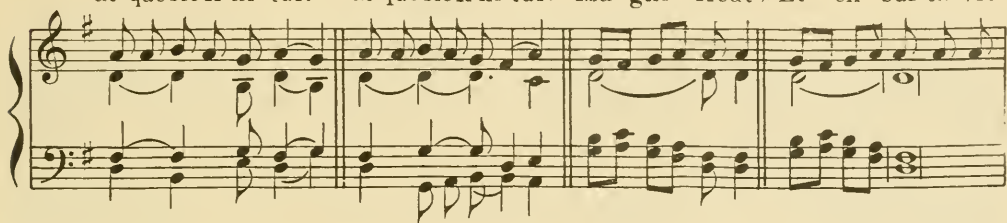
b  
at-que sic fi-ní-tur.

c  
at-que sic fi-ní-tur.



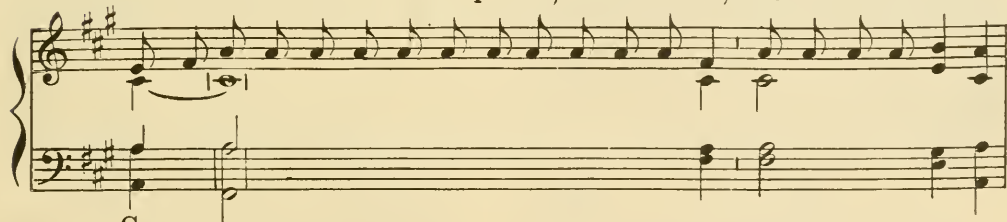
c2  
at-quesicfi-ní-tur.

d  
at-quesicfi-ní-tur. Ma-gní-ficat \* Et ex-sul-tá-vit...



## EIGHTH TONE.

Oc-tá-vus To-nus sic in-cí-pi-tur, sic flécti-tur, † et sic me-di-á-tur: \*

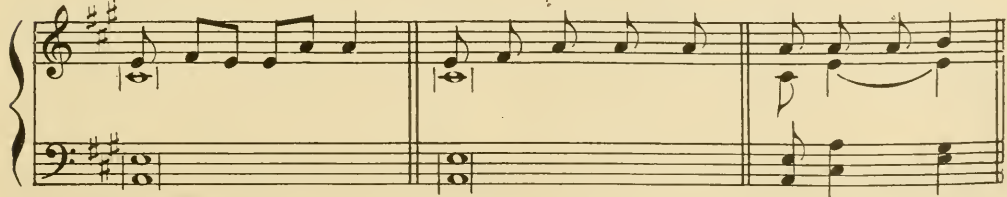


G  
at-que sic fi-ní-tur.

c  
at-que sic fi-ní-tur.

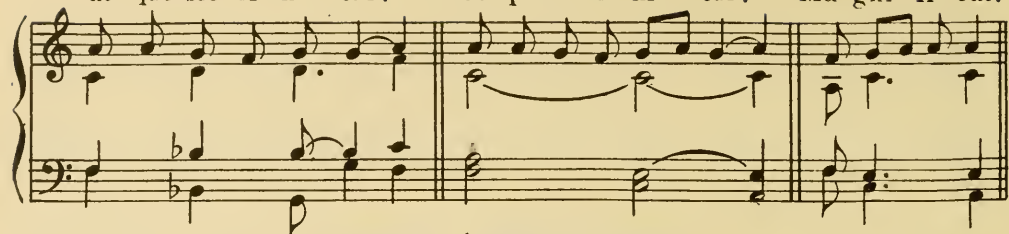


Ma-gní-fi-cat \* Et ex-sul-tá-vit... qui po-tens est, \*



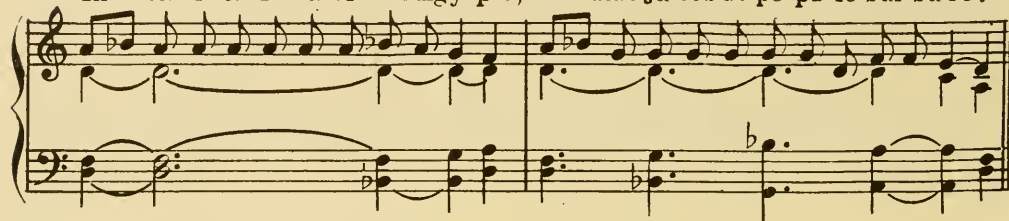
a<sup>2</sup>

at-que sic fi-ní-tur. at-que sic fi-ní-tur. Ma-gní-fi-cat.



## TONUS PEREGRINUS.

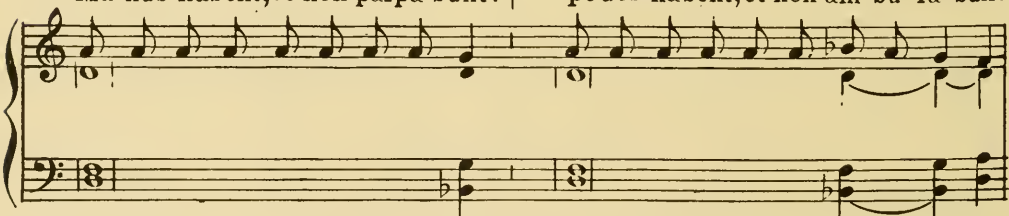
In éx-i-tu Is-ra-el de AEgý-pto,\* do-mus Ja-cob de pó-pu-lo bár-ba-ro.



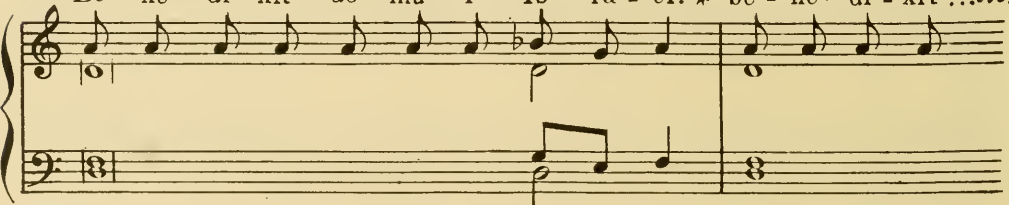
Facta est Judaé-a sancti-fi-cá-ti-o ejus: \* Isra-el po-tés-tas e-jus.

*flexa.*

Ma-nus habent, et non palpá-bunt:† pedes habent, et non am-bu-lá-bunt\*..

*Mediatio contracta.*

Be ne - dí - xit dó - mu - i Is - ra - el: \* be - ne - dí - xit ...etc.





# VESPER PSALMS

THE FOLLOWING ARE ALL THE PSALMS SUNG  
ON FESTIVALS AND SUNDAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

---

## 400. Dixit Dóminus.

Psalm 109.

Dixit Dóminus Dómino meo: \* Sede a dextris meis:

2. Donec ponam inimicos tuos, \* scabéllum pedum tuorum.

3. Virgam virtútis tuæ emittet Dóminus ex Sion: \* domináre in médio inimicórum tuorum.

4. Tecum princípium in die virtútis tuæ in splendóribus Sanctórum: \* ex útero ante luciferum genui te.

5. Jurávit Dóminus, et non paenitébit eum: \* Tu es Sacerdos in aetérnum secúndum ordinem Melchisedech.

6. Dóminus a dextris tuis: \* confrégit in die iræ suæ reges.

7. Judicábit in natióibus, implébit ruínas: \* conquassábit cápita in terra multórum.

8. De torrénite in via bibet: \* proptérea exaltábit caput.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

## 401. Confitébor Tibi.

Psalm 110.

Confitebor tibi Dómine in toto corde meo; in consílio justórum, et congregatióne.

2. Magna ópera Dómini: \* exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus.

3. Conféssio et magnificéntia opus ejus: \* et justitia ejus manet in saeculum saeculi.

4. Memóriam fecit mirabílium suórum, † miséricors et miserátor Dóminus: \* escam dedit timéntibus se.

5. Memor erit in saeculum testaménti sui: \* virtútem óperum suórum annuntiábit pópulo suo:

6. Ut det illis haereditátem géntium: \* ópera mánuum ejus véritas et judícium.

7. Fidélia ómnia mandáta ejus: † confirmáta in saeculum saeculi, \* facta in veritáte et aequitáte.

8. Redemptiõem misit pópulo suo: \* mandávit in aetérnum testaméntum suum.

9. Sanctum, et terribile nomen ejus: \* iníitium sapiéntiae timor Dómini.

10. Intelléctus bonus ómnibus faciéntibus eum: \* laudatio ejus manet in saeculum saeculi.

11. Glória Patri, etc.

## 402. Beátus Vir.

Psalm 111.

Beátus vir qui timet Dóminum, \* in mandátis ejus volet nimis.

2. Potens in terra erit semen ejus; \* generatio rectórum benedicétur.

3. Glória et divitiae in domo ejus; \* et justitia ejus manet in saeculum saeculi.

4. Exórtum est in ténébris lumen rectis, \* miséricors et miserátor, et justus.

5. Jucúndus homo qui miserétur et cómmodat, † dispónet sermónes suos in judicio; \* quia in aetérnum non commovébitur.

6. In memória aetérna erit justus: \* ab auditióne mala non timébit.

7. Parátum cor ejus speráre in Dómino, † confirmátum est cor ejus: \* non commovébitur donec despiciat inimicos suos.

8. Dispérsit, dedit paupéribus: † justitia ejus manet in saeculum saeculi, \* cornu ejus exaltábitur in glória.

9. Peccátor vidébit, et irascétur, † déntibus suis fremet, et tabéscet: \* desidérium peccatórum peribit.

10. Glória Patri, etc.

## 403. Laudáte, Púeri.

Psalm 112.

Laudáte púeri Dóminum: \* laudáte nomen Dómini.

2. Sit nomen Dómini benedictum: \* ex hoc nunc, et usque in saeculum.

3. A solis ortu usque ad occásum, \* laudábile nomen Dómini.

4. Excélsus super omnes gentes Dóminus, \* et super coelos glória ejus.

5. Quis sicut Dóminus Deus noster, qui in altis hábitat, \* et humília réspicit in coelo et in terra?

6. Súscitans a terra ínopem, \* et de stércore érigens páuperem:

7. Ut cóllocet eum cum princípibus, \* cum princípibus pópuli sui.

8. Qui habitáre facit stérilem in domo, \* matrem filiórum laetántem.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 404. In Exitu Israël.

Psalm 113.

In exitu Israël de Ægypto, \* domus Jacob de populo bárbaro:

2. Facta est Judaëa sanctificatio ejus, \* Israël potestas ejus.

3. Mare vidit, et fugit: \* Jordánis convérsus est retrórsum.

4. Montes exsultavérunt ut arietes, \* et colles sicut agni óvium.

5. Quid est tibi mare, quod fugísti? \* et tu Jordánis, quia convérsus es retrórsum?

6. Montes exsultástis sicut arietes, \* et colles sicut agni óvium?

7. A fácie Dómini mota est terra, \* a fácie Dei Jacob:

8. Qui convértit petram in stagna aquárum, \* et rupem in fontes aquárum.

9. Non nobis, Dómine, non nobis: \* sed nómini tuo da glóriam:

10. Super misericórdia tua et veritáte tua: \* nequándo dicant gentes: Ubi est Deus eórum?

11. Deus autem noster in coelo: \* ómnia quaecúmque vóluit, fecit.

12. Simulácra géntium argéntum et aurum, \* ópera mánuum hóminum.

13. Os habent, et non loquéntur: \* óculos habent, et non vidébunt.

14. Aures habent, et non áudient: \* nares habent, et non odorábunt.

15. Manus habent, et non palpábunt: † pedes habent, et non ambulábunt: \* non clamábunt in gútture suo.

16. Similes illis fiant qui faciunt ea: \* et omnes qui confidunt in eis.

17. Domus Israël sperávit in Dómino: \* adjútór eórum et protéctor eórum est.

18. Domus Aaron sperávit in Dómino: \* adjútór eórum et protéctor eórum est.

19. Qui timent Dóminum, speravérunt in Dómino: \* adjútór eórum et protéctor eórum est.

20. Dóminus memor fuit nostri: \* et benedixit nobis.

21. Benedixit dómui Israël: \* benedixit dómui Aaron.

22. Benedixit ómnibus qui timent Dóminum, \* pusillis cum majóribus.

23. Adjíciat Dóminus super vos: \* super vos, et super filios vestros.

24. Benedicti vos a Dómino, \* qui fecit coelum, et terram.

25. Coelum coeli Dómino: \* terram autem dedit filiis hóminum.

26. Non mórtui laudábunt te, Dómine: \* neque omnes, qui descéndunt in inférnum.

27. Sed nos qui vivimus, benedicimus Dómino, \* ex hoc nunc, et usque in saeculum.

28. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 405.

#### Magnificat.

Cánticum B. V. M.

Magnificat \* ánima mea Dóminum.

2. Et exsultávit spíritus meus \* in Deo salutári meo.

3. Quia respéxit humilitátem ancillae suae: \* ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes generatiónes.

4. Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est, \* et sanctum nomen ejus.

5. Et misericórdia ejus a progénie in progénies \* timéntibus eum.

6. Fecit poténtiam in bráchio suo: \* dispérsit supérbos mente cordis sui.

7. Depósuit poténtes de sede, \* et exaltávit húmiles.

8. Esuriéntes implévit bonis: \* et dívites dimísit inánes.

9. Suscépit Israël púerum suum, \* recordátus misericórdiae suae:

10. Sicut locútus est ad patres nostros, \* Abraham, et sémini ejus in saécula.

11. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 406. Confitébor Quóniam.

Psalm 137.

Confitébor tibi, Dómine, in toto corde meo: \* quóniam audísti verba oris mei.

2. In conspéctu Angelórum psallam tibi: \* adorábo ad templum sanctum tuum, et confitébor nómini tuo.

3. Super misericórdia tua, et veritáte tua: \* quóniam magnificásti super omne, nomen sanctum tuum.

4. In quacúmque die invocávero te, exáudi me: \* multiplicábis in ánima mea virtútem.

5. Confitéántur tibi, Dómine, omnes reges terrae: \* quia audiérunt ómnia verba oris tui:

6. Et cantent in viis Dómini: \* quóniam magna est glória Dómini.

7. Quóniam excélsus Dóminus, et humília respicit: \* et alta a longe cognóscit.

8. Si ambulávero in médio tribulatiónis, vivificábis me: † et super iram inimicórum meórum extendísti manum tuam, \* et sal-vum me fecit délixtera tua.

9. Dóminus retríbuet pro me: † Dómine misericórdia tua in saeculum: \* ópera mánuum tuárum ne despicias.

10. Glória Patri, etc.

## 407. Crédidi.

Psalm 115.

Crédidi, propter quod locútus sum: \* ego autem humiliátus sum nimis.

2. Ego dixi in excéssu meo: \* Omnis homo mendax.

3. Quid retribuam Dómino, \* pro ómnibus quae retribuit mihi?

4. Cálicem salutáris accípiam: \* et nomen Dómini invocábo.

5. Vota mea Dómino reddam coram omni pópulo ejus: \* pretiósa in conspéctu Dómini mors sanctórum ejus:

6. O Dómine quia ego servus tuus: \* ego servus tuus, et filius ancillae tuae.

7. Dirupísti víncula mea: † tibi sacrificábo hóstiam laudis, \* et nomen Dómini invocábo.

8. Vota mea Dómino reddam in conspéctu omnis pópuli ejus: \* in átriis domus Dómini, in médio tui Jerúsalem.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

## 408. In Converténdo.

Psalm 125.

In converténdo Dóminus captivitátem Sion: \* facti sumus sicut consoláti.

2. Tunc replétum est gáudio os nostrum: \* et lingua nostra exsultatióne.

3. Tunc dicent inter gentes: \* Magnificávit Dóminus fácere cum eis.

4. Magnificávit Dóminus fácere nobiscum, \* facti sumus laetántes.

5. Convérte, Dómine, captivitátem nostram, \* sicut torrens in Austro.

6. Qui sémant in lácrimis, \* exsultatióne metent.

7. Euntes ibant et flebant, \* mitténtes sémína sua.

8. Veniéntes autem vénient cum exsultatióne \* portántes manipulos suos.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

## 409. Dómine Probásti Me.

Psalm 138.

Dómine, probásti me, et cognovísti me: \* tu cognovísti sessiódinem meam et resurrectiódinem meam.

2. Intellexísti cogitatiónes meas de longe: \* sémitam meam et funículum meum investigásti.

## 409.—Continued

3. Et omnes vias meas praevidísti: \* quia non est sermo in lingua mea.

4. Ecce Dómine tu cognovísti ómnia novíssima et antiqua: \* tu formásti me, et posuísti super me manum tuam.

5. Mirábilis facta est sciéntia tua ex me: \* confortáta est, et non pótero ad eam.

6. Quo ibo a spíritu tuo? \* et quo a fácie tua fúgiam?

7. Si ascéndero in coelum, tu illic es: \* si descéndero in inférnum, ades.

8. Si sumpsero pennas meas dilúculo, \* et habitávero in extrémis maris:

9. Etenim illuc manus tua dedúcet me: \* et tenébit me dextera tua.

10. Et dixi: Fórsitan ténebrae conculcábunt me: \* et nox illuminátió mea in delíciis meis.

11. Quia ténebrae non obscurabúntur a te, † et nox sicut dies illuminábitur: \* sicut ténebrae ejus, ita et lumen ejus.

12. Quia tu possedísti renes meos: \* suscepísti me de útero matris meae.

13. Confitébor tibi, quia terribiliter magnificátus es: † mirabilia ópera tua, \* et ánima mea cognóscit nimis.

14. Non est occultátum os meum a te, quod fecísti in occulto: \* et substántia mea in inferióribus terrae.

15. Imperfécum meum vidérunt óculi tui, † et in libro tuo omnes scribéntur: \* dies formabúntur, et nemo in eis.

16. Mihi autem nimis honorificáti sunt amíci tui Deus: \* nimis confortátus est principátus eórum.

17. Dinumerábo eos, et super arénam multiplicabúntur: \* exsurrexi, et adhuc sum tecum.

18. Si occideris Deus peccatóres: \* viri ságuinum declináte a me:

19. Quia dicitis in cogitatióne: \* accipient in vanitáte civitátes tuas.

20. Nonne qui odérunt te Dómine óderam? \* et super inimícos tuos tabescébam?

21. Perfécito ódio óderam illos: \* et inimíci facti sunt mihi.

22. Proba me Deus, et scito cor meum: \* intérroga me, et cognósce sémitas meas.

23. Et vide, si via iniquitátis in me est: \* et deduc me in via aetérna.

24. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 410. De Profúndis.

Psalm 129.

- De profúndis clamávi ad te Dómine: \*  
Dómine exáudi vocem meam.  
2. Fiant aures tuae intendéntes \* in vocem deprecationis meae.  
3. Si iniquitátes observáveris Dómine: \* Dómine, quis sustinébít?  
4. Quia apud te propitiátio est: \* et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Dómine.  
5. Sustinuit ánima mea in verbo ejus: \* sperávit ánima mea in Dómino.  
6. A custódia matutina usque ad noctem, \* speret Israël in Dómino.  
7. Quia apud Dóminum misericórdia: \* et copiósa apud eum redemptio.  
8. Et ipse rédimet Israël \* ex ómnibus iniquitátibus ejus.  
9. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 411. Meménto, Dómine, David.

Psalm 131.

- Meménto Dómine David, \* et omnis mansuetúdinis ejus:  
2. Sicut jurávit Dómino, \*, votum vovit Deo Jacob:  
3. Si introíero in tabernáculum domus meae: \* si ascéndero in lectum strati mei:  
4. Si dédero somnum óculis meis, \* et pálpebris meis dormitatióem;  
5. Et réquiem tempóribus meis: donec invéniam locum Dómino, \* tabernáculum Deo Jacob.  
6. Ecce audivimus eam in Ephrata: \* invénimus eam in campis silvae.  
7. Introibimus in tabernáculum ejus: \* adorábimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus.  
8. Surge, Dómine, in réquiem tuam: \* tu et arca sanctificatióis tuae.  
9. Sacerdótes tui induántur justítiam: \* et sancti tui exsúltent.  
10. Propter David servum tuum, \* non avértas faciém Christi tui.  
11. Jurávit Dóminus David veritátem, et non frustrábitur eam: \* de fructu ventris tui ponam super sedem tuam.  
12. Si custodierint filii tui testaméntum meum, \* et testimónia mea haec quae docebo eos:  
13. Et filii eórum usque in saeculum, \* sedébunt super sedem tuam.  
14. Quóniam elégit Dóminus Sion, \* elégit eam in habitatióem sibi.  
15. Haec réquies mea in saeculum saeculi: \* hic habitábo, quóniam elégi eam.  
16. Víduam ejus benedicens benedicam: \* páuperes ejus saturábo pánibus.  
17. Sacerdótes ejus induam salutári: \* et sancti ejus exsultatióne exsultábunt.  
18. Illuc producám cornu David, \* parávi lucérnam Christo meo.  
19. Inimícos ejus induam confusióne: \* super ipsum autem efflorébit sanctificatio mea.  
20. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 412.

#### Laetátus Sum.

Psalm 121.

- Laetátus sum in his, quae dicta sunt mihi: \* in domum Dómini íbimus.  
2. Stantes erant pedes nostri: \* in atriis tuis, Jerúsalem.  
3. Jerúsalem, quae aedificátur ut civitas: \* cujus participátio ejus in idípsum.  
4. Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus, tribus Dómini: \* testimónium Israël ad confiténdum nómini Dómini.  
5. Quia illic sedérunt sedes in iudicio: \* sedes super domum David.  
6. Rogáte quae ad pacem sunt Jerúsalem; \* et abundantia diligéntibus te.  
7. Fiat pax in virtúte tua: \* et abundantia in túrribus tuis.  
8. Propter fratres meos et próximos meos, \* loquébar pacem de te:  
9. Propter domum Dómini Dei nostri, \* quaesivi bona tibi.  
10. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 413.

#### Nisi Dóminus.

Psalm 126.

- Nisi Dóminus aedificáverit domum: \* in vanum laboravérunt qui aedificant eam.  
2. Nisi Dóminus custodierit civitátem: \* frustra vigilat qui custódit eam.  
3. Vanum est vobis ante lucem súrgere: \* súrgite postquam sederitis, qui manducátis panem dóloris.  
4. Cum déderit diléctis suis somnum: \* ecce haeréditas Dómini: filii, merces, ventris.  
5. Sicut sagittae in manu poténtis: \* ita filii excussórum.  
6. Beátus vir qui implévit desidérium suum ex ipsis: \* non confundétur, cum loquétur inimicis suis in porta.  
7. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 414. Lauda, Jerúsalem.

Psalm 147.

- Lauda, Jerúsalem, Dóminum: \* lauda Deum tuum, Sion.  
2. Quóniam confortávit seras portárum tuárum: \* benedixit filiis tuis in te.  
3. Qui pósuit fines tuos pacem: \* et ádipe fruménti sátiat te.  
4. Qui emittit elóquium suum terrae: \* velóriter currit sermo ejus.  
5. Qui dat nivem sicut lanam; \* nébulam sicut cinerem spargit.  
6. Mittit crystallum suum sicut buccéllas; \* ante faciém frigóris ejus quis sustinébít?  
7. Emittet verbum suum et liquefaciet ea: \* flabit spiritus ejus, et fluent aquae.  
8. Qui annúntiat verbum suum Jacob: \* justítias et judícia sua Israel.  
9. Non fecit táliter omni nátióni: \* et judícia sua non manifestávit eis.  
10. Glória Patri, etc.



## 415. Beáti Omnes.

Psalm 127.

- Beáti omnes qui timent Dóminum, \* qui ámbulant in viis ejus.  
2. Labóres mánuum tuárum quia manducábis: \* beátus es, et bene tibi erit.  
3. Uxor tua sicut vitis abúndans, \* in latéribus domus tuae.  
4. Filii tui sicut novéllae oblivárur, \* in circúitu mensae tuae.  
5. Ecce sic benedicétur homo, \* qui timet Dóminum.  
6. Benedicat tibi Dóminus ex Sion: \* et vídeas bona Jerúsalem ómnibus diébus vitae tuae.  
7. Et vídeas filios filiórur tuórur; \* pacem super Israël.  
8. Glória Patri, etc.

## 416. Ad Dóminum.

Psalm 119.

- Ad Dóminum, cum tribulárer, clamávi: \* et exaudivit me.  
2. Dómine, libera ánimam meam a lábiis iníquis, \* et a lingua dolósa.  
3. Quid detur tibi, aut quid apponátur tibi, \* ad linguam dolósam?  
4. Sagittae poténtis acútae, \* cum carbónibus desolatóriis.  
5. Heu mihi, quia incolátus meus prolongátus est: † habitávi cum habitantibus Cedar: \* multum incola fuit ánima mea.  
6. Cum his, qui odérunt pacem, eram pacíficus: \* cum loquébar illis, impugnábant me gratis.  
7. Réquiem actérnam \* dona eis Dómine.  
8. Et lux perpétua \* lúceat eis.

## 417. Diléxi Quóniam.

Psalm 114.

- Diléxi, quóniam exáudiet Dóminus \* vocem oratióis meae:  
2. Quia inclinávit aurem suam mihi: \* et in diébus meis invocábo.  
3. Circumdedérunt me dolóres mortis: \* et pericula inférni invenérunt me.  
4. Tribulatióem et dolórem invéni: \* et nomen Dómini invocávi.  
5. O Dómine, libera ánimam meam: † miséricors Dóminus, et justus, \* et Deus noster miserétur.  
6. Custódiens párvulos Dóminus: \* humiliátus sum, et liberávit me.  
7. Convertere ánima mea in réquiem tuam: \* quia Dóminus benefecit tibi.  
8. Quia erípuit ánimam meam de morte, † óculos meos a lácrimis, \* pedes meos a lapsu.  
9. Placébo Dómino \* in regióne vivórum.  
10. Réquiem aetérnam, etc.

## 418. Levávi Oculos.

Psalm 120.

- Levávi óculos meos in montes, \* unde véniet auxiliúm mihi.  
2. Auxiliúm meum a Dómino, \* qui fecit coelum et terram.  
3. Non det in commotióem pedem tuum: \* neque dormitet qui custódit te.  
4. Ecce non dormitábit, neque dórmiet, \* qui custódit Israël.  
5. Dóminus custódit te, Dóminus protectiо tua \* super manum dexteram tuam.  
6. Per diem sol non uret te, \* neque luna per noctem.  
7. Dóminus custódit te ab omni malo: \* custódiat ánimam tuam Dóminus.  
8. Dóminus custódiat intróitum tuum, et éxitum tuum, \* ex hoc nunc, et usque in saéculum.  
9. Réquiem, etc.

## 419. Laudáte Dóminum.

Psalm 116.

- Laudáte Dóminum omnes gentes; \* laudáte eum omnes pópuli.  
2. Quóniam confirmáta est super nos miséricórdia ejus: \* et véritas Dómini manet in aetérnum.  
3. Glória Patri, etc.

## 420. Eripe Me, Dómine.

Psalm 139.

- Eripe me, Dómine, ab hómine malo: \* a viro iníquo eripe me.  
2. Qui cogitavérunt iniquitátes in corde: \* tota die constituébant praélia.  
3. Acuérunt linguas suas sicut serpéntis: \* venénúm áspidum sub lábiis eórum.  
4. Custódi me, Dómine, de manu peccatóris: \* et ab homínibus iníquis eripe me.  
5. Qui cogitavérunt supplantáre gressus meos: \* abscondérunt superbi láqueum mihi:  
6. Et funes extendérunt in láqueum: \* juxta iter scándalum posuérunt mihi.  
7. Dixi Dómino: Deus meus es tu: \* exáudi, Dómine, vocem deprecatióis meae.  
8. Dómine, Dómine, virtus salutis meae: \* obumbrásti super caput meum in die belli:  
9. Ne tradas me, Dómine, a desidério meo peccatóri: † cogitavérunt contra me, \* ne derelinquas me, ne forte exalténtur.  
10. Caput circúitus eórum: \* labor labiórur ipsórum opériet eos.  
11. Cadent super eos carbónes, † in ignem dejicies eos: \* in misériis non subsistent.  
12. Vir linguósus non dirigétur in terra: \* virum injústum mala cápient in intéritu.  
13. Cognóvi quia fáciat Dóminus judiciúm inopis, \* et vindictam páuperum.  
14. Verúmtamen justí confitebúntur nómini tuo: \* et habitábunt recti cum vultu tuo.  
15. Glória Patri. etc.

## 421. Voce Mea.

Psalm 141.

Voce mea ad Dóminum clamávi: \* voce mea ad Dóminum deprecátus sum.

2. Effúndo in conspéctu ejus oratióem meam, \* et tribulatióem meam ante ipsum pronúntio.

3. In deficiéndo ex me spíritum meum, \* et tu cognovisti sémitas meas.

4. In via hac qua ambulábam, \* absconderunt láqueum mihi.

5. Considerábam ad dexteram, et vidébam: \* et non erat qui cognósceret me.

6. Périit fuga a me, \* et non est qui requírat ánimam meam.

7. Clamávi ad te, Dómine; † dixi: Tu es spes mea, \* pórtio mea in terra vivéntium.

8. Inténde ad deprecatióem meam: \* quia humiliátus sum nimis.

9. Libera me a persequéntibus me, \* quia confortáti sunt super me.

10. Educ de custódia ánimam meam ad confiténdum nómini tuo: \* me expéctant justi, donec retribuas mihi.

11. Glória Patri, etc.

## 422: Dómine Clamávi.

Psalm 140.

Dómine, clamávi ad te, exáudi me: \* inténde voci meae cum clamávero ad te.

2. Dirigátur orátio mea sicut incénsus in conspéctu tuo: \* elevátio mánuum meárum sacrificium vespertinum.

3. Pone, Dómine, custódiam ori meo: \* et óstium circumstántiae lábiis meis.

4. Non declínes cor meum in verba malítiae, \* ad excusándas excusatióes in peccátis.

5. Cum homínibus operántibus iniquitátem, \* et non comunicábo cum eléctis eórum.

6. Corrípiet me justus in misericórdia, et increpábit me: \* óleum autem peccatóris non impínguet caput meum.

7. Quóniam adhuc et orátio, mea in benepláctis eórum: \* absórpti sunt juncti petrae júdices eórum.

## 422.—Continued,

8. Audient verba mea quóniam potuérunt: \* sicut crassitúdo terrae erúpta est super terram.

9. Dissipáta sunt ossa nostra secus inférnum: † quia ad te, Dómine, Dómine, óculi mei: \* te sperávi, non áuferas ánimam meam.

10. Custódi me a láqueo quem statuérunt mihi, \* et a scándalis operántium iniquitátem.

11. Cadent in retiáculo ejus peccatóres: \* singuláriter sum ego donec transeam.

12. Glória Patri, etc.

## 423. Consérva Me, Dómine.

Psalm 15.

Consérva me, Dómine, quóniam sperávi in te: † Dixi Dómino: Deus meus es tu, \* quóniam bonórum meórum non eges.

2. Sanctis, qui sunt in terra ejus, \* mirificávit omnes voluntátes meas in eis.

3. Multiplicatae sunt in infirmitates eórum: \* póstea acceleravérunt.

4. Non congregábo conventícula eórum de sanguínibus: \* nec memor ero nóminum eórum per lábia mea.

5. Dóminus pars haereditátis meae, et cálicis mei: \* tu es qui restítues haereditátem meam mihi.

6. Funes cecidérunt mihi in praecláris: \* étenim haeréditas mea praeclára est mihi.

7. Benedícam Dóminum qui tribuit mihi intelléctum: \* insuper et usque ad noctem increpuérunt me renes mei.

8. Providébam Dóminum in conspéctu meo semper: \* quóniam a dextris est mihi, ne commóvear.

9. Propter hoc laetátum est cor meum, et exsultávit lingua mea: \* insuper et caro mea requiescet in spe.

10. Quóniam non derelínques ánimam meam in inférno: \* nec dabis sanctum tuum vidére corruptiόem.

11. Notas mihi fecísti vías vitae, † adimplébis me lactitia cum vultu tuo: \* delectatióes in dextera tua usque in finem.

12. Glória Patri, etc.

## 424. Miserére Mei, Deus.

Psalm 50.

Miserére mei, Deus, \* secúndum magnam misericórdiam tuam.

2. Et secúndum multitudinem miseratiónum tuárum, \* dele iniquitátem meam.

3. Amplius lava me ab iniquitáte mea: \* et a peccáto meo munda me:

4. Quóniam iniquitátem meam ego cognósco: \* et peccátum meum contra me est semper.

5. Tibi soli peccávi et malum coram te feci: \* ut justificéris in sermónibus tuis, et vincas cum iudicáris.

6. Ecce enim in iniquitatibus concéptus sum: \* et in peccátis concépit me mater mea.

7. Ecce enim veritátem dilexisti: \* incérta et occúlta sapiéntiae tuae manifestásti mihi.

8. Aspérget me hyssópo et mundábor: \* lavábis me et super nivem dealbábor.

9. Auditui meo dabis gáudium et laetitiam: \* et exsultábunt ossa humiliáta.

10. Avérte fáciem tuam a peccátis meis: \* et omnes iniquitátes meas dele.

11. Cor mundum crea in me, Deus: \* et spiritum rectum innova in viscéribus meis.

12. Ne projicias me a fácie tua: \* et spíritum sanctum tuum ne áuferas a me.

13. Redde mihi laetitiam salutáris tui: \* et spíritu principáli confírma me.

14. Docébo iníquos vias tuas: \* et ímpii ad te converténtur.

15. Líbera me de sanguínibus, Deus, Deus salutis meae: \* et exsultábit lingua mea justítiam tuam.

16. Dómine, lábia mea apéries: \* et os meum annuntiábit laudem tuam.

17. Quóniam si voluísse sacrificium, desíseim útique: \* holocáustis non delectáberis.

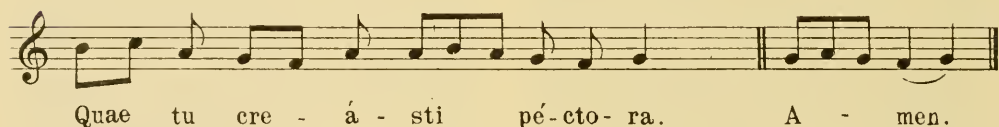
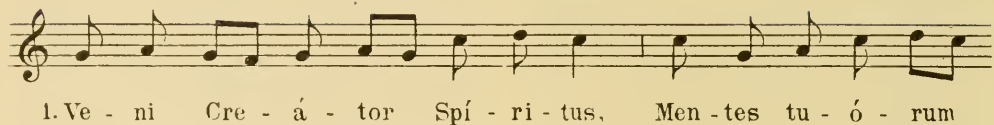
18. Sacrificium Deo spíritus contribulátus: \* cor contrítum et humiliátum, Deus, non despícies.

19. Benigne fac, Dómine, in bona voluntáte tua Sion: \* ut aedificéntur muri Jerúsalem.

20. Tunc acceptábis sacrificium justitiae, oblatiões, et holocáusta: \* tunc impónent super altáre tuum vítulos.

21. Glória Patri, etc.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.  
(Pentecost.)



2.  
Qui diceris Paráclitus,  
Altíssimi donum Dei,  
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas.  
Et spiritalis unctio.

3.  
Tu septiformis munere,  
Dígitus Patérnae dexteræ,  
Tu rite promissum Patris,  
Sermonē ditans gúttura.

4.  
Accende lumen sēnsibus  
Infunde amorē cōrdibus  
Infirma nostri cōporis  
Virtute firmans pēpeti.

5.  
Hostem repēllas lōngius,  
Pacēque dones prōtinus;  
Ductōre sic te praevio,  
Vitēmus omne nōxium.

6.  
Per te sciāmus da Patrem,  
Noscāmus atque Fílium:  
Teque utriusque Spíritum:  
Credāmus omni tēpore.

7.  
Deo Patri sit glória,  
Et Fílio, qui a mōrtuis  
Surrēxit, ac Paráclito,  
In saeculōrum saecula. Amen.

## First Vespers:

V. Replēti sunt omnes Spíritu Sancto, allelúia.  
R. Et coepērunt loqui, allelúia.

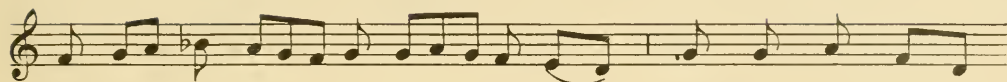
## Second Vespers:

V. Loquebāntur vāriis linguis Apóstoli, allelúia.  
R. Magnália Dei, allelúia.

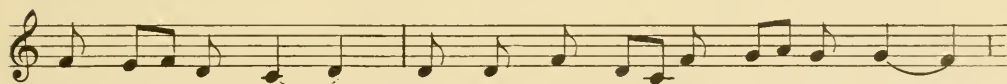


## Vexilla Regis.

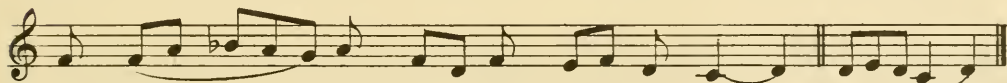
(Passion Sunday and Palm Sunday.)



1. Ve - xi - la Re - gis pró - de - unt; Ful - get Cru - eis



mys - té - ri - um, Qua vi - ta mor tem pér - tu - lit,



Et mor - - te vi - tam pró - tu - lit. A - men.

2.

Quæ vulneráta lanceæ  
Mucróne diro, críminum  
Ut nos laváret sórdibus,  
Manávit unda et sáanguine.

3.

Impléta sunt quæ cóncinit  
David fidéli cármine,  
Dicéndo natió nibus:  
Regnávit a ligno Deus.

4.

Arbor decóra et fúlvida,  
Ornáta Regis púrpura,  
Elécta digno stípíte,  
Tam sancta membra tángere.

5.

Beáta cujus bráchiis  
Pretíum pepéndit saéculi,  
Statéra facta córporis,  
Tulítque praedam tártari.

6.

O Crux, ave, spes única,  
Hoc Passiónis témpore,  
Piis adáuge grátiam,  
Reis que dele crímina.

7.

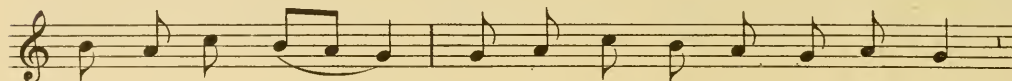
Te, fons salútis, Trínitas  
Colláudet omnis spíritus:  
Quibus Crucis victóriam  
Largíris, adde praémium.

V. Eripe me, Domine, ab hómine malo.

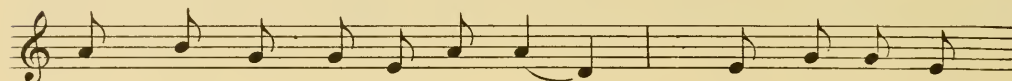
R. A viro iníquo éripe me.



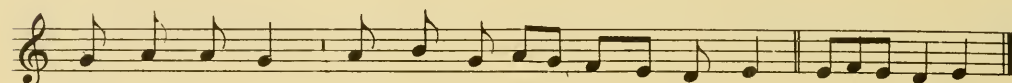
1. Pan - ge lin - gua glo - ri - ó - si Cór - po - ris



my - sté - ri - um San - gui - nís - que pre - ti - ó - si,



Quem in mun - di pré - ti - um, Fru - ctus ven - tris



ge - ne - ró - si Rex ef - fú - dit gén - ti - um. A - men.

2.

Nobis datus, nobis natus  
Ex intacta Virgine,  
Et in mundo conversatus,  
Sparsa verbi semine,  
Sui moras incolatus  
Miro clausit ordine.

3.

In supræmæ nocte coenæ  
Recumbens cum fratribus,  
Observata lege plene  
Cibus in legalibus,  
Cibum turbæ quodænae  
Se dat suis manibus.

4.

Verbum caro panem verum  
Verbo carnem efficit:  
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;  
Et si sensus deficit,  
Ad firmandum cor sincerum  
Sola fides sufficit.

5.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui;  
Et antiquum documentum  
Novo cedat ritui:  
Praestet fides supplementum  
Sensuum defectui.

6.

Genitori, Genitôque  
Laus et jubilatio,  
Salus, honor virtus quoque  
Sit et benedictio:  
Procedenti ab utroque  
Compar sit laudatio.  
Amen.

V. Panem de coelo praestitisti eis, allelûia.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem, allelûia.

Sa - cris so - lé - mni - is jun-cta sint gáu-  
di - a, Et ex prae - cór - di - is so-nent  
prae-có - ni - a: Re - cé - dant vé - te - ra, no - va  
sint ó-mni-a, Cor - da vo - ces — et ó - pe - ra.

2.

Noctis recólitur coena novíssima,  
Qua Christus créditur agnum et ázymba  
Dedísse frátribus, juxta legítima  
Priscis indúlta pátribus.

3.

Post agnum týpicum, explétiis épulis,  
Corpus Domínicum datum discípullis,  
Sic totum ómnibus, quod totum síngulis,  
Ejus fatémur mánibus.

4.

Dedit fragílibus córporis férculum,  
Dedit et trístibus sánguiniis póculum,  
Dicens: Accípite quod trado vásculum  
Omnes ex eo bíbite.

5.

Sic sacrificium istud instituit.  
Cujus officium commítte vóluit  
Solis Presbýteris, quibus sic cóngruit,  
Ut sumant, et dent caeteris.

6.

Panis Angélicus fit panis hóminum  
Dat panis coélicus figúris términum;  
O res mirábilis! mandúcat Dóminum  
Pauper, servus et húmilis.

7.

Te, trina Dcítas unáque, póscimus,  
Sic nos tu vísitá, sicut te cólmus:  
Per tuas sémitas duc nos quo teéndimus  
Ad lucem quam inhábitas. Amen.

1. Lau-da, Si-on, Sal-va-to'-rem, Lau-da du-cem et pa-sto'-rem,  
In hym-nis et can-ti-eis. 2. Quan-tum po-tes, tan-tum au-de:  
Qui-a ma-jor o-mni lau-de, Nec lau-da-re súf-fi-eis, 3. Lau-disthe-ma  
spe-ci-á-lis, Pa-nis vi-vus et vi-tá-lis Hó-di-e pro-pó-ni-tur.  
4. Quem in sa-eræ men-sa coe-nae, Tur-bae frat-rum du-o-dé-nae  
Da-tum non am-bí-gi-tur. 5. Sit laus ple-na, sit só-no-ra,  
Sit ju-cún-da, sit de-có-ra Men-tis ju-bi-lá-ti-o. 6. Di-es e-nim  
so-lém-nis á-gi-tur, In qua men-sae pri-ma re-có-li-tur.  
Hu-jus in-sti-tú-ti-o 7. In hac men-sa no-vi Re-gis, No-vum  
Pas-cha no-vae le-gis Pha-se ve-tus tér-mi-nat. 8. Ve-tu-stá-tem nó-vi-tas.  
Um-bram fu-gat vé-ri-tas, No-ctem lux e-lí-mi-nat. 9. Quod in coe-na  
Chri-stus ges-sit, Fa-ci-én-dum hoc ex-prés-sit In su-i me-mó-ri-am.



10. Do-eti sa-eris in-sti-tú-tis, Pa-nem, vi-num in sa-lú-tis

Con-se-crá-mus hó-sti-am. 11. Do-gma da-tur chri-sti-á-nis, Quod in

car-nem tran-sit pa-nis, Et vi-num in sán-gui-nem. 12. Quod non ca-pis,

quod non vi-des, A-ni-mo-sa fir-mat fi-des. Prae-ter re-rum ór-di-nem.

13. Sub di-vér-sis spe-ci-é-bus, Si-gnis tan-tum, et non re-bus.

La-tent res ex í-mi-ae 14. Ca-ro ci-bus, san-guis po-tus:

Ma-net ta-men Chri-stus to-tus Sub u-trá-que spé-ci-e.

15. A su-mén-te non con-cí-sus, Non con-frá-etus, non di-ví-sus:

In-te-ger ac-cí-pi-tur. 16. Su-mit u-nus, sum-unt mil-le: Quan-tum 1-sti

tan-tum il-le: Nec sum-ptus con-sú-mi-tur. 17. Sumunt bo-ni, sum-unt ma-li:

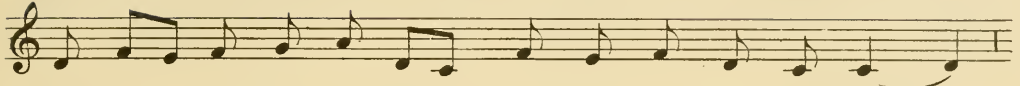
Sor-te ta-men in-ae-qua-li. Vi-tae vel in-tér-i-tus. 18. Mors est ma-lis,

vi-ta bo-nis: Vi-de, pa-ris sum-pti-ó-nis, Quam sit dis-par éx-i-tus.

19. Fra-cto de-mum Sa-cra-mén-to, Ne va-cíl-les, sed me-mén-to Tan-tum es-se  
sub fra-gmén-to, Quan-tum to - to té-gi-tur. 20. Nul-la re-i fit scis-sú-ra:  
Si-gni tan-tum fit fra-ctú-ra, Qua nec sta-tus, nec sta-tú-ra  
Si-gná-ti mi-nú-i-tur. 21. Ec-ce pa-nis An-ge ló-rum, Factus ei-bus  
vi-a-tó-rum: Ve-re pa-nis fi-li-ó-rum, Non mit-tén-dus cá-ni-bus.  
22. In fi-gú-ris prae-si-gná-tur, Cum I-sa-ac im-mo-lá-tur  
A-gnus Pas-chae de-pu-tá-tur, Da-tur man-na pa-tri-bus.  
23. Bó-ne pas-tor pa-nis ve-re, Je-su, nos-tri mi-se-ré-re:  
Tu nos pa-sce, nos tu-é-re, Tu nos bo-na fac vi-dé-re In-ter-  
ra vi-ven-ti-um, 24. Tu qui cun-cta scis et va-les, Qui nos pa-  
scis hic mor-tá-les: Tu-os i-bi com-men-sá-les, Co-hae-ré  
des et so-dá-les Fac san-ctó-rum cí-vi-um. A-men.

## Te, Joseph, Celebrent.

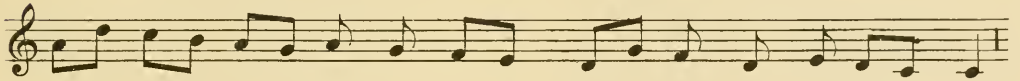
(Feast of St. Joseph.)



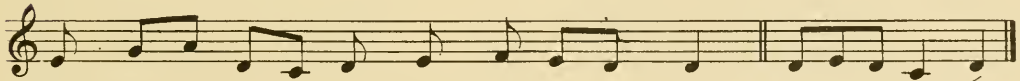
1. Te, Jo - seph, cé - le - brent ág - mi - na coe - li - tum,



Te cun - cti ré - so - nent chri - stí - a - dum cho - ri,



Qui cla - rus mé - ri - tis, jun - ctus es ín - cly - tae



Cas - to fce - de - re Vír - gi - - ni. A - men.

2.

Almo cum túmidam gérmine cónjugem  
 Admírans, dúbio tängeris ánxius,  
 Afflátu súperí Fláminis Angelus  
 Concéptum púerum docet.

4.

Post mortem réliquos mors pia cónsecrat  
 Palmámque eméritos glória súscipit,  
 Tu vivens, súperis par, frúeris Deo,  
 Mira sorte beátior.

3.

Tu natum Dóminum stríngis, ad éxteras  
 Ægýpti prófugum tu séqueris plagas,  
 Amíssum Sólymis quaeris, et ínvenis,  
 Miscens gáudia flétibus.

5.

Nobis, summa Trias, parce precántibus,  
 Da, Joseph méritis, sídera scándere;  
 Ut tandem líceat nos tibi pérpetim  
 Gratum prómere cánticum.

## First Vespers:

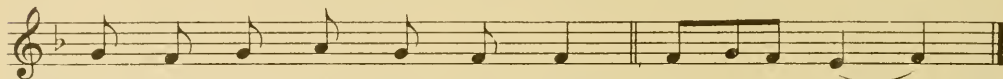
V. Constituit eum dóminum domus suae. V. Glória et divítiae in domo ejus.

R. Et princípem omnis possessionis suae. R. Et justítia ejus manet in saéculum saéculi.

## Second Vespers:



1. Sta-bat Ma-ter do-lo-ró-sa, Ju-xta cru-cem lacry-mó-sa,



Dum ven-dé-bat Fí-li-us. A - - men.

2.  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
Pertransiuit gladius.

3.  
O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater Unigeniti!

4.  
Quae moerébat, et dolébat,  
Pia, Mater, dum vidébat  
Nati pœnas inelyti.

5.  
Quis est homo, qui non fletet,  
Matrem Christi si vidéret  
In tanto supplicio?

6.  
Quis non pòsset contristári,  
Christi Matrem contemplári  
Dolentem cum Fílio?

7.  
Pro peccátis suæ gentis,  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagéllis subditum.

8.  
Vidit suum duleem natum  
Moriendo desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.

9.  
Eia Mater, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris,  
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.

10.  
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi compláceam.

11.  
Sancta Mater istud agas,  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
Cordi meo válide.

12.  
Tui nati vulneráti,  
Tam dignáti pro me pati,  
Pœnas mecum divide.

13.  
Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifixo condolère,  
Donec ego víxero.

14.  
Juxta Crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociáre  
In planctu desidero.

15.  
Virgo víginum præclára,  
Mihi jam non sis amára  
Fac me tecum plângere.

16.  
Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,  
Passiónis fac consórtem.  
Et plagas recólere.

17.  
Fac me plagis vulnerári,  
Fac me cruce inebriári,  
Et cruóre Fílii.

18.  
Flammis ne urar succénsus,  
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus  
In díe júdicii.

19.  
Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,  
Da per Matrem me veníre  
Ad palmam victóriæ.

20.  
Quando corpus moriétur,  
Fac ut animæ donétur  
Paradísi glória. Amen.

V. Regína Mártýrum, ora pro nobis.

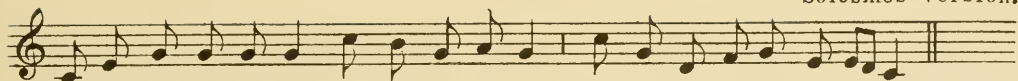
R. Quae juxta Crucem Jesu constituísti.



# Attende, Domine.

432.

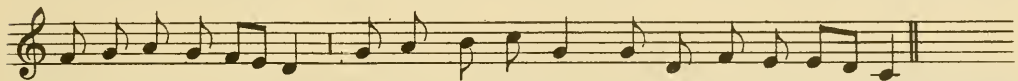
Solesmes Version.



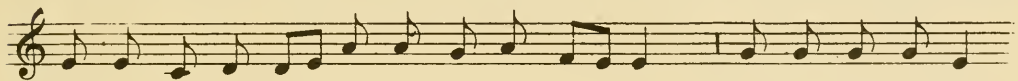
At-tén-de, Dó-mi-ne, et mi-se-ré-re, qui-a pec-cá-vi-mus ti-bi. R: Atténde.



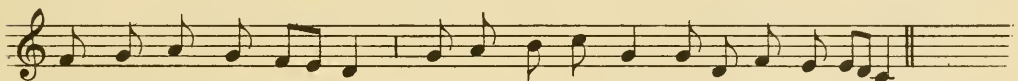
1. Ad te Rex sum-me, ó-mni-um Re-dém-ptor ó-cu-los no-stros



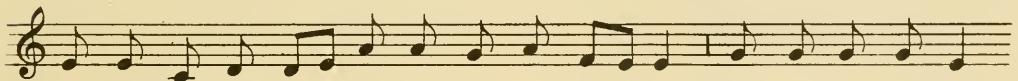
su-ble-vá-mus flen-tes: ex-áu-di, Chri-ste, sup-pli-cán-tum pre-ces R: Atténde



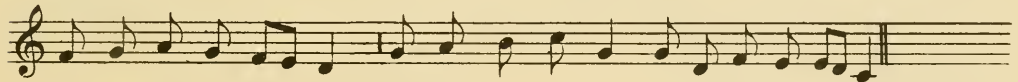
2. Déx-te-ra Pa-tris, la-pis an-gu-lá-ris. vi-a sa-lú-tis,



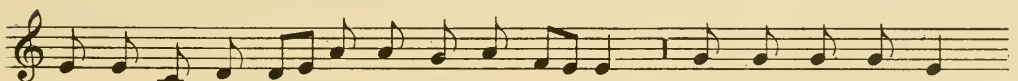
já-nu-a coe-lé-stis, á-blu-e no-stri má-cu-las de-lí-cti. R: Atténde.



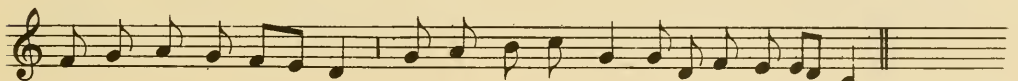
3. Ro-gá-mus, De-us, tu-am ma-je-stá-tem: áu-ri-bus sa-cris



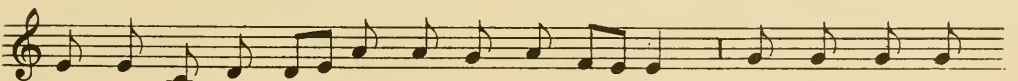
gé-mi-tus ex-áu-di: crí-mi-na no-stra plá-ci-dus in-dúl-ge. R: Atténde.



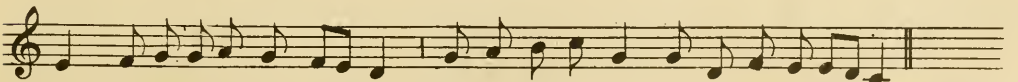
4. Ti-bi fa-té-mur crí-mi-na ad-mís-sa: con-trí-to cor-de



pán-di-mus oc-cúl-ta: tu-a, Re-dém-ptor, pí-e-tas i-gnó-scat. R: Atténde.

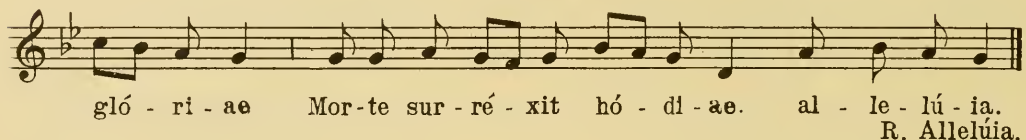
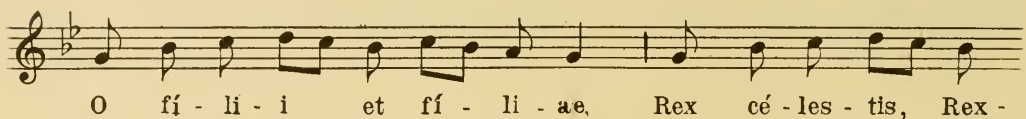
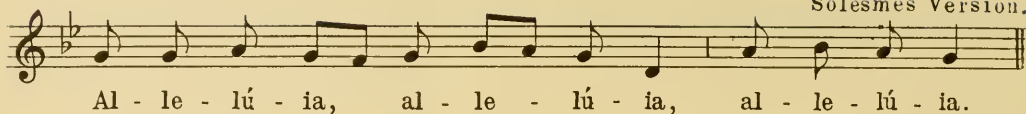


5. In-nó-cens cap-tus, nec re-pug-nans du-ctus. tés-ti-bus fal-



sis pro ím-pi-is dam-ná-tus: quos re-de-mí-sti, tu con-sér-va, Chri-ste. R: Atténde.

Solesmes Version.



2.

Et mane prima sábbati,  
Ad óstium monuménti  
Accessérunt discípuli, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

3.

Et María Magdaléne,  
Et Jacóbi, et Salóme,  
Venérunt corpus úngere, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

4.

In albis sedens Ángelus  
Prædixit mulléribus:  
In Galilaéa est Dóminus, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

5.

Et Joánnes Apóstolus  
Cucúrrit Petro cítius,  
Monuménto venit prius, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

6.

Discípulis adstántibus,  
In médio stetit Christus,  
Dicens: Pax vobis ómnibus, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

7.

Ut intelléxit Dídymus  
Quia surrexerat Jesus,  
Remánsit fere dúbius, allelúia  
R. Allelúia.

8.

Vide Thoma, vide latus,  
Vide pedes, vide manus,  
Noli esse incrédulus, allelúia  
R. Allelúia.

9.

Quando Thomas Christi latus,  
Pedes vidit atque manus,  
Dixit: Tu es Deus meus, allelúia  
R. Allelúia.

10.

Beáti qui non vidérunt,  
Et fírmiter credidérunt  
Vitam aetérnam habébunt, allelúia  
R. Allelúia.

11.

In hoc festo sanctíssimo  
Sit laus et jubilátio,  
Benedicámus Dómino, allelúia  
R. Allelúia.

12.

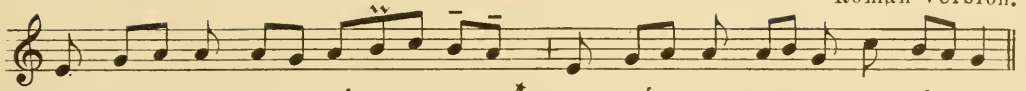
De quibus nos humíllimas  
Devótas atque débitas  
Deo dicámus Grátias, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

# Te Deum Laudamus.

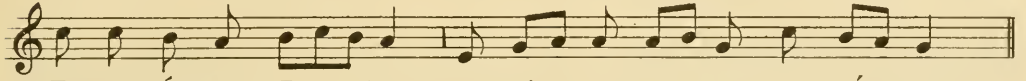
(Pro Gratiarum Actione.)

434.

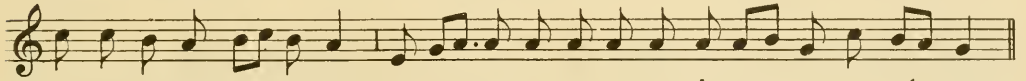
Roman Version.



Te De - um lau - dá - mus: \* te Dó - mi - num con - fi - té - mur -



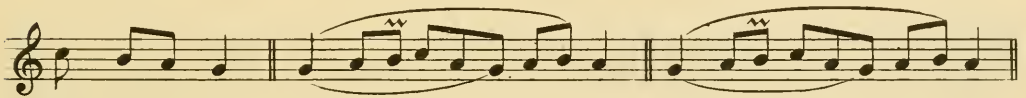
Te ae - té - rum Pa - trem o - mnis ter - ra ve - ne - rá - tur.



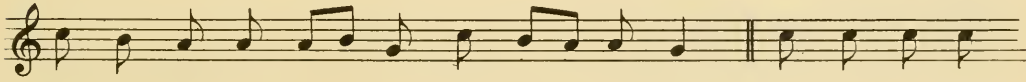
Ti - bi o - mnes An - ge - li, ti - bi coe - li et u - ni - vér - sae po - te - stá - tes.



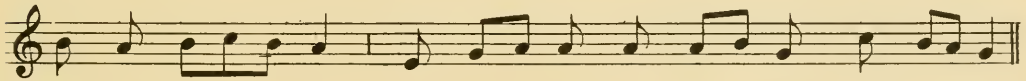
Ti - bi Ché - ru - bim et Sé - ra - phim in - ces - sá - bi - li vo - ce



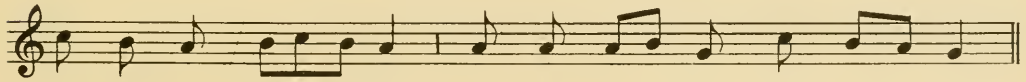
pro - clá - mant. San - - ctus: San - - ctus:



San - ctus Dó - mi - nus De - us Sá - ba - oth. Ple - ni sunt coe -



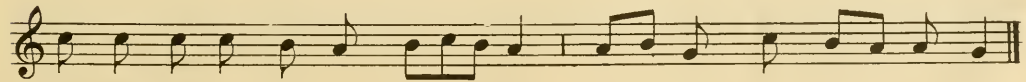
li et ter - ra ma - je - sta - tis gló - ri - ae tu - ae.



Te glo - ri - ó - sus A - po - sto - ló - rum cho - rus:



Te Pro - phe - tá - rum lau - dá - bi - lis nú - me - rus:



Te Már - ty - rum can - di - dá - tus. lau - dat ex - ér - ci - tus.

Te per or-bem ter - rá - rum san - cta con - fi - té -

tur Ec - clé - si - a: Pa - - trem im - mén - sae

ma - je - stá - tis: Ve - ne - rán - dum tu - um ve - rum,

et ú - ni - cum Fí - li - um: San - - etum quo - que

Pa - rá - cli - tum Spí - ri - tum. Tu Rex gló - ri - ae, Chri - ste.

Tu Pa - tris sem - pí - tér - nus es Fí - li - us.

Tu ad li - be - rán - dum su - sce - ptú - rus hó - mi - nem,

non hor - ru - í - sti Vír - gi - nis ú - te - rum

Tu de - ví - cto mor - tis a - cú - le - o, a - pe -

ru - í - sti cre - dén - ti - bus re - gna coe - ló - rum.

Tu ad dēx - te - ram De - i se - des, in gló - ri - a Pa - tris.



Ju - - dex cré - de - ris es - se ven - tú - rus.

Te er - go quae - su - mus, tu - is fá - mu - lis súb - ve - ni,

quos pré - ti - o - so sán - gul - ne red - e - mi - sti.

E - tér - na fac cum san - ctis tu - is in gló - ri - a

nu - me - rá - ri. Sal - vum fac pó - pu - lum tu - um

Dó - mi - ne et bé - ne - dic hae - re - di - tá - ti

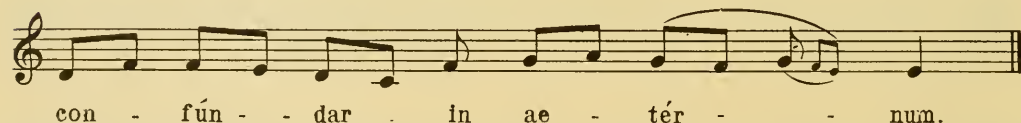
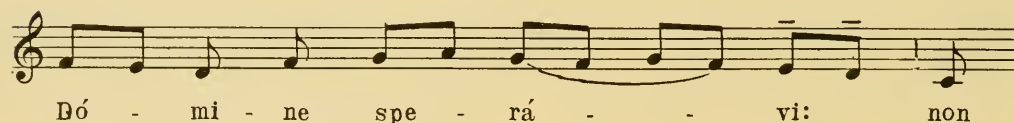
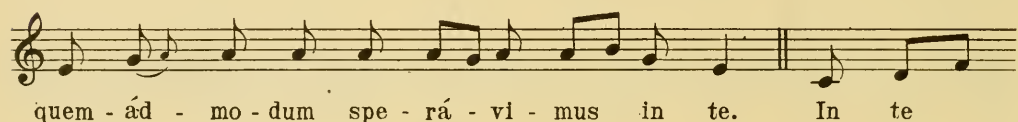
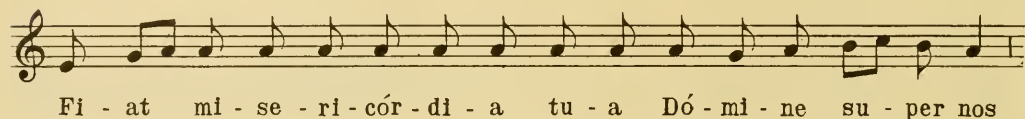
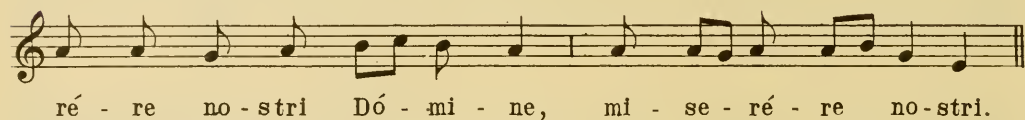
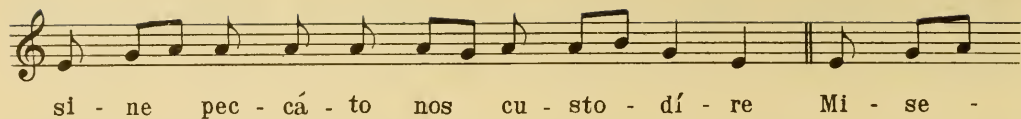
tu - ae. Et re - ge e - os, et ex - tól - le il - los

us - que in ae - tér - num. Per sín - gu - los dí - es,

be - ne - dí - ci - mus te. Et lau - dá - mus no - men tu - um

in saé - cu - lum, et in saé - cu - lum saé - cu - li.

Dí - gná - re Dó - mi - ne dí - e - i - - sto



V. Benedicámus Patrem et Fílium cum Sancto Spíritu.

R. Laudémus et superexaltémus eum in saécula.

V. Benedíctus es Dómine in firmaménto coeli.

R. Et laudábilis, et gloriósus, et superexaltátus in saécula.

V. Dómine exáudi oratíonem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te véniat.

V. Dóminus vobíscum. R. Et cum spíritu tuo.

Orémus.

Deus, cujus misericordiae non est númerus, et bonitátis infínitus est thesáurus: piíssimae majestáti tuae pro collátis donis grátias ágimus, tuam semper cleméntiam exorántes; ut qui peténtibus postuláta concédís, eósdem non déserens, ad praemia futúra dispónas. Per Christum Dóminum nostrum. R. Amen.

**SOLEMN VESPERS**

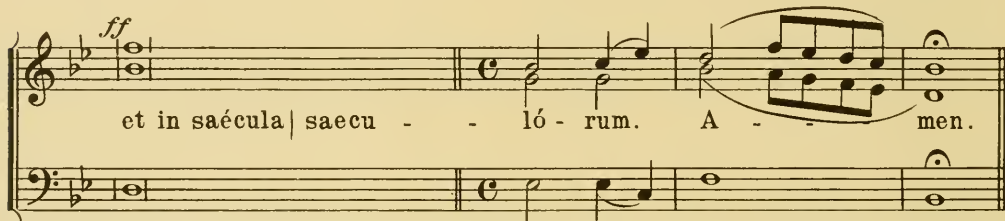
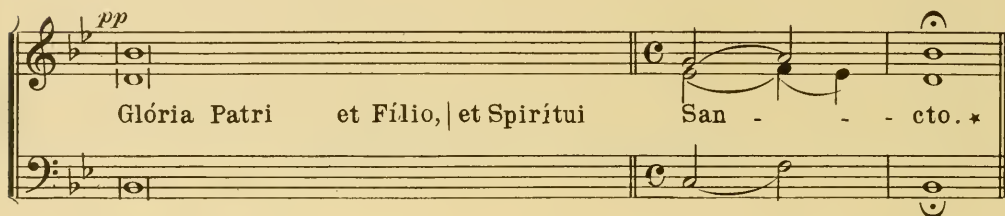
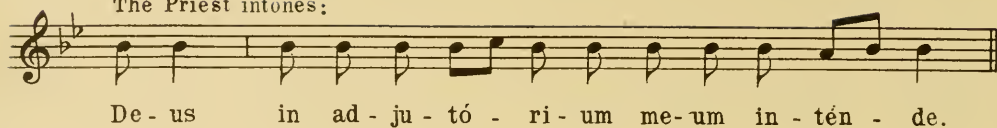
**OF THE FEASTS**

**OF THE**

**BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.**

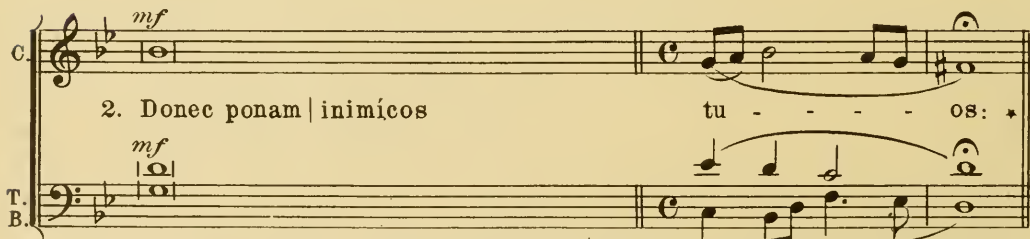
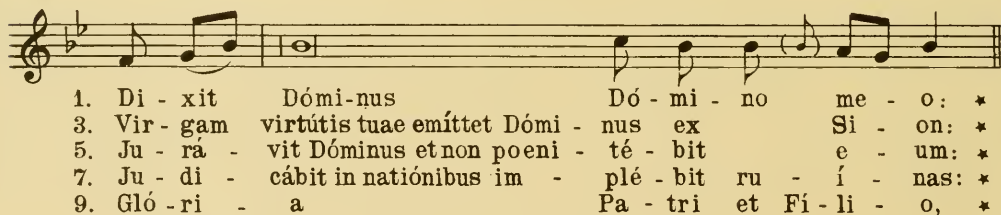
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The Priest intones:



## 436.

Ps. 109 - DIXIT



6. Dóminus | a dextris tu - - - is \*
8. De torrén-te | in via bi - - - bet \*
10. Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc, et sem - - - per, \*



# ADJUTORIUM.

A. C. H.

*mf*

S  
A  
B

Dó-mi-ne | ad adjuvándum me fes - ti - - na.

*mf*

Sicut erat in princípío, | et nunc et sem - per,

*ff*

Al-le - lú - - ia! Laus tibi Dómine, | Rex ae - tér-nae gló - ri - ae.

\*From Septuagesima Sunday until Easter Sunday.

## DOMINUS. (Tone III.)

- |  |                           |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1. se-de a   | dex - tris me - is.       |
| 3. domináre in medio inimicó - - -                 | rum tu - ó - rum.         |
| 5. Tu es sacérdos in aetérnum secúndum órdis - - - | em Mel - chi - se - dech. |
| 7. conquassábit cápita in                          | terra mul - tó - rum.     |
| 9. et Spirí - - - - -                              | tu - i San - cto.         |

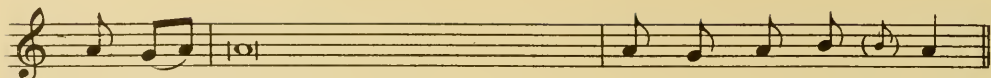
B. H. E.

2. scabéllum | pedum tu - - - - - ó - - - - - rum.

- |   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| 4. ex útero   ante lucíferum génu - - - - - | i - - - - - te.   |
| 6. confrégit   in die irae suae             | re - - - - - ges. |
| 8. proptérea   exaltábit                    | ca - - - - - put. |
| 10. et in saécula   saeculórum.             | A - - - - - men.  |

## 437.

Ps. 112 - LAUDATE



1. Lau - dá - te                      pú - e - ri Dó - mi - num: ★  
 3. A so - lis ortu us                      que ad oc - cá - sum: ★  
 5. Quis si - cut Dóminus Deus noster qui      in al - tis há - bi - tat: ★  
 7. Ut cól - locet e -                      um cum prin - cí - pi - bus: ★  
 9. Gló - ri - a                      Pa - tri et Fí - li - o, ★

*mf*

C

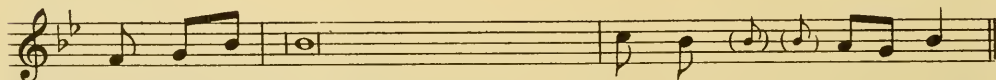
T *mf*

B

2. Sit nomen Dómini | bene                      dí -                      ctum: ★  
 4. Excélsus | super omnes gentes                      Dó -                      mi - nus ★  
 6. Súscitans | a terra                      ín -                      o - pem: ★  
 8. Qui habitáre facit | stérilem in                      do -                      mo: ★  
 10. Sicut erat in princípio, | et nunc, et                      sem -                      per, ★

## 438.

Ps. 121 - LAETATUS



1. Lae - tá - tus sum in his, quae                      dic - ta sunt mi - hi: ★  
 3. Je - rú - salem quae aedifi -                      cá - tur ut cí - vi - tas: ★  
 5. Qui - a                      illic sedérunt sedes                      in ju - dí - ci - o, ★  
 7. Fl - at                      pax in vir -                      tú - te                      tu - a: ★  
 9. Prop - ter                      domum Dómini                      De - i                      no - stri ★

*mf*

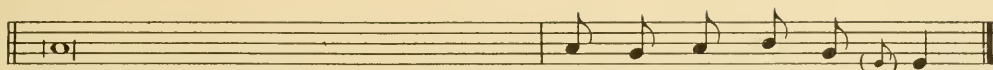
C

T *mf*

B

2. Stantes erant | pedes                      no -                      stri ★  
 4. Illuc enim ascénderunt tribus | tribus                      Dó -                      mi - ni: ★  
 6. Rogáte quae ad pacem | sunt Je -                      rú -                      sa - lem: ★  
 8. Propter fratres meos, | et próximos                      me -                      os: ★  
 10. Glória Patri, | et                      Fí -                      li - o, ★  
 11. Sicut erat in princípio, | et nunc et                      sem -                      per, ★

PUERI. (*Tone IV.*)



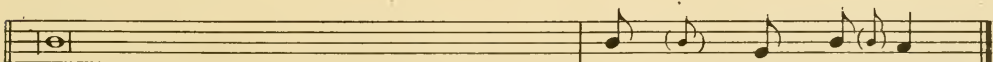
- |                 |             |                   |            |               |
|-----------------|-------------|-------------------|------------|---------------|
| 1. lau          | - - - -     | dá - te           | no - men   | Dó - mi - ni. |
| 3. laudá        | - - - -     | bi - le           | no - men   | Dó - mi - ni. |
| 5. et humília   | réspicit in | coe - lo          | et in      | ter - ra?     |
| 7. cum princípi | - - - -     | bus pó - pu - li  | su - i.    |               |
| 9. et           |             | Spi - rí - tu - i | San - cto. |               |

B. H. E.



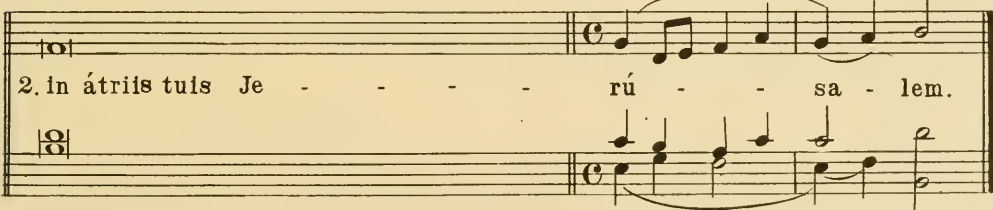
- |                                 |                     |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| 2. ex hoc nunc,   et usque in   | saé - - - cu - lum. |
| 4. et super coelos   glória     | e - - - jus.        |
| 6. et de stércore   érigens     | páu - - pe - - rem. |
| 8. matrem   filiórum lae -      | tán - - - tem.      |
| 10. et in saécula   saeculórum. | A - - - men.        |

SUM. (*Tone III.*)



- |                            |                |                |
|----------------------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. in domum                | Dó - mi - ni   | í - bi - mus.  |
| 3. cujus participatio ejus | In             | id - íp - sum. |
| 5. sedes super             | do - - mum     | Da - vid.      |
| 7. et abundantia in        | túr - ri - bus | tu - is.       |
| 9. quaesívi                | bo - - na      | ti - bi.       |

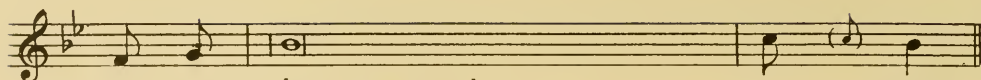
B. H. E.



- |   |                |
|---|----------------|
| 4. testimónium Israël   ad confiténdum nómini | Dó - mi - ni.  |
| 6. et abundantia   diligén -                  | ti - - bus te. |
| 8. loquébar   pacem                           | de te.         |
| 10. et Spíritui                               | San - - - cto. |
| 11. et in saécula   saeculórum.               | A - - - men.   |

## 439.

Ps. 126 - NISI



1. Ní - si Dóminus aedificáverit do - mum \*  
 3. Va - num est vobis ante lucem súr - ge - re \*  
 5. Si - cut sagittae in manu po - - - tén - tis: \*  
 7. Gló - ri - a Patri, et Fí - li - o, \*

*mf*

C

2. Nisi Dóminus | custodiérit civi - tá - - - tem, \*

*mf*

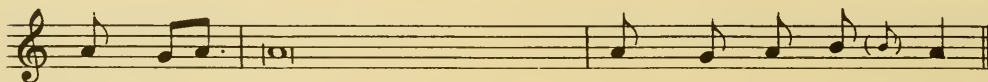
T

B

4. Cum déderit | diléctis suis so - - - mnum: \*  
 6. Beátus vir qui implévit | desidérium suum ex ip - - - sis: \*  
 8. Sicut erat in princípío, | et nunc, et sem - - - per, \*

## 440.

Ps. 147 - LAUDA



1. Lau - da Je - - - - - rú - sa - lem Dó - mi - num \*  
 3. Qui pó - sult fi - - - - nes tu - os pa - cem \*  
 5. Qui dat ni - - - - - vem si - cut la - nam \*  
 7. E - mít - tet verbum suum et lique - fá - ci - et e - a \*  
 9. Non fe - cit táliter o - - - - mni na - ti - ó - ni, \*

*mf*

C

2. Quóniam confortávit | seras portárum tu - á - - - - rum: \*

*mf*

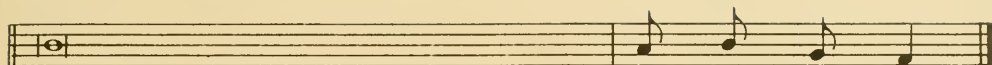
T

B

4. Qui emíttit | elóquium suum ter - - - - - rae: \*  
 6. Mittit crystállum suam | sicut buc - - - - - cél - - - - - las: \*  
 8. Qui annúntiat | verbum suum Ja - - - - - cob: \*  
 10. Glória Patri, | et Fí - - - - - li - - - - - o, \*  
 11. Sicut erat in princípío, | et nunc, et sem - - - - - per, \*

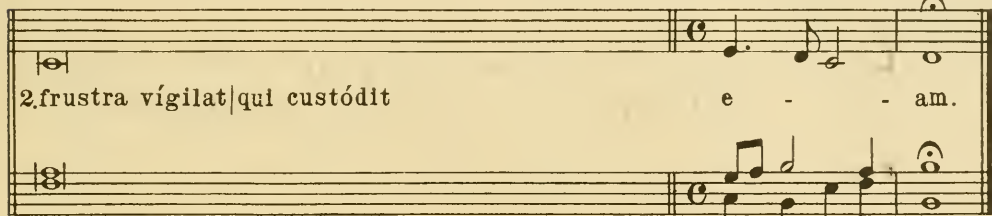


# DOMINUS. (Tone VIII.)



1. in vanum laboravérunt qui aedí - - - fi - cant e - am.  
 3. súrgite postquam sedéritis qui manducátis pa - nem do - ló - ris.  
 5. ita fílii ex - cus - só - rum.  
 7. et Spirí - - - - - tu - í San - cto.

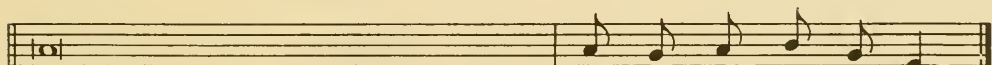
B. H. E.



2. frustra vígilat | qui custódit e - - - am.

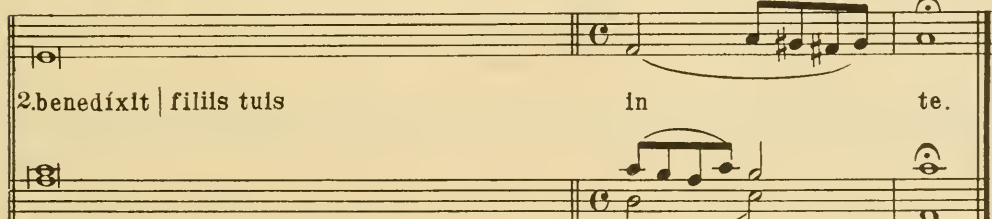
4. ecce haeréditas Dómini | fílii: merces, fructus ven - - tris.  
 6. non confundétur, | cum loquétur inimícis suis in por - - ta.  
 8. et in saécula | saeculórum. A - - - men.

# JERUSALEM. (Tone IV.)



1. lauda De - um tu - um Si - on.  
 3. et ádipe fru - - - - - mén - ti sá - ti - at te.  
 5. nébulam sí - - - - - cut cí - ne - rem spar - git.  
 7. flabit spíritus e - - - - - jus et flu - ent a - quae.  
 9. et judícia sua non ma - - - - - ní - fe - stá - vit e - ls.

B. H. E.



2. benedíxit | filíis tuis in te.

4. velóclter | currit sermo e - - - - - jus.  
 6. ante fáciem frígoris ejus | quis susti - - - - - né - - - - - bit?  
 8. justítias, | et judícia sua I - - - - - sra - - - - - el.  
 10. et Spíritui San - - - - - cto.  
 11. et in saécula | saeculórum. A - - - - - men.

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i ma - ter al - ma,  
Hail, Star of the Sea, Nurturing Mother of God.

Loose the bonds of sense, Bring light upon error.

3. Sol - ve vin - cla - re - is, Pro - fer lu - men cae - cis,  
Virgin ex - cel - ling, Gentle above all the gentlest,

5. Vir - go sin - gu - lá - ris, In - ter o - mnes mi - tis,  
7. Sit laus De - o Pa - tri, Sum - mo Chri - sto de - cus,  
Praise be to God, the Father, Glory to Christ in the Highest

Moderato.

Hail, thou same, receiving Gabriel's words,

2. Su - mens il - lud A - - - ve

4. Mon - stra te es - se ma - - - trem,  
Show thyself to be (our) Mother,

6. Vi - tam prae - sta pu - - - ram,  
Mark out the unsullied life,

cresc.

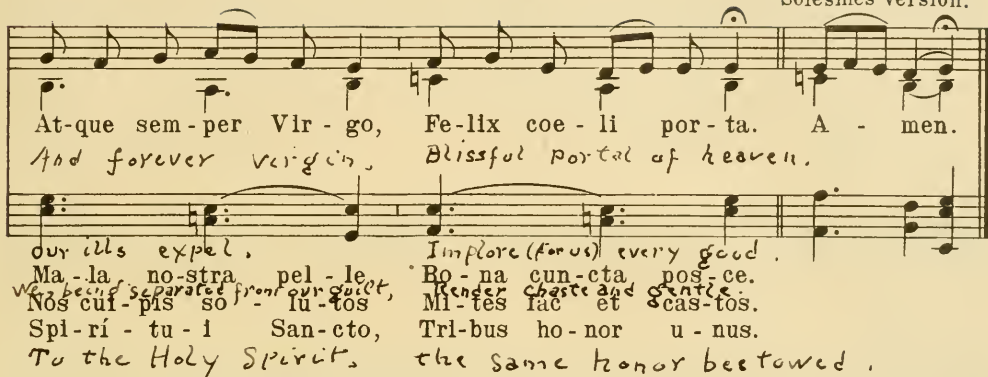
us in prae, changing  
nos in pa - - - ce, Mu - tans  
no - bis na - - - tus, Tu - lit  
us incarnate, Received (thee)

dén - tes Je - - - sum, Sem - per  
behold - ing Je - sus, We shall rejoice

V. Dignáre me, laudáre te, Virgo sacráta.

# STELLA.

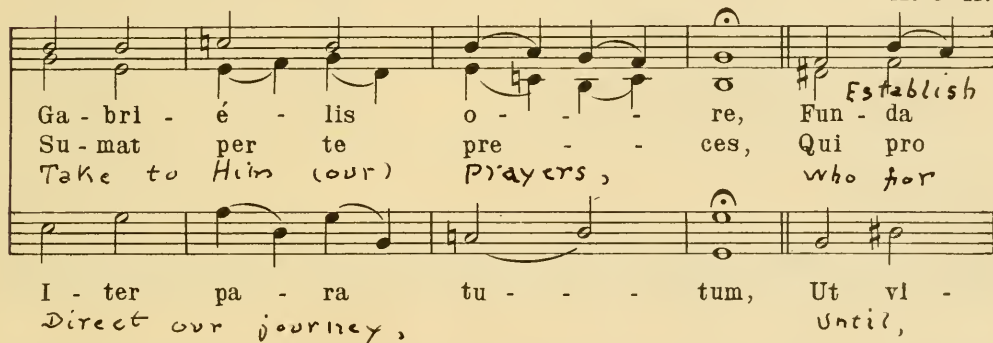
Solesmes Version.



At-que sem-per Vir-go, Fe-lix coe-li por-ta. A-men.  
 And forever virgin, Blissful portal of heaven.

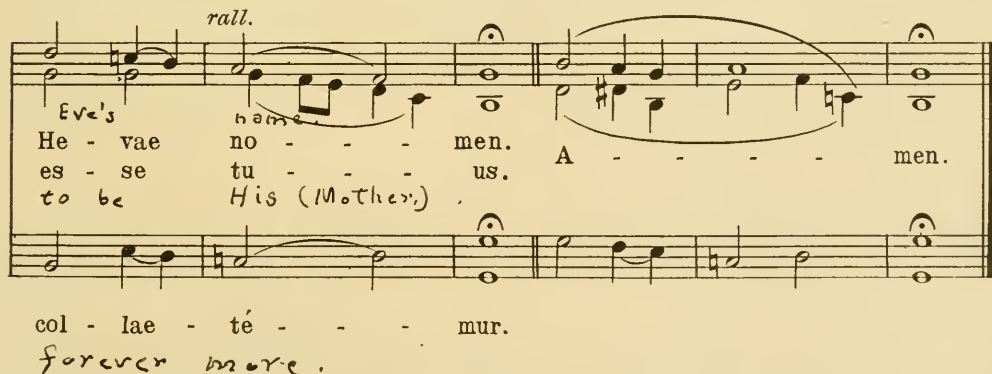
our ills expel, Implore (for us) every good.  
 Ma-la no-stra pel-le Ro-na eun-cta pos-ce.  
*We being separated from our quiet,* *Render chaste and gentle.*  
 Nos cui-pis so-lu-tos, Mi-tes fac et scas-tos.  
 Spl-ri-tu-i San-cto, Tri-bus ho-nor u-nus.  
 To the Holy Spirit, the same honor bestowed.

A. C. H.



Ga-bri-é-lis o-re, Fun-da  
 Su-mat per te pre-cis, Qui pro  
 Take to Him (our) Prayers, who for

I-ter pa-ra tu-tum, Ut vi-  
 Direct our journey, Until,



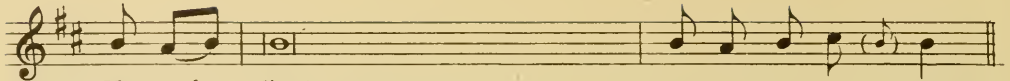
*rall.*  
 Eve's name, He-vae no-men. A-men.  
 es-se tu-us. A-men.  
 to be His (Mother),

col-lae-té-mur.  
 forever more.

R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

## 442.

## MAGNIFICAT.



1. Ma - gni - ficat. \*  
 3. Qui - a respéxit humilitátem an - cil - lae su - ae: \*  
 5. Et mi - sericórdia ejus a progéni - e in pro - gé - ni - es: \*  
 7. De - pó - suit po - - - - - tén - tes de se - de, \*  
 9. Sus - cé - pit Israë! pú - e - rum su - um, \*  
 11. Gló - ri - a Pa - tri et Fí - li - o, \*

*mf*

C 2. Et exsultávit | Spíritus me - - - us: \*

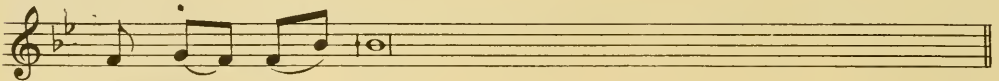
*mf*

T B

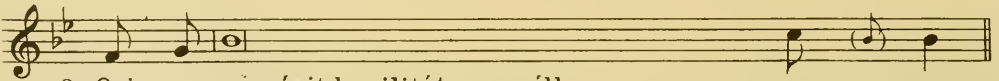
4. Quia fecit mihi magna | qui po - - - tens est: \*  
 6. Fecit poténtiam | in bráchio su - - - o: \*  
 8. Esuriéntes | implévit bo - - - nis: \*  
 10. Sicut locútus est | ad patres no - - - stros, \*  
 12. Sicut erat in principio, | et nunc, et sem - - - per, \*

## 443.

## MAGNIFICAT.



1. Ma - gni - fi - cat \*



3. Qui - a respéxit humilitátem ancillae su - ae: \*  
 5. Et mi - sericórdia ejus a progénie in pro - gé - ni - es \*  
 7. De - pó - suit poténtes de se - de, \*  
 9. Sus - cé - pit Israë! púerum su - um, \*  
 11. Gló - ri - a Patri, et Fí - li - o, \*

*mf*

C 2. Et exsultávit | Spíritus Le - - - us, \*

*mf*

T B

4. Quia fecit mihi magna | qui po - - - tens est: \*  
 6. Fecit poténtiam | in bráchio su - - - o: \*  
 8. Esuriéntes | implévit bo - - - nis: \*  
 10. Sicut locútus est | ad patres no - - - stros, \*  
 12. Sicut erat in principio, | et nunc, et sem - - - per, \*

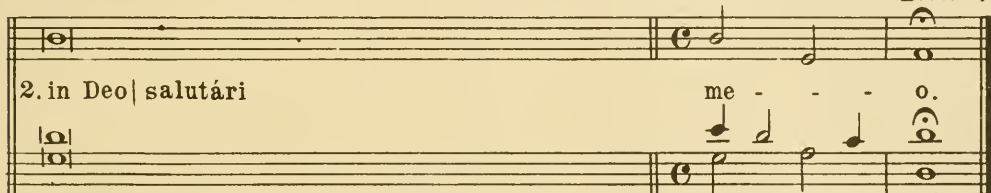


1st Vespers (Tone IV.)



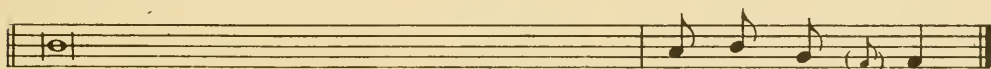
1. á - - - - - ni - ma me - a Dó - mi - num:  
 3. ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes gene - ra - ti - ó - nes.  
 5. ti - mén - ti - bus e - um.  
 7. et ex - al - tá - vit hú - mi - les.  
 9. recordátus mise - - - - - ri - cór - di - ae su - ae.  
 11. et Spi - ri - tu - i San - cto.

B. H. E.

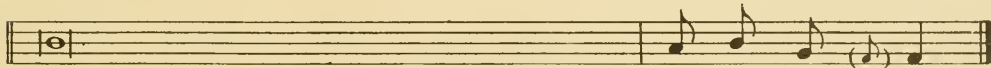


2. in Deo | salutári me - - - o.  
 4. et sanctum | nomen e - - - jus.  
 6. dispérsit supérbos | mente cordis su - - - i.  
 8. et dívites | di-mi-sit i - - - ná - - - nes.  
 10. Abraham et sémini ejus | in saé - cu - la.  
 12. et in saécula | saeculórum. A - - - men.

2nd Vespers (Tone VIII.)

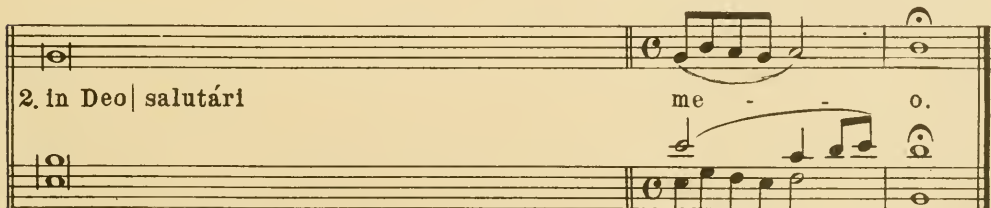


1. ánima me - a Dó - mi - num.



3. ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes gene - ra - ti - ó - nes.  
 5. timén - - - - - ti - bus e - um.  
 7. et exal - - - - - tá - vit hú - mi - les.  
 9. recordátus misericór - - - - - di - ae su - ae.  
 11. et Spirí - - - - - tu - i San - cto.

B. H. E.



2. in Deo | salutári me - - - o.  
 4. et sanctum | nomen e - - - jus.  
 6. dispérsit supérbos | mente cordis su - - - i.  
 8. et dívites | dimísit i - - - ná - - - nes.  
 10. Abraham et sémini ejus | in saé - cu - la.  
 12. et in saécula | saeculórum. A - - - men..



**CONCLUDING**

**HYMN.**

---

# THE MARIST'S HYMN TO MARY.

B.M.

(Ever, Forever, I Will Sing To Mary.)

B.M.J.

Moderato religioso

1. Ev - er for - ev - er, I will sing to Ma - ry,  
2. Ev - er for - ev - er, Mod - es - ty shall guide me,

Who, in her love, bids me come to her breast;  
Dear - est a life that is hid and un - known;

Ev - er, for - ev - er, Moth - er dear - ly cher - ished,  
Ev - er, for - ev - er, I will hon - or Ma - ry,

List to my love which sings thy name so blest;  
Lov - ing her sweet sim - pli - ci - ty a - lone.

Wak - ing from sleep, I call up - on my Moth - er,  
Trod - den by all as is the dust be - neath them,



*mf*

Thy Name shall charm my spir - it all the day,  
 Sub - ject to all, a - bas - ing me through love;

And when Night's An - gel soft shall close my eye - lids,  
 May I for God and for my ten - der Moth - er,

*rall.*

Slumb' ring, O Ma - ry, my love I will say.  
 Spurn self and seek on - ly things from a - bove.

3.  
 Ever, forever, Virtue dear to Mary,  
 Virtue all lovely, as white as her heart,  
 Ever, forever, to my cherished Mother,  
 Lily so fragile, I will set apart.  
 Guard thou thyself in all its early freshness,  
 Queen of the Heavens, this flower of thy love;  
 Over thy House, in mercy, O my Mother!  
 Watch that we be like the Angels above.

4.  
 Ever, forever, Virtue rich and fruitful,  
 Queen of our hearts, thou, Obedience, shalt be!  
 Ever, forever, o'er the world's far limits,  
 Thy steps we tread, and vict'ry shall we see.  
 Lead thou our feet to Calvary's thorny summit;  
 Guide us to Thabor, mount of love and light;  
 Call us o'er ocean, earth, or unto Heaven,  
 Follow we, knowing thou leadest aright!

5.  
 Ever, forever, seek we that poor dwelling,  
 Where our sweet Móther the Saviour conceived;  
 Ever, forever, far from pomp and peril,  
 Never shall we by honors be deceived.  
 Calm in the hours, when God shall send affliction,  
 All, poor in heart, of thy dear love possessed,  
 Dead to desire, upon thy breast, sweet Mother!  
 Thy happy sons shall in peace ever rest.



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